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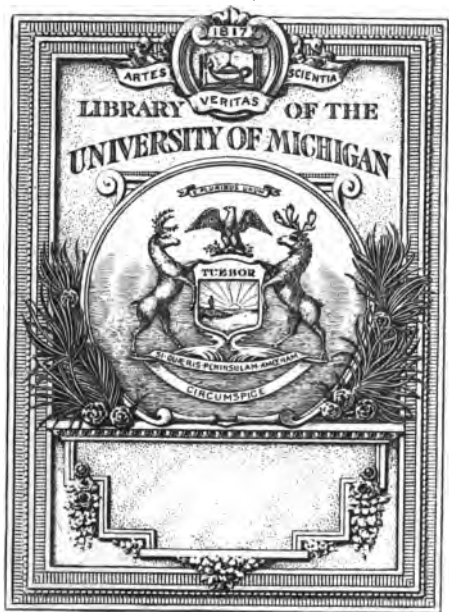
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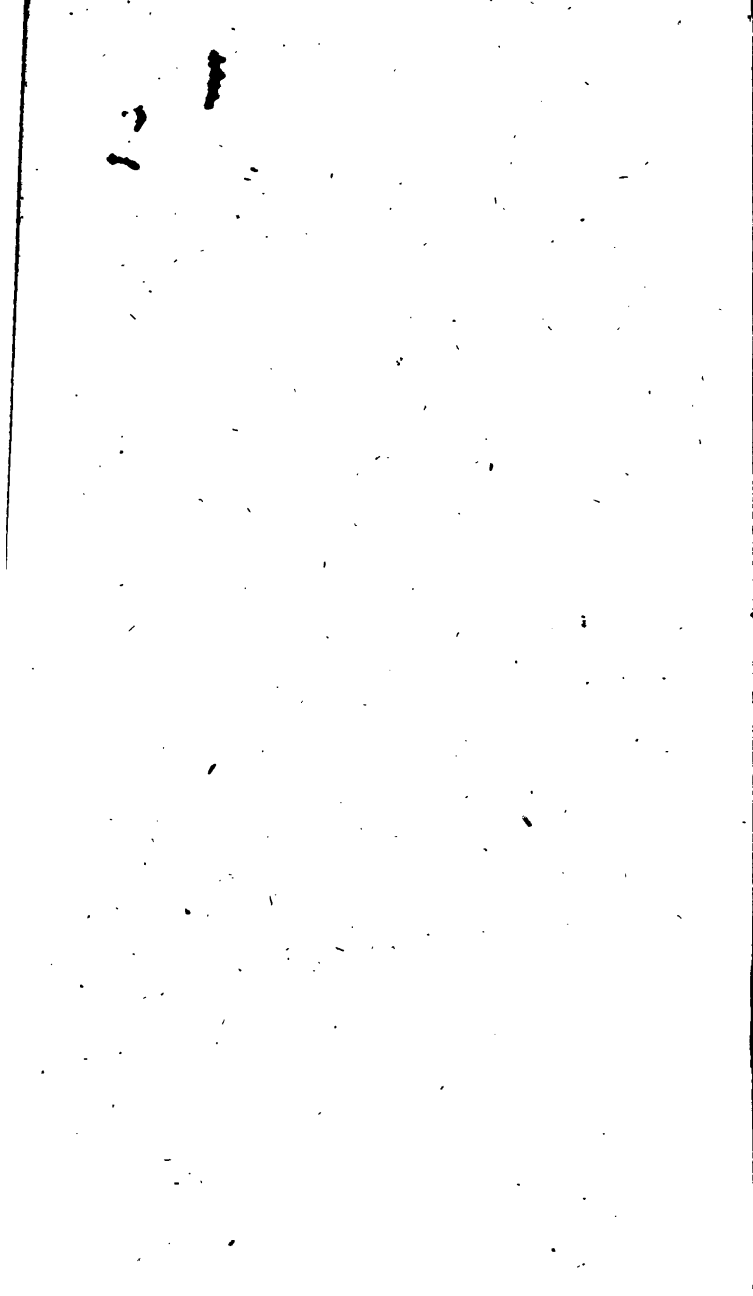
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~~B. P.~~
2 A.











A SELECT
COLLECTION

OF
ORIGINAL LETTERS;

Written by the most

EMINENT PERSONS,

ON VARIOUS

ENTERTAINING SUBJECTS,

And on many

Important Occasions :

From the Reign of HENRY the Eighth,
to the present Time.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. H.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and J. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's
Church-Yard*, and R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*.

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A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
LETTERS.

LETTER I.

*Mr. Waller to Lady Lucy, Sister to Lady
Dorothy Sydney.*

Madam,

IN this common Joy at *Penshurst*, I know to whom Complaints may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship; the Loss of a Bedfellow being almost equal to that of a Mistress, and therefore you ought at least to pardon, if you consent not to, the Imprecations of the Deserted, which just Heaven no doubt will hear. May my Lady *Dorothy*, if we may yet call her so, suffer as much, and have the like Passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of Mankind, as others have had for her; and may this Love, before the Year go about, make her taste of the first Curse imposed

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on Womankind, the Pains of becoming a Mother. May her First-born be none of her own Sex, nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herself. May she, that always affected Silence and Retiredness, have the House filled with the Noise and Number of her Children, and hereafter of her Grandchildren; and then may she arrive at that great Curse so much declined by fair Ladies, old Age. May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her Glass, and have no Aches to inform her of the Truth: and when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that Place, where we are told there is neither marrying nor giving in Marriage: that being there divorced, we may all have an equal Interest in her again. My Revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also fall upon their Posterity to the World's End, and afterwards. To you, Madam, I wish all good Things; and that this Loss may, in good Time, be happily supplied with a more constant Bedfellow of the other Sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your Hand, and beg Pardon for this Trouble from

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

E. WALLER.

L E T T E R II

Dr. Tillotson to Lord Shrewsbury.

My Lord,

IT was a great Satisfaction to me, to be any ways instrumental in the gaining your Lordship to our Religion, which I am really persuaded to be the Truth; but I am, and always

ways was, more concerned that your Lordship should continue a virtuous and good Man, than become a Protestant; being assured that the Ignorance and Errors of Mens Understanding will find a much easier Forgiveness with God, than the Faults of the Will: I remember that your Lordship once told me, that you would endeavour to justify the Sincerity of your Change, by a conscientious Regard to all other Parts and Actions of your Life; I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own Act, than by being a worse Man after your Profession to have embraced a better Religion. I will certainly be one of the last to believe any thing of your Lordship that is not good; but I always feared I should be one of the first that should hear it: the Time I last waited upon your Lordship, I had heard something that affected me very sensibly, but I hop'd it was not true, and was therefore, loth to trouble your Lordship about it; but having heard the same from those who I believe bear no Ill-will to your Lordship, I now think it my Duty to acquaint you with it. To speak plainly, I have been told that your Lordship is of late fallen into a Conversation, dangerous both to your Reputation and Virtue; two of the tenderest and dearest things in the World. I believe your Lordship to have a great Command and Conduct of yourself, but I am very sensible of human Frailty, and of the dangerous Temptations to which Youth is exposed in this dissolute Age. Therefore I earnestly beseech your Lordship, to consider besides the high Provocation of Almighty God, and the Hazard of your Soul, whenever you engage in a bad Course, what a Blame you will bring upon a fair and unspotted

Reputation, what Uneasiness and Trouble you will create to yourself, from the severe Reflections of a guilty Conscience, and how great a Violence you will offer to your good Principles, your Nature, and your Education. Do not imagine you can stop when you please: Experience shews us the contrary, and that nothing is more vain, than for Men to think they can set Bounds to themselves in any thing that is bad. I hope in God no Temptation has yet prevailed upon your Lordship, so far as to be guilty of any loose Act; if it has, as you love your Soul, let it not proceed to an Habit; the Retreat is yet easy and open, but will every Day become more difficult and obstructed. God is so merciful, that upon your Repentance and Resolution of Amendment, he is not only ready to forgive what is past, but to assist us by his Grace, to do better for the future. But I need not enforce these Considerations upon a Mind so capable of, and easy to receive good Counsel. I shall only desire your Lordship to think again and again, how great a Point of Wisdom it is, in all our Actions to consult the Peace of our Minds; and to have no Quarrel with the constant and inseparable Companion of our Lives: If others displease us, we may quit their Company, but he that is displeased with himself, is unavoidably unhappy, because he has no Way to get rid of himself.

My Lord, for God's Sake and your own, think of being happy, and resolve by all means, to save yourself from this untoward Generation. Determine rather upon a speedy Change of your Condition, than to gratify the Inclinations of your Youth, in any thing but what is lawful and honourable; and let me have the Satisfaction

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faction to be assured from your Lordship, either that there has been no Ground for this Report, or that there shall be none for the future; which will be the welcomest News to me in the World. I have only to beg of your Lordship, to believe, that I have not done this to satisfy the Formality of my Profession, but that it proceeds from the truest Affection and Good-will, that one Man can possibly bear to another. I pray to God every Day, for your Lordship, with the same Constancy and Fervour as for myself, and do now earnestly beg that this Counsel may be acceptable and effectual.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

*Earl of Rochester to the Honourable
Henry Saville.*

Dear Saville,

DO a Charity becoming one of your pious Principles, in preserving your humble Servant *Rochester*, from the imminent Peril of Sobriety; which for want of good Wine, more than Company, (for I can drink like a Hermit betwixt God and my own Conscience) is very like to befall me: remember what Pains I have formerly taken to wean you from your pernicious Resolutions of Discretion and Wisdom! and, if you have a grateful Heart, (which is a Miracle amongst you Statesmen) shew it, by directing the Bearer to the best Wine in Town; and pray let not this highest Point of sacred Friendship be perform'd slightly, but go about it with all due Deliberation and Care, as holy Priests to Sacrifice,

or as discreet Thieves to the wary Performance of Burglary and Shop-lifting. Let your well-discerning Pallate (the best Judge about you) travel from Cellar to Cellar, and then from Piece to Piece, till it has lighted on Wine fit for its noble Choice and my Approbation. To engage you the more in this Matter, know, I have laid a Plot may very probably betray you to the drinking of it. My Lord — will inform you at large.

Dear *Saville*! as ever thou dost hope to out-do *Machiavel*, or equal me, send some good Wine! so may thy wearied Soul at last find Rest, no longer hovering 'twixt the unequal Choice of Politicks and Lewdness! may'st thou be admir'd and lov'd for thy domestick Wit; belov'd and cherish'd for thy foreign Interest and Intelligence.

ROCHESTER.

LETTER IV.

To the SAME.

Harry,

YOU cannot shake off the Statesman intirely; for, I perceive, you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almost a Gazette: now, to me, who think the World as giddy as myself, I care not which way it runs, and am fond of no News, but the Prosperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Error I wish to continue in 'em: for my own part, I am not at all stung with my Lord *M*——'s mean Ambition, but I aspire to my Lord *L*——'s generous Philosophy: they

they who would be great in our little Government, seem as ridiculous to me as School-boys, who, with much Endeavour, and some Danger, climb a Crab-tree, venturing their Necks for Fruit, which solid Pigs would disdain, if they were not starving. These Reflections, how idle soever they seem to the Busy, if taken into Consideration, would save you many a weary Step in the Day, and help G——y, to many an hour's Sleep, which he wants in the Night: but G——y would be rich; and by my Troth, there is some Sense in that: pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find Rest. You write me Word, that I'm out of favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admir'd, for the Disproportion of him and his Attributes: he is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a singing Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, my dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs, to shew yourself in the Country this Summer, contrive such a Crew together, as may not be ashamed of passing by *Woodstock*; and, if you can debauch Alderman G——y, we will make a shift to delight his Gravity. I am sorry for the declining D——s, and would have you generous to her at this Time; for that is true Pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

A select COLLECTION

LETTER V.

To the SAME.

Dear Saville,

THIS Day I received the unhappy News of my own Death and Burial. But, hearing what Heirs and Successors were decreed me in my Place, and chiefly in my Lodgings, it was no small Joy to me, that those Tidings prove untrue; my Passion for living, is so increas'd, that I omit no Care of myself; which, before, I never thought Life worth the Trouble of taking. The King, who knows me to be a very ill-natur'd Man, will not think it an easy matter for me to die, now I live chiefly out of Spite. Dear Mr. *Saville*, afford me some News from your Land of the Living; and though I have little Curiosity to hear who's well, yet I would be glad my few Friends are so, of whom you are no more the least than the leanest. I have better Compliments for you, but that may not look so sincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profess my self,

Your faithful, affectionate,

*Adderbury, near
Banbury, Feb. ult.*

humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To the SAME.

Harry;

I Am in a great Straight what to write to you; the Stile of Business I am not vers'd in, and you may have forgot the familiar one we us'd heretofore. What Alterations Ministry makes in Men, is not to be imagin'd; though I can trust with Confidence all those you are liable to, so well I know you; and so perfectly I love you. We are in such a settled Happiness, and such merry Security in this Place, that, if it were not for Sicknes, I could pass my Time very well, between my own Ill-nature, which inclines me very little to pity the Misfortunes of malicious, mistaken Fools, and the Policies of the Times, which expose new Rarities of that kind every Day. The News I have to send, and the sort alone which could be so to you, are Things *Gyaris & carcere digna*; which I dare not trust to this pretty Fool, the Bearer, whom I heartily recommend to your Favour and Protection, and whose Qualities will recommend him more; and truly, if it might suit with your Character, at your Times of Leisure, to Mr. Baptist's Acquaintance, the happy Consequence would be Singing, and in which your Excellence might have a Share not unworthy the greatest Ambassadors, nor to be despis'd even by a Cardinal Legate; the greatest and gravest of this Court of both Sexes have tasted his Beauties; and, I'll assure you, *Rome* gains upon us here in this Point mainly; and there is no Part of the

Plot carried with so much Secrecy and Vigour as this. Profelytes, of consequence, are daily made, and Lord S——'s Imprisonment is no Check to any. An Account of Mr. *George Porter's* Retirement, upon News that Mr. *Grimes*, with one Gentleman more, had invaded *England*, Mr. S——'s Apology, for making Songs on the Duke of *M.* with his Oration Consolatory on my Lady *D——'s* Death, and a Politick Dissertation between my Lady *P——s* and Capt. *Dangerfield*, with many other worthy Treatises of the like Nature, are Things worthy your Perusal; but I durst not send 'em to you without Leave, not knowing what Consequence it might draw upon your Circumstances and Character; but if they will admit a Correspondence of that kind, in which alone I dare presume to think my self capable, I shall be very industrious in that way, or any other, to keep you from forgetting

Your most affectionate,

obliged, humble Servant,

Whitehall, Nov. 1,

—79.

ROCHESTER.

L E T T E R VII.

To the S A M E.

Dear Saville,

WERE I as idle as ever, which I should not fail of being, if Health permitted; I would write a small Romance, and make the Sun with his dishrieveld Rays gild the Tops of the Palaces in *Leather-lane*: then should these
vile

vile Enchanters, *Barten* and *Ginman*, lead forth their illustrious Captives in Chains of Quick-silver, and confining 'em by Charms to the loathsome Banks of a dead Lake of Diet-drink ; you, as my Friend, should break the horrid Silence, and speak the most passionate fine Things that ever heroick Lover utter'd ; which being softly and sweetly reply'd to by *Mrs. Roberts*, should rudely be interrupted by the envious F——. Thus would I lead the mournful Tale along till the gentle Reader bath'd with the Tribute of his Eyes, the Names of such unfortunate Lovers— And this (I take it) would be a most excellent way of celebrating the Memories of my most Pocky Friends, Companions, and Mistresses. But it is a miraculous Thing (as the Wife have it) when a Man, half in the Grave, cannot leave off playing the Fool, and the Buffoon ; but so it falls out in my Comfort : for at this Moment I am in a damn'd Relapse, brought by a Fever, the Stone, and some ten Diseases more, which have depriv'd me of the Power of Crawling, which I happily enjoy'd some Days ago ; and now I fear I must fall, that it may be fulfilled which was long since written for Instruction in a good old Ballad,

*But he who lives not Wise and Sober,
Falls with the Leaf still in October.*

About which Time, in all Probability, there may be a Period added to a ridiculous Being of

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

*To the SAME.**Dear Saville,*

IN my Return from *New-Market*, I met your Packet, and truly was not more surpris'd at the Indirectness of Mr. P's Proceeding, than overjoyed at his Kindness and Care for yours. Misery makes all Men less or more dishonest; and I am not astonish'd to see Villany industrious for Bread; especially, living in a Place where it is often so *de gayete de Cœur*. I believe, the Fellow thought of this Device to get some Money, or else he is put upon it by somebody, who has given it him already; but I give him leave to prove what he can against me: however, I will search into the Matter, and give you a further Account within a Post or two. In the mean time you have made my Heart glad in giving me such a Proof of your Friendship; and I am now sensible, that it is natural for you to be kind to me, and can never more despair of it.

*I am your faithful, oblig'd,**humble Servant;**Bishop Stafford,**Apr. 5, '80.*

ROCHESTER.

LETTER IX.

*To the SAME.**Dear Saville,*

TIS neither Pride or Neglect (for I am not of the new Council, and I love you sincerely)

ly) but Idleness on one Side, and not knowing what to say on the other, has hindered me from writing to you, after so kind a Letter, and the Present you sent me, for which I return you at last my humble Thanks. Changes in this Place are so frequent, that *F——* himself can now no longer give an Account, why this was done to Day, or what will ensue To-morrow; and Accidents are so extravagant, that my Lord *W——* intending to Lie, has, with a prophetick Spirit, once told Truth. Every Man in this Court thinks he stands fair for Minister; some give it to *Shaftsbury*, others to *Hallifax*; but Mr. *Waller* says *S——* does all; I am sure my Lord *A——* does little, which your Excellence will easily believe. And now the War in *Scotland* takes up all the Discourse of politick Persons. His Grace of *Lauderdale* values himself upon the Rebellion, and tells the King, it is very auspicious and advantageous to the Drift of the present Councils: the rest of the *Scots*, and especially *D. H——* are very inquisitive after News from *Scotland*, and really make a handsome Figure in this Conjunction at *London*. What the *D. of Monmouth* will effect, is now the general Expectation, who took Post unexpectedly, lest all that had offered their Service in this Expedition, in the Lurch; and, being attended only by Sir *Thomas Armstrong*, and Mr. *C——*, will, without question, have the full Glory as well as of the prudential as the military Part of this Action intire to himself. The most profound Politicians have weighty Brows, and careful Aspects at present, upon a Report crept abroad, That Mr. *Langhorn*, to save his Life, offers a Discovery of Priests, and Jesuits Lands, to the Value of fourscore and ten thousand

fund Pounds a Year; which being accepted, it is feared, Partisans and Undertakers will be found out to advance a considerable Sum of Money upon this Fund, to the utter Interruption of Parliaments, and the Destruction of many hopeful Designs. This, I must call God to witness, was never hinted to me in the least by Mr. P——, to whom I beg you will give me your hearty Recommendations. Thus much to afford you a Taste of my serious Abilities, and to let you know I have a great Goggle-eye to *Business*: and now I cannot deny you a Share in the high Satisfaction I have received at the Account which flourishes here of your high Protestantcy at *Paris*: *Charenton* was never so honour'd, as since your Residence and Ministry in *France*, to that Degree, that it is not doubted if the Parliament be sitting at your Return, or otherwise the Mayor and Common Council, will petition the King you may be dignified with the Title of that Place, by way of Earldom, or Dukedom, as his Majesty shall think most proper to give, or you accept.

Mr. S—— is a Man of that Tendernefs of Heart, and approved Humanity, that he will doubtless be highly afflicted when he hears of the unfortunate Pilgrims, tho' he appears very obdurate to the Complaints of his own best Concubine, and your fair Kinswoman M—— who now starves. The Packet inclos'd, in your last, I read with all the Sense of Compassion it merits, and if I can prove so unexpectedly happy to succeed in my Endeavours for that fair Unfortunate, she shall have a speedy Account. I thank God, there is yet a *Harry Squille* in *England*, with whom I drank your Health last Week, at Sir *William* Coventry's:

Coventry's: and who, in Features, Proportion and Pledging, gives me so lively an Idea of yourself, that I am resolv'd to retire into *Oxfordshire*, and enjoy him till *Shiloe* come, or you from *France*.

ROCHESTER.

LETTER X.

To the SAME.

Harry,

ANY kind of Correspondence with such a Friend as you, is very agreeable; and therefore you will easily believe, I am very ill when I lose the Opportunity of writing to you: but Mr. *Povey* comes into my Mind, and hinders farther Compliment: in a plainer Way I must tell you, I pray for your happy Restoration; but was not at all sorry for your glorious Disgrace, which is an Honour, considering the Cause. I would say something to the serious Part (as you were pleas'd to call it) of your former Letter; but it will disgrace my Politicks to differ from yours, who have wrought now some Time under the best and keenest Statesmen our Cabinet boasts of; but to confess the Truth, my Advice to the Lady you wot of, has ever been this, Take your Measures just contrary to your Rivals, live in Peace with all the World, and easily with the King; never be so Ill-natur'd to stir up his Anger against others, but let him forget the Use of a Passion, which is never to do you good: cherish his Love wherever it inclines, and be assur'd you can't commit greater Folly, than pretending to be jealous; but on the contrary, with Hands

Body,

Body, Head, Heart, and all the Faculties you have, contribute to his Pleasure all you can, and comply with his Desires throughout: and, for new Intrigues, so you be at one End, 'tis no matter which: make Sport when you can, at other times help it.—Thus I have given you an Account how unfit I am to give the Advice you propos'd: besides this, you may judge, whether I was a good Pimp, or no. But some thought otherwise; and so truly I have renounc'd Business; let abler Men try it. More a great deal I would say, but upon this Subject, and for this time, I beg this may suffice, from

*Your humble and most affectionate
faithful Servant,*

ROCHESTER.

LETTER XI.

To the SAME.

Dear Saville,

TIS not that I am the idlest Creature living; and only choose to imploy my Thoughts rather upon my Friends, than to languish all the Day in the Tedioufness of doing nothing, that I write to you; but owning, that (tho' you excel most Men in Friendship and Good-nature) you are not quite exempt from all human Frailty; I send this to hinder you from forgetting a Man who loves you very heartily. The *World*; ever since I can remember, has been still so insupportably the same, that 'twere vain to hope there were any Alterations; and therefore I can have no Curiosity for News; only I wou'd be glad to know if the Parlia-

Parliament be like to sit any Time ; for the Peers of *England*, being grown of late Years very considerable in the Government, I would make one at the Session. *Livvy* and Sicknefs has a little inclin'd me to Policy ; when I come to Town, I make no question but to change that Folly for some less ; whether Wine or Women I know not ; according as my Constitution serves me : till when (dear *Harry*) farewel ! When you dine at my Lord *Lisle's*, let me be remembred.

Kings and Princes are only as incomprehensible, as what they pretend to represent ; but apparently as frail as those they govern.——This is a Season of Tribulation ; and I piously beg of Almighty God, that the strict Severity shewn to one scandalous Sin amongst us, may expiate for all grievous Calamities.——So help them God, whom it concerns !

LETTER XII.

To the SAME.

Harry,

IF Sack and Sugar be a Sin, God help the Wicked, was the Saying of a merry fat Gentleman, who liv'd in Days of Yore, lov'd a Glas of Wine, would be merry with a Friend, and sometimes had an unlucky Fancy for a Wench. Now (dear Mr. *Saville*) forgive me, if I confess, that, upon several Occasions, you have put me in mind of this fat Person, and now more particularly, for thinking upon your present Circumstances, I cannot but say with myself, if loving a pretty Woman, and hating *Lauderdale*, bring Banishments and Pox, the Lord have Mercy

Mercy upon poor Thieves and S——s! But, by this time, all your Inconveniencies (for, to a Man of your very good Sense, no outward Accidents are more) draw very near their End: For my own Part, I am taking Pains not to die, without knowing how to live on, when I have brought it about: but most human Affairs are carried on at the same nonsensical Rate, which makes me, (who am now grown superstitious) think it a Fault to laugh at the Monkey we have here, when I compare his Condition with Mankind. You will be very good-natur'd, if you keep your Word, and write to me sometimes: and so good Night, dear Mr. *Sevilla*.

ROCHESTER.

L E T T E R XIII.

To the S A M E.

Harry,

WHether Love, Wine, or Wisdom, (which rule you by Turns) have the present Ascendant, I cannot pretend to determine at this Distance; but Good-nature, which waits about you with more Diligence than *Godfrey* himself, is my Security, that you are unmindful of your absent Friends: to be from you, and forgotten by you at once, is a Misfortune I never was criminal enough, to merit, since to the black and fair Countess, I villainously betray'd the daily Addresses of your divided Heart: you forgave that upon the first Bottle, and upon the second, on my Conscience, wou'd have renounc'd them, and the whole Sex; oh! that second Bottle (*Harry!*)

is

is the sincerest, wisest, and most impartial downright Friend we have; tells us Truth of ourselves, and forces us to speak Truths of others; banishes Flattery from our Tongues, and Distrust from our Hearts, sets us above the mean Policy of Court-Prudence: which makes us lie to one another all Day, for fear of being betray'd by each other at Night. And (before God) I believe the errantest Villain breathing, is honest as long as that Bottle lives, and few of that Tribe dare venture upon him, at least, among the Courtiers and Statesmen. I have seriously consider'd one Thing, that is the three Businessses of this Age, Women, Politics, and Drinking, the last is the only Exercise at which you and I have not prov'd ourselves errant Flumblers: if you have the Vanity to think otherwise; when we meet, let us appeal to Friends of both Sexes, and as they shall determine, live and die their Drunkards, or intire Lovers. For, as we mince the Matter, it is hard to say which is the most tiresome Creature, loving Drunkard, or the drunken Lover.

If you ventur'd you fat Buttock a Gallop to *Portsmouth*, I doubt not but thro' extreme galling, you now lie Bed-rid of the Piles, or Fistula in *Ano*, and have the Leisure to write to your Country Acquaintance; which if you omit, I shall take the Liberty to conclude you very proud. Such a Letter should be directed to me at *Adderbury*, near *Banbury*, where I intend to be within these three Days. From

Your obedient humble Servant,

Bath, June
the 22d.

ROCHESTER.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

To the SAME.

Dear Saville,

Whether Love or the Politicks have the greater Interest in your Journey to *France*, because it is argued among wiser Men, I will not conclude upon; but hoping so much from your Friendship, that, without Reserve, you will trust me with the Time of your Stay in *Paris*; I have writ this to assure you, if it can continue a Month, I will not fail to wait on you there. My Resolutions are to improve this Winter, for the Improvement of my Parts in foreign Countries; and if the Temptation of seeing you, be added to the Desires I have already, the Sin is so sweet, that I am resolved to embrace it, and leave out of my Prayers, *Libera nos à malo—*
For thine is, &c.

Oxford, Sept. 5.

. ROCHESTER.

LETTER XV.

To the SAME.

Harry,

THIS not the least of my Happiness, that I think you love me; but the first of all my Pretensions is to make it appear, that I faithfully endeavour to deserve it. If there be a real Good upon Earth, 'tis in the Name of *Friend*, without which all others are mere fantastical. How few of us are fit Stuff to make that thing, we have daily the melancholy Experience.

How-

However, dear *Harry*! let us not give out, nor despair of bringing that about, which, as it is the most difficult, and rare Accident of Life, is also the best; nay, (perhaps) the only good one. This Thought has so intirely possessed me since I came into the Country, (where, only, one can think; for you at Court think not at all; or, at least, as if you were shut up in a Drum; as you think of nothing but the Noise that is made about you) that I have made many serious Reflections upon it, and amongst others, gathered one Maxim, which I desire, should be communicated to our Friend Mr. G——; that we are bound in Morality and common Honesty, to endeavour after competent Riches; since it is certain, that few Men, if any, uneasy in their Fortunes, have proved firm and clear in their Friendships. A very poor Fellow, is a very poor Friend; and not one of a thousand can be good-natured to another, who is not pleased within himself. But while I grow into Proverbs, I forget that you may impute my Philosophy to the Dog-days, and living alone. To prevent the Inconveniencies of Solitude, and many others, I intend to go to the *Bath* on *Sunday* next, in Visitation to my Lord Treasurer. Be so politick, or be so kind, (or a little of both, which is better) as to step down thither, if famous Affairs at *Windsor* do not detain you. Dear *Harry*, I am

Your hearty, faithful, affectionate,

bumble Servant,

ROCHESTER,

LET

LETTER XVI.

To the SAME.

Dear Saville,

IF it were the Sign of an honest Man, to be happy in his Friends, sure I were marked out for the worst of Men; since no one ne'er lost so many as I have done, or knew to make so few. The Severity you say the Dutchess of P—— shews to me, is a Proof, that 'tis not in my Power to deserve well of any body; since (I call Truth to witness) I have never been guilty of an Error, that I know, to her: and this may be a Warning to you, that remain in the Mistake of being kind to me, never to expect a grateful Return; since I am so utterly ignorant how to make it: to value you in my Thoughts, to prefer you in my Wishes, to serve you in my Words; to observe, study, and to obey you in all my Actions, is too little; since I have performed all this to her, without so much as an offensive Accident. And yet she thinks it just, to use me ill. If I were not malicious enough to hope she were in the Wrong, I must have a very melancholy Opinion of myself. I wish your Interest might prevail with her, as a Friend of hers, not mine, to tell how I have deserved it of her, since she has ne'er accused me of any Crime, but of being Cunning; and I told her, somebody had been cunninger than I, to persuade her so. I can as well support the Hatred of the whole World, as any body, not being generally fond of it. Those whom I have obliged, may use me with Ingratitude, and not afflict me much: but to be injured

jur'd by those who have oblig'd me, and to whose Service I am ever bound; is such a Curse, as I can only wish on them who wrong me to the Dutchels.

I hope you have not forgot what G——y and you have promis'd me; but within some Time you will come and fetch me to *London*: I shall scarce think of coming, till you call me, as not having many prevalent Motives to draw me to the Court, if it be so that my Master has no need of my Service, nor my Friends of my Company.

Mr. *Shepheard* is a Man of a fluent Stile, and coherent Thought; if, as I suspect, he writ your Postscript.

I wish my Lord *Hallifax* Joy of every thing, and of his Daughter to boot.

ROCHESTER.

LETTER XVII.

To the SAME.

Harry,

YOU, who have known me these ten Years the Grievance of all prudent Persons, the By-word of Statesmen, the Scorn of ugly Ladies, which are very near all, and the irreconcilable Aversion of fine Gentlemen, who are the ornamental Part of a Nation, and yet found me seldom sad, even under these weighty Oppressions; can you think that the loving of lean Arms, small Legs, red Eyes and Nose, (if you will consider that Trifle too) can have the Power to depress the natural Alacrity of my careless Soul; especially upon

upon receiving a fine Letter from Mr. *Saville*, which never wants Wit, and Good-nature; two Qualities able to transport my Heart with Joy, tho' it were breaking? I wonder at *M——*'s flaunting it in Court with such fine Clothes; sure he is an alter'd Person, since I saw him; for, since I can remember, neither his own self, nor any belonging to him, were ever out of Rags: his Page alone was well cloath'd of all his Family, and that but in Appearance; for, of late he has made no more of wearing Second-hand C—ts, than Second-hand Shoes; tho' I must confess, to his Honour, he chang'd 'em oftner. I wish the King were soberly advis'd about a main Advantage in this Marriage, which may possibly be omitted; I mean, the ridding his Kingdom of some old Beauties, and young Deformities, who swarm, and are a Grievance to his Liege People. A foreign Prince ought to behave himself like a Kite, who is allow'd to take one royal Chick for his Reward; but then 'tis expected, before he leaves the Country, his Flock shall clear the whole Parish of all the Garbage and Carrion many Miles about. The King had never such an Opportunity; for the *Dutch* are very foul Feeders, and what they leave must never hope to be rid of, unless he set up an Intrigue with the *Tartars* and *Cossacks*. For the Libel you speak of, upon that most unwitty Generation, the present Poets, I rejoyce in it with all my Heart, and shall take it for a Favour, if you will send me a Copy. He cannot want Wit utterly, that has a Spleen to those Rogues, tho' never so dully express'd. And now, dear Mr. *Saville*, forgive me, if I do not wind up myself with an handsome Period.

ROCHESTER.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

*To the SAME.**Dear Saville,*

TH O' I am almost blind, utterly lame, and scarce within the reasonable Hopes of ever seeing *London* again, I am not yet so wholly mortified and dead to the Taste of all Happiness, not to be extremely revived at the Receipt of a kind Letter from an old Friend, who in all Probability might have laid me aside in his Thoughts, if not quite forgot me by this time. I ever thought you an extraordinary Man, and must now think you such a Friend, who, being a Courtier, as you are, can love a Man, whom it is the great Mode to hate. Catch Sir *G. H.* or Sir *Carr*, at such an ill-bred Proceeding, and I am mistaken: for the hideous Deportment, which you have heard of, concerning running naked, so much is true, that we went into the River somewhat late in the Year, and had a Frisk for forty Yards in the Meadow, to dry ourselves. I will appeal to the King and the Duke, if they had not done as much; nay, my Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishops both, when they were School-boys? and, at these Years, I heard the one declaim'd like *Cicero*, the others preach'd like *St. Austin*: pruder Persons, I conclude, they were, even in Hanging-sleeves, than any of the flashy Fry, (of which I must own myself the most unsolid) can hope to appear, even in their Manhood.

And now, (Mr. *Saville*) since you are pleas'd to quote yourself for a grave Man of the Num-

ber of the Scandaliz'd, be pleas'd to call to mind the Year 1676, when you expos'd more Nastiness in your two Folio Volumes, than we altogether in our six Quarto's. *Pluck therefore the Beam out of thine own Eye, &c.* And now 'tis time to thank you for your kind inviting me to *London*, to make *Dutchmen* merry; a thing I would avoid, like killing *Punaises*, the filthy Savour of *Dutch* Mirth being more terrible. If God, in Mercy, has made 'em hush and melancholly, do not you rouse their sleeping Mirth, to make the Town mourn; the Prince of *Orange* is exalted above 'em, and I cou'd wish myself in Town to serve him in some refin'd Pleasure; which, I fear, you are too much a *Dutchman* to think of.

The best Present I can make at this time, is the Bearer, whom I beg you to take care of, that the King may hear his Tunes, when he is easy and private; because I am sure they will divert him extremely: and may he ever have Harmony in his Mind, as this Fellow will pour it into his Ears: may he dream pleasantly, wake joyfully, love safely, and tenderly, live long and happily; ever pray (dear *Saville*) *Un Bougre lasse qui era toute sa fantue reste de Vie.*

Vostre fidel Amy, &c

tres humble Serviteur.

ROCHESTER.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To the SAME.

Harry,

THAT Night I receiv'd by Yours the surprising Account of my Lady Dutchess's more than ordinary Indignation against me, I was newly brought in dead of a Fall from my Horse, of which I still remain bruis'd and bed-rid, and can now scarce think it a Happiness that I sav'd my Neck. What ill Star reigns over me, that I'm still mark'd out for Ingratitude, and only us'd barbarously to those I am obliged to! Had I been troublesome to her in pinning the Dependence of my Fortune upon her Solicitations to the King, or her unmerited Recommendations of me to some great Man, it would not have mov'd my Wonder much, if she had sought any Occasion to be rid of a useless Trouble: but a Creature, who had already receiv'd of her all the Obligations he ever could pretend to, except the Continuance of her good Opinion, for the which he resolv'd, and did direct every Step of his Life in Duty and Service to her, and all who were concern'd in her; why should she take the Advantage of a false idle Story, to hate such a Man, as if it were an Inconveniency to her to be harmless, or a Pain to continue just? By that God that made me, I have no more offended her in Thought, Word, or Deed, no more imagin'd or utter'd the least Thought to her Contempt or Prejudice, than I have plotted Treason, conceal'd Arms, train'd Regiments for a Rebellion. If there be upon Earth a Man of common Honesty, who will justify a Tittle of her Accusation, I am con-

tented neyer to see her. After this, she need not forbid me to come to her, I have little Pride or Pleasure in shewing myself where I am accus'd of a Meanness I were not capable of, even for her Service, which would prove a shrewder Tryal of my Honesty, than any Ambition I ever had to make my Court to. I thought the Dutcheſs of P---- more of an Angel than I find her a Woman; and as this is the first, it shall be the most malicious Thing I will ever say of her. For her generous Resolution of not hurting me to the King, I thank her; but she must think a Man much oblig'd, after the calling of him Knave, to say she will do him no farther Prejudice. For the Countess of P-----, whatever she has heard me say, or any body else, of her, I'll stand the Test of any impartial Judge, 'twas neither injurious nor unmannerly; and how severe soever she pleases to be, I have always been her humble Servant, and will continue so. I do not know how to assure myself the D. will spare me to the King, who would not to you; I am sure she can't say I ever injur'd you to her, nor am I at all afraid she can hurt me with you; I dare swear you don't think I have dealt so indiscreetly in my Service to her, as to doubt me in the Friendship I profess to you. And, to shew you I rely upon yours, let me beg of you to talk once more with her, and desire her to give me the fair hearing she would afford any Footman of hers, who had been complained of to her by a less worthy Creature (for such a one, I assure myself, my Accuser is) unless it be for her Service, to wrong the most faithful of her Servants; and then I shall be proud of mine. I would not be run down by a Company of Rogues, and this
looks

looks like an Endeavour towards it : therefore, dear *Harry*, send me word, how I am with other Folks ; if you visit my Lord Treasurer, name the Calamity of this Matter to him, and tell me sincerely how he takes it : and if you hear the King mention me, do the Office of a Friend, to

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

L E T T E R XX.

To the S A M E.

Dear Saville,

THE Loufiness of Affairs in this Place is such (forgive the unmannerly Phrase ! Expressions must descend to the Nature of Things express'd) 'tis not fit to entertain a private Gentleman, much less one of a public Character with the Retail of them ; the general Heads, under which this whole Island may be consider'd, are Spies, Beggars, and Rebels, the Transpositions and Mixtures of these, make an agreeable Variety ; busy Fools and cautious Knaves are bred out of them, and set off wonderfully ; tho' of this latter sort, we have fewer now than ever, Hypocrisy being the only Vice in decay amongst us, few Men here dissemble their being Rascals ; and no Woman disowns being a Whore. Mr. O—— was tried two Days ago for Buggery, and clear'd : the next Day he brought his Action to the *Kings-Bench*, against his Accuser, being attended by the Earl of *Shaftsbury* and other Peers, to the Number of Seven, for the Honour of the

Protestant Cause. I have sent you herewith a Libel, in which my own Share is not the least; the King having perused it, is no way dissatisfied with his: the Author is apparent Mr. —, his Patron my L—— having a Panegyric in the midst; upon which happened a handsome Quarrel between his L—— and Mrs. B——, at the Dutcheß of P——; she called him, The Heroe of the Libel, and complimented him upon having made more Cuckolds than any Man alive; to which he answered, she very well knew one he never made, nor never cared to be employed in making.—— Rogue and Bitch ensued, till the King, taking his Grand-father's Character upon him, became the Peace-maker. I will not trouble you any longer, but beg you still to love

Your faithful humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LETTER XXI.

To the SAME.

Harry,

YOU are the only Man of England that keep Wit with your Wisdom; and I am happy in a Friend that excels in both; were your Good-nature the least of your good Qualities, I durst not presume upon it, as I have done; but I know you are so sincerely concerned in serving your Friends truly, that I need not make an Apology for the Trouble I have given you in this Affair.

I daily expect more considerable Effects of your Friendship, and have the Vanity to think, I shall be the better for your growing poorer.

In

In the mean time, when you please to distinguish from *Profers* and *Windham*, and comply with *Rosers* and *Bull*, not forgetting *John Stevens*, you shall find me

*Your most ready
and most obedient Servant,*

ROCHESTER.

LETTER XXII.

Earl of Rochester to Mrs. ———

Madam,

SO much Wit and Beauty as you have, should think of nothing less than doing Miracles; and there cannot be a greater than to continue to love me: affecting every thing is mean, as loving Pleasure, and being fond where you find Merit; but to pick out the wildest, and most fantastical odd Man alive, and to place your Kindness there, is an Act so brave and daring, as will shew the Greatness of your Spirit, and distinguish you in Love, as you are in all things else, from Womankind. Whether I have made a good Argument for myself, I leave you to judge; and beg you to believe me whenever I tell you what Mrs. R. is, since I give you so sincere an Account of her humblest Servant. Remember the Hour of a strict Account, when both Hearts are to be open, and we oblig'd to speak freely, as you order'd it Yesterday; for so I must ever call the Day I saw you last, since all Time between that and the next Visit is no Part of my Life, or at least like a long Fit of the Falling-sickness, wherein I am dead to all Joy and Happiness.

Here's a damn'd impertinent Fool bolted in, that hinders me from ending my Letter; the Plague of—take him, and any Man or Woman alive that take my Thoughts off of you: but in the Evening I will see you, and be happy in spite of all the Fools in the World.

LETTER XXIII.

To the SAME.

Madam,

IF there be yet alive within you the least Memory of me, which I can hope only, because of the Life that remains with me, is the dear Remembrance of you; and methinks your Kindness, as the younger, should out-live mine. Give me Leave to assure you, I will meet it very shortly with such a Share on my Side, as will justify me to you from all Ingratitude; tho' your Favours are to me the greatest Bliss this World, or Womankind, which I think Heaven can bestow (but the Hopes of it.) If there can be any Addition to one of the highest Misfortunes, my Absence from you has found the Way to give it me, in not affording me the least Occasion of doing you any Service since I left you. It seems, till I am capable of greater Merit, you resolve to keep me from the Vanity of pretending any at all. Pray consider when you give another Leave to serve you more than I, how much Injustice you run the Hazard of committing, when it will not be in your Power to reward that more deserving Man with half so much Happiness as you have thrown away upon my worthless Self,

Your restless Servant.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

To the SAME.

Madam,

I Know not well who has the worst on't, you, who love but little, or I, who doat to an Extravagance: sure, to be half-kind, is as bad as to be half-witted; and Madness, both in Love and Reason, bears a better Character than a moderate State of either. Would I could bring you to my Opinion in this Point; I would then confidently pretend you had too just Exceptions either against me or my Passion, the Flesh and the Devil; I mean all the Fools of my own Sex, and that fat, with the other lean one of yours, whose prudent Advice is daily concerning you, how dangerous it is to be kind to the Man upon Earth who loves you best. I, who still persuade myself, by all the Arguments I can bring, that I am happy, find this none of the least, that you are too unlike these People every way, to agree with them in any particular. This is writ between sleeping and waking, and I will not answer for its being Sense; but I, dreaming you were at Mrs. N—'s with five or six Fools and the lean Lady, wak'd in one of your Horrors, and in Amaze, Fright, and Confusion, send this to beg a kind one from you, that may remove my Fears, and make me as happy as I am faithful.

LETTER XXV.

*To the SAME.**Dear Madam,*

YOU are stark mad, and therefore the fitter for me to love; and that is the Reason, I think, I can never leave to be

Your humble Servant;

LETTER XXVI.

*To the SAME.**Madam,*

TO convince you how just I must ever be to you, I have sent this on purpose, that you may know you are not a Moment out of my Thoughts; and since so much Merit as you have, and such convincing Charms (to me at least) need not wish a greater Advantage over any: to forget you is the only Reprieve possible for a Man so much your Creature and Servant as I am; which I am so far from wishing, that I conjure you, by all the Assurances of Kindnesses you have ever made me proud and happy with, that not two Days can pass without some Letter from you to me. You must leave 'em, &c.——to be sent to me with Speed. And till the blest Hour wherein I shall see you again, may Happiness of all kinds be as far from me, as I do, both in Love and Jealousie, pray Mankind may be from you.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

To the SAME.

Madam,

THERE is now no Minute of my Life that does not afford me some new Argument how much I love you; the little Joy I take in every thing wherein you are not concerned, the pleasing Perplexity of endless Thought which I fall into where-ever you are brought to my Remembrance; and lastly, the continual Disquiet I am in, during your Absence, convince me sufficiently, that I do you Justice in loving you, so as Woman was never loved before.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the SAME.

Madam,

YOUR safe Delivery has delivered me too from Fears for your Sake, which were, I'll promise you, as burthenfome to me, as your great Belly cou'd be to you. Every thing has fallen out to my Will, for you are out of Danger, and the Child is of the soft Sex I love. Shortly my Hopes are to see you, and in a little while after to look on you with all your Beauty about you. Pray let no Body but yourself open the Box I sent you; I did not know, but that in lying-in, you might have use of those Trifles: sick and in bed, as I am, I could come at no more of 'em; but if you find 'em, or whatever is in my power of Use, to your Service, let me know it.

LET

L E T T E R XXIX.

*To the S A M E.**Madam,*

THIS is the first Service my Hand has done me, since my being a Cripple, and I would not employ it in a Lie so soon; therefore pray believe me sincere, when I assure you, that you are very dear to me; and as long as I live, I will be kind to you:

P. S. This is all my Hand would write, but my Heart thinks a great deal more.

L E T T E R XXX.

*To the S A M E.**Madam,*

Nothing can ever be so dear to me as you are; and I am so convinc'd of this, that I dare undertake to love you whilst I live: believe all I say, for that is the kindest thing imaginable, and when you can devise any way that may make me appear so to you, instruct me in it, for I need a better Understanding than my own, to shew my Love, without Wrong to it.

L E T T E R XXXI.

*To the S A M E.**Madam,*

NOW, as I love you, I think I have Reason to be jealous; your Neighbour came in last Night with all the Marks and Behaviour of a Spy;

Spy; every Word and Look imploy'd that she came to sollicit your Love or Constancy: may her Endeavours prove as vain as I wish my Fears. May no Man share the Blessings I enjoy, without my Curses; and if they fall on him alone, without touching you, I am happy, tho' he deserves 'em not: but should you be concern'd, they'll all flie back upon myself; for he, whom you are kind to, is so blest, he may safely stand the Curse of all the World without repining; at least, if like me, he be sensible of nothing but what comes from Mrs. ———

L E T T E R XXXII.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

YOU are the most afflicting fair Creature in the World; and however you would persuade me to the contrary, I cannot but believe the Fault you pretend to excuse, is the only one I cou'd ever be guilty of to you: when you think of receiving an Answer with Common Sense in it, you must write Letters that gives less Confusion than your last: I will wait on you, and be reveng'd by continuing to love you, when you grow weariest of it.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

Yesterday it was impossible to answer your Letter, which I hope, for that Reason, you will forgive me; tho' indeed you have been pleas'd to express

express yourself so extraordinarily, that I know not what I have to answer to you. Give me some Reason upon your own Account only, to be sorry I ever had the Happiness to know you, since I find you repent the Kindness you shew'd me, and undervalue the humble Service I had for you; and that I might be so happier in your Favour, than you could be in my Love, you have contriv'd it so well, to make them equal to my Hatred; since that could do no more than they pretend to, take away the Quiet of my Life. I tell this not to exempt myself from any Service I can do you (for I can never forget how very happy I have been) but to convince you, the Love that gives you the Torment of Repentance on your Side, and me the Trouble of perceiving it in the other, is equally unjust and cruel to us both, and ought therefore to die.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

YOU shall not fail of ——— on Saturday; and for your Wretches, as you call 'em, 'tis usually my Custom when I wrong such as they, to make them amends; tho' your Maid has aggravated that matter more to my Prejudice than I expected from one who belonged to you, and for your own Share, if I thought you a Woman of Forms, you should receive all the Reparations imaginable; but it is so unquestionable, that I am thoroughly your humble Servant, that all the World must know I cannot offend you, without being sorry for it.

L E T-

LETTER XXXV.

To the SAME.

Madam,

TH O' upon the Score of Love, which is immediately my Concern, I find Aptness enough to be Jealous; yet upon that of your Safety, which is the only thing in the World weighs more with me than my Love, I apprehend much more. I know, by woful Experience, what comes of dealing with Knaves; such I am sure you have at this time to do with; therefore look well about you, and take it for granted, That unless you can deceive them, they will certainly cozen you. - If I am not so wise as they, and therefore less fit to advise you, I am at least more concern'd for you, and for that Reason the liker to prove honest, and the rather to be trusted. Whether you will come to the Duke's Play-house To-day, or at least let me come to you when the Play is done, I leave to your Choice; let me know, if you please, by the Bearer.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the SAME.

Madam,

Might I be so happy to receive such Proofs of your Kindness, as I myself would choose, one of the greatest I could think of were, that all my Actions, however they appear'd at first, might be interpreted as meant for your Service; since nothing is so agreeable to my Nature, as seeking my own Satisfaction; and since you are
the

the best Object of that I can find in the World, how can you entertain a Jealousy or Fear? You have the strongest Security our frail and daily changing Frame can give, that I can live to no End so much, as that of pleasing and serving you.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

I HAVE not sinn'd so much as to deserve to live two whole Days without seeing of you. From your Justice and Good-nature therefore I will presume you will give me leave to wait on you at Night, and for your sake use not that Power (which you find you have absolute over me) so unmercifully as you did last time, to divert and keep me off, from convincing you by all the Reasons imaginable, how necessary 'tis to preserve you faultless, and make me happy; and also, that you believe and use me like the most faithful of all your Servants, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

DEAREST of all that ever was dearest to me, if I love any thing in the World like you, or wish it in my Power to do it, may I ever be as unlucky and as hateful as when I saw you last. I who have no way to express my Kindness to you, but Letters which cannot speak it half; whether shall I think myself more unfortunate, who

who cannot tell you how much I love, or you, who can never know how well you are belov'd; I would fain bring it about, if it were possible, to wait upon you To-day; for besides that I never am without the passionate Desire of being with you, at this time I have something to tell you, that is for your Service, and will not be unpleasant News, but I am in Chains here, and must seek out some Device to break 'em for a quarter of an Hour.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

IT is impossible for me to neglect what I love, as it would be impertinent to profess Love where I had none; but I take the Vanity to assure myself, you cannot conclude so severely both of my Truth and Reason, as to suspect me for either of those Faults. If there has been a Misfortune in the Miscarriage of my Letters, I beseech you not to add to it by an uncharitable Censure, but do me the right to believe the last Thing possible in the World, is the least Omission of either Kindness or Service to you: I wish the whole World was as intirely yours as I am, you would then have no Reason to complain of any body; at least, it would be your own Fault, if they were not what you pleas'd. Those Wretches you speak of in your Letter, are so little valuable, that you will easily forget their Malice, and rather look upon the more considerable Part of the World, who will ever find it their Interest, and make it their Vanity to serve you. And now
to

42 *A select* COLLECTION

to let you know how soon I propose to be out of Pain, two Days hence I leave this Place; in order to my Journey towards *London*; and may I then be but as happy as your Kindness can make me, I shall have but very little room either for Envy or Ambition.

L E T T E R XL.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

I Found you in a chiding Humour To-day, and so I left you; To-morrow I hope for better Luck: till when, neither you, nor any you can employ, shall know whether I am under or above Ground, therefore lie still, and satisfy yourself, that you are not, nor can be half so kind to Mrs. — as I am.

L E T T E R XLI.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

MY Faults are such, as, among reasonable People, will ever find Excuse; but to you I will make none, you are so very full of Mystery: I believe you make your Court with good Success, at least I wish it; and as the kindest thing I can say, do assure you, you shall never be my Pattern, either in Good-nature or Friendship, for I will be after my own Rate, not yours,

Your humble Servant. —

L E T-

LETTER XLII.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

I AM far from delighting in the Grief I have given you, by taking away the Child; and you, who made it so absolutely necessary for me to do so, must take that Excuse from me, for all the Ill-nature of it: on the other side, pray be assur'd, I love *Betty* so well, that you need not apprehend any Neglect from those I employ; and I hope very shortly to restore her to you a finer Girl than ever. In the mean time you would do well to think of the Advice I gave you, for how little Shew soever my Prudence makes in my own Affairs, in yours it will prove very successful, if you please to follow it; and since Discretion is the Thing alone you are like to want, pray study to get it.

LETTER XLIII.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

I Came to Town late last Night, tho' Time enough to receive News from the King very surprising, you being chiefly concern'd in't: I must beg that I may speak with you this Morning, at ten o' Clock; I will not fail to be at your Door: the Affair is unhappy, and to me on many Scores, but on none more, than that it has disturb'd the Heaven of Thought I was in, to think, after so long an Absence, I had liv'd to be again blest with seeing my dearest dear, Mrs.—

L E T-

L E T T E R XLIV.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

I AM forc'd at last to own, that 'tis very uneasy to me to live so long without hearing a Word of you, especially when I reflect how ill-natured the World is to pretty Women, and what Occasion you may have for their Service. Besides, I am unsatisfied yet, why that inconsiderable Service you gave me leave to do you, and which I left positive Orders for when I came away, was left unperform'd; and if the Omision reflect upon my Servant or myself, that I might punish the one, and clear the other. I have often wish'd, I know not why, but I think for your sake more than my own, that Mrs. — might forget me quite: but I find it would trouble me of all things, should she think ill of me, or remember me to hate me, but whenever she would make me happy; if she can yet wish me so, let her command some real Service, and my Obedience will prove the best Reward my Hopes can aim at.

L E T T E R XLV.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

MY Visit Yesterday was intended to tell you, I had not dined in Company of Women, which (tho' for a certain Reason I could not very well express with Words) was however sufficiently made appear, since you could not be so very ill-

ill-natur'd to make severe Reflections upon me when I was gone. Were Men without Frailties, how would you bring it about to make 'em love you so blindly as they do. I cannot yet imagine what Fault you could find in my Love-letter; certainly 'twas full of Kindness and Duty to you; and whilst these two Points are kept inviolable, 'tis very hard when you take any thing ill. I fear staying at home so much gives you the Spleen (for I am loth to believe 'tis I) I have therefore sent you the two Plays that are acted this Afternoon; if that Diversion could put you into so good a Humour, as to make you able to endure me again, I should be very much oblig'd to the Stage. However, if your Anger continue, shew yourself at the Play, that I may look upon you, and go mad. Your Revenge is in your own Eyes; and if I must suffer I would choose that way.

L E T T E R XLVI.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

TH O' not for real Kindness sake, at least to make your own Words good (which is a Point of Honour proper for a Woman) endeavour to give me some undeniable Proofs that you love me. If there be any in my Power which I have yet neither given nor offer'd, you must explain yourself; I am perhaps very dull, but withall very sincere: I could wish for your sake, and my own, that your Failings were such; but be they what they will, since I must love you, allow me the Liberty of telling you sometimes unmannerly Truths, when my Zeal for your Service

causes,

causes, and your own Interest requires it: these Inconveniencies you must bear with from those that love you with greater Regard to you than themselves; such a one I pretend to be, and I hope, if you do not believe it, you will in time find it.

You have said something that has made me fancy To-morrow will prove a happy Day to me; however, pray let me see you before you speak with any other Man; there are Reasons for it. Dearest of all my Desires, I expect your Commands.

LETTER XLVII.

To the SAME.

Madam,

I Have a very just Quarrel to Business, upon a thousand Faults, and will now continue it, whilst I live, since it takes from me some Hours of your Company. Till two in the Afternoon, I cannot come to you; pity my ill Fortune, and send me word where I shall then find you.

LETTER XLVIII.

To the SAME.

Madam,

I Was just beginning to write you word, that I am the most unlucky Creature in the World, when your Letter came in, and made me more certain; for you tempt me by desiring me to do the Thing upon Earth I have the most Fondness of, at this time; that is, going with you to

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Windsor; but the Devil has laid a Block in my Way, and I must not, for my Life, stir out of Town these ten Days. You will scarce believe me in this Particular, as you should do, but I will convince you of the Truth, when I wait on you; in the mean time (to show the Reality of my Intentions) there is a Coach hired for To-morrow, which, if not true, you may disprove me by making use of it.

LETTER XLIX.

To the SAME.

Madam,

BElieve me, (dearest of all Pleasures) that those I can receive from any thing but you, are so extremely dull they hardly deserve the Name. If you distrust me, and all my Professions, upon the Score of Truth and Honour, at least let 'em have Credit on another, upon which my greatest Enemies will not deny it me; and that is, its being notorious, that I mind nothing but my own Satisfaction. You may be sure I cannot choose but love you above the World, whatever becomes of the King, Court, or Mankind, and all their impertinent Business. I will come to you this Afternoon.

LETTER L.

To the SAME.

Madam,

THAT I do not see you, is not that I would not; for that, the Devil take me, if I would not do every Day of my Life; but for these Reasons

sons you shall know hereafter. In the mean time, I can give you no Account of your Business as yet; but of my own Part, which I am sure will not be agreeable without others, who, I am confident, will give full Satisfaction in a very short time, to all your Desires: when 'tis done, I will tell you something that, perhaps, may make you think that I am Mrs. ———

Your humble Servant, ———

L E T T E R L I.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

TILL I have mended my Manners, I am ashamed to look you in the Face, but seeing you is as necessary to my Life as breathing; so that I must see you, or be yours no more; for that's the Image I have of dying. The Sight of you then, being my Life, I cannot but confess with an humble and sincere Repentance, that I have hitherto liv'd very ill; receive my Confession, and let the Promise of my future Zeal and Devotion obtain my Pardon, for last Night's Blasphemy against you, my Heaven; so shall I hope, hereafter, to be made Partaker of such Joys, in your Arms as meeting Tongues but faintly can express. *Amen.*

L E T T E R L I I.

To the S A M E.

Madam,

I Assure you I am not half so faulty as unfortunate in serving you; I will not tell you my Endeavours, nor excuse my Breach of Promise; but

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but leave it to you to find the Cause of my doing so ill, to one I wish so well to; but I hope to give you a better Account shortly. The Complaint you spoke to me, concerning Miss, I know nothing of, for she is as great a Stranger to me, as she can be to you. So thou pretty Creature farewel.

Your humble Servant,

LETTER LIII.

To the SAME.

Madam,

YOUR Letter so transports me, that I know not how to answer it, the Expressions are so soft, and seem to be so sincere, that I were the unreasonablest Creature on Earth, could I but seem to distrust my being the happier: and the best Contrivance I can think of, for conveying a Letter to me, is making a Porter bring it my Footman, where-ever I am, whether at St. James's, Whitehall, or home. They are at present pulling down some part of my Lodging, which will not permit me to see you there; but I will wait on you at any other Place, what Time you please.

LETTER LIV.

To the SAME.

Madam,

I Could say a great deal to you, but will conceal it till I have Merit: so these shall be only to beg your Pardon, for desiring your Excuse till

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Monday,

Monday, and then you shall find me an honest Man, and one of my Word. So Mrs. ———

Your Servant.

LETTER LV.

To the SAME.

Dear Madam,

MY omitting to write to you all this while, were an unpardonable Error, had I been guilty of it through Neglect towards you, which I value you too much ever to be capable of. But I have never been two Days in a Place, since Mrs. ——— went away; which I ought to have given you Notice of, and have let you know, that her Crime was, making her Court to ——— with Stories of you; entertaining her continually with the Shame she underwent to be seen in Company of so horrid a Body as yourself, in order to the obtaining of her ———'s Employment; and lastly, that my ——— was ten Times prettier than that nastier B—— I was so fond of at *London*, which I had by you. This was the grateful Acknowledgment she made you for all your Favours, and this Recompence for all the little Services, which, upon your Account, she received from

Your humble Servant, &c.

LETTER LVI.

To the SAME.

Madam,

ANGER, Splēen, Revenge, and Shame, are not yet so powerful with me, as to make me disown this great Truth, that I love you above
all

all things in the World : but, I thank God, I can distinguish, I can see very Woman in you, and from yourself am convinced I have never been in the wrong in the Opinion of Women : 'Tis impossible for me to curse you ; but give me leave to pity myself, which is more than ever you will do for me. You have a Character, and you maintain it ; but I am sorry you make me an Example to prove it : It seems (as you excel in every thing) you scorn to grow less in that noble Quality of using your Servants very hardly : you do well not to forget it, and rather practice upon me, than lose the Habit of being very severe, for you that choose rather to be wise than just and good-natur'd, may freely dispose of all things in your Power, without Regard to one or the other. As I admire you, I would be glad I could imitate you ; it were but Manners to endeavour it, which, since I am not able to perform, I confess you are in the right to call that rude, which I call kind ; and so keep me in the wrong forever, which you cannot choose but take great Delight in : you need but continue to make it fit for me not to love you, and you can never want something to upbraid me with.

LETTER LVII.

Earl of Bristol to Charles II. on being banished his Presence.

May it please your Majesty,

DURING the seven Months Sufferance under the Misfortune of your Majesty's heavy Displeasure, banished from your Presence, and depriv-

ed of the Fruits of your former Bounty, branded by Proclamation as guilty of high Crimes against your Person and Government, and lastly, prosecuted to such Extremes for my Religion; I have chosen to live most of the Time a cloister Prisoner, than, I dare say, your Clemency would have me. And to undergo all with Submission and Silence, rather than seek Advantages from my Enemies, by exposing to Censure any thing (how irregular soever) wherein your Majesty's Name hath been used: and should have continued to do so still, expecting (with an intire Resignation to your Will and Pleasure) your Majesty's own Time for Grace and Favour, did not the approaching Session of Parliament impose upon me this Address by way of Duty to your Service; since it appears to me impossible, that the Privilege of Peers in Parliament can suffer one of their own Members to lie under an Imputation of Crimes, without either being pardoned, punished, or vindicated.

This it is, which makes me presume at this time, to cast myself at your Majesty's Feet, and most humbly to beg your Pardon for my rash and indiscreet Behaviour, in being more earnest than became me, when I had last the Honour to wait upon you in your Closet; such as I must confess, might very justly move your Indignation against me, since no Provocation, nor Excess of Zeal whatever, can justify such a Freedom from a Subject to a Sovereign. And if my Sufferings and Submissions have not yet been sufficient to expiate that Indiscretion, I am ready to undergo whatever your Majesty shall further think fit to inflict upon me, by way of Displeasure; so that it draw along with it no Imputation of Crime: for

as to that, I must ever crave Leave to defend my Innocence against all the World; since this Truth I must justify to my latest Breath, that neither then, nor at any other Time, hath my Heart ever been susceptible of a Thought either to disserve or displease you.

But as God himself, whose Vicegerent you are, doth in the judging of Sin, admit of Extenuation from high Temptations of Frailty, so I hope your Majesty will be pleased to consider how far the Nature of so faithful and passionate a Servant of yours, as I am, could bear that Provocation, of finding his Master not only so incensed against him by his Enemies, but continued still in the Danger of being betrayed, by their Unfaithfulness, in the highest Interests of his Estate and Person. Reflecting upon this, I beseech you, Sir, what honest Man (loving you as I do) might not have been transported even to Frenzy and Madness? As for my charging your Lord Chancellor in the House of Peers, I must confess to have done it without Leave was a Failure, since no Man ought to think that he is a better Judge of his Master's highest Concernment, than himself. I do therefore, in all Humility, beg your Pardon, for any the least Appearance of such Presumption. But that done, I most humbly beseech you, to weigh in your princely Thoughts, from what other Motive it could possibly proceed, but from my Zeal to your Service. From particular Spleen your Majesty cannot think it, since you have so often vouchsafed me the Character of a very unvindictive Man; and know so well, with what Patience I have borne all his malicious Practices against me, without falling upon him publicly, till I thought it could be no longer forborne, with-

out imminent Hazard to your Service and Safety : From Interest much less, since it is evident that by forbearing to do it, I might have enjoyed Plenty and Quiet, with Marks of your Favour ; and that by doing it, I hazarded and ruined my Fortune, then upon the Point of Settlement, and reduced myself, either to be a Prisoner, or a Vagabond. Nor do I think that any body will say, that finding myself lost with you, I made my Court by it, to the next in Power.

Lastly, be pleased to vouchsafe me one Moment of Reflection back upon the whole Tenor of my Life in your Royal Father's Service, and in yours ; and if in the intire Progress of it, your princely Heart can accuse me of the least Failure in true Zeal for the Interest and Glory of your Crown, or in Affection for the Honour and Happiness of your Person, I am so far from desiring your Pardon, that I desire not to live ; but if, on the contrary, your excellent Judgment, as well as Nature, shall bear me the Testimony, within yourself, of a constant Fervour and Faithfulness in them both, I hope that with so gracious a Master, I shall not be ruined, for one Transportment of Love beyond the Bounds of Discretion. You know, as well as *Solomon*, that Love covers a Multitude of Faults : it is that which I cannot but promise myself, from your incomparable Goodness, whom I beseech God to bless and direct to what may be most for the Honour and Prosperity of your Affairs, though it were to be with the certain Destruction of

Your Majesty's

humble Servant,

BRISTOL.

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LETTER LVIII.

Earl of Arlington to the Duke of Ormond, on the Death of Lord Ossory.

MY last gave your Grace some Hopes of my Lord, your Son's Recovery, and the next Day after, those Hopes were strengthened by the concurrent Opinion of all Physicians; but we at length were undeceived. On Friday, at a Quarter past Seven in the Evening, it pleased God to take him from us; to whose Will we resign ourselves, as I hope your Grace will do, on so extraordinary an Occasion: fortify your Christianity with your Prudence, and Experience of the Vanity of this World; which we take more Pains than we ought to render pleasant and acceptable to us, and value ourselves upon Possessions, which in a Moment we may lose. His Disease was so strong in his Head (being a high malignant Fever) that he had but few Intervals free from the Delirium, that troubled him more or less all his Sickness, which Dr. *Floyd*, with much Care and Prudence, laid hold of, for the composing his Mind, and to render him capable of receiving, and doing other Acts of a good Christian. In the Middle of his Sickness he spoke of making a Will, but finding him so ill, I diverted him from it in the Presence of some of his Servants, by telling him the Circumstances in which he was, did not make it so necessary for him, as for another Man: for, said I, my Lord, I think you have nothing of that Nature to do, but to recommend your Wife and Children to your Father,

ther, and to him likewise, the Payment of your Debts, and Gratification of your Servants; and this, if you please, I will do in your Name; which he seemed very well to accept of, and never more mentioned it; and I the rather humour'd this Way with him, because in the Times he hath hitherto put himself into any extraordinary Actions at Sea or Land, he used to leave a short Paper with me, which contained the same Things in Effect, and particularly beseeching your Grace to increase his Wife's Jointure, which I know not whether she was ever acquainted with; so I told him the aforementioned Points would be over-secured by your Grace's Generosity.

I have caused his Body to be laid in a Vault in *Westminster-Abbey*, that it may be in a Condition of being buried hereafter here, or carried to *Euston*, or to *Kilkenny*, as your Grace shall think fit to direct.

What I have further ordered concerning his Affairs, you will find in a *Memorandum* I have put into Mr. M——'s Hands, to receive your Orders thereupon. In the mean time I have presumed to send to the * Bishop, to let my Lord *James* come hither, to shew him to the World, whilst they are so much in love with his Father's Memory, and lament to such an Excess, the Loss of him, that it would look like Flattery, if I should tell your Grace half the Truth.

I cannot end this Letter, without adding, that I never saw a better Set of orderly, affectionate,

* Doctor *Fell*, Bishop of *Oxford*, and Dean of *Christ-Church*; in which College, my Lord *James*, the present Duke of *Ormond*, received his Education.

and

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and deserving Servants, who have sufficiently shown it in his Sickness, each of whom I have promised to recommend to your Grace, as any Occasion offers for their Preferments and Advantages. And thus I will dismiss your Grace for the present; and myself from this unpleasing Theme, reserving myself to compliment my Lady Dutchess, and Lady Offory, upon it (as my Wife does also) until we have better recollected ourselves, a Matter of so hard Digestion; and in the mean time, only offering myself to obey all the Commands, your Grace shall be pleased to lay upon me, on this, or any other Occasion.

I am

Your Grace's, &c.

L E T T E R LIX.

Duke of Ormond's Answer.

THOUGH I had much more Fear than Hope of my Son Offory's Recovery, from yours of the 27th of last Month, and did all that I could to prepare myself for what yours of the 31st Brought me; yet I find I was mistaken in myself, and that I want the Composure I ought to have. The Breach that the Death of such a Son has made in my Family, with all the Consequences of it, come into my Thoughts as fast as Grief will allow them Entrance. I consider my own Age, and my Grandson's Youth, and how unfit we are to contend with public and domestic Difficulties. But God having let me see the Vanity

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and Sinfulness of any Confidence and Reliance upon that Son, will, I trust, upon a hearty Submission to his blessed Will, extend his Protection to those he has left behind him. I have now in this World no Business of my own belonging to the Family, but to provide for his Widow and fatherless Children; all I have, and shall have, is, and I trust in God will be theirs; and I wish for their Sakes, I had been a better Manager than I have been. My Son's Kindness to his Wife, and Care for her, increase my Value of him, and Sorrow for him. And I am glad he express it so frequently, when he thought of that Hour that is come upon us. But there was no other Need of it, than the Manifestation of his Good-nature, for I am ready to do for her, whatever she or her Friends can wish; knowing that who are her Friends, must be her Children's. What is to be done in Relation to the Payments of Debts and Rewards of Servants, I must have more Time, and more settled Thoughts upon; only in general, my Intention is to fulfil all his Desires, as far as they can be reasonably executed.

The Body I wish may remain in a decent Repository, till I am able to think of removing it where I purpose to lie myself. I am not able to judge of the Advantage of his Son's appearing so early, but if the Bishop has delayed the sending him on your last Summons till he hears from me, as by a Letter from him I find his Intention was, I desire he may be left there, till I am in a Case to offer your Lordship my Sense concerning the disposing of him for the time to come.

And if the Youth be with you, I wish he may be sent back, as soon as you have produced him
where

where you think fit. I should now own all your Kindnesses to my Son, which have been so long, so constant, and so useful to him to the last; and I am confident your Love will transfer to those he hath left. Think but how I loved and valued him; think me grateful, and then you will make some Estimate of my Sense of your Concernment for him.

I am, my Lord,

Kilkenny, August 9,
1680.

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R L X.

Sir George Etherege to the Duke of Buckingham.

My Lord,

I Received the News of your Grace's retiring into *Yorkshire*, and leading a sedate contemplative Life there, with no less Astonishment than I should hear his Christian Majesty's turning Benedictine Monk, or the Pope's wearing a long Perriwig, and setting up for a flaming Beau in the seventy-fourth Year of his Age. We have a Picture here in our Town-hall, which I never look upon, but it makes me think on your Grace; and I dare swear, you will say there is no Dishonour done you, when you hear whose it is. In short, it is that of the famous *Charles V*, who among all the Magnificence which this foolish World affords, amidst all his *African* Lawrels and *Gallic* Triumphs, freely divested himself of the Empire of *Europe*, and his hereditary Kingdoms, to pass
the

the Remainder of his Life in Solitude and Retirement.

Is it possible that your Grace (who has seen ten times more Luxury than that Emperor ever knew, possessed as much too of the true real Greatness of the World as ever he enjoyed) should, in an Age still capable of Pleasure, and under a Fortune whose very Ruins would make up a comfortable Electorate here in *Germany*; is it possible, I say, that your Grace should leave the Play at the Beginning of the fourth Act, when all the Spectators are in Pain to know what will become of the Hero, and what mighty Matters he is reserved for, that set out so advantageously in the first? That a Person of your exquisite Taste, that has breathed the Air of a Court even from your Infancy, should be content, in that Part of your Life which is most difficult to be pleased, and most easy to be disgusted, to take up with the Conversation of Country Parsons (a Set of People whom, to my Knowledge, your Grace never much admired) and do Penance in the nauseous Company of Lawyers, whom I am certain you abominate?

To raise our Astonishment higher, who could ever have prophesied, though he had a double Gift of *Nostradamus's* Spirit, that the Duke of *Buckingham*, who never vouchsafed his Embraces to any ordinary Beauty, would ever condescend to sigh and languish for the Heiress apparent of some thatch'd Cottage, in a Straw Hat, Flannel Petticoat, Stockings of as gross a Thrum as the Blew-coat Boys Caps at the Hospital, and a Smock (the Lord defend me from the wicked Idea of it!) of as coarse a Canvas as ever served an Apprentice to a Mackerel-boat? Who could believe,

till Matter of Fact had confirmed the Belief of it, (and your Grace knows that Matter of Fact is not to be disputed) that the most polished, refined Epicure of his Age, that had regaled himself in the most exquisite Wines of *Italy*, *Greece* and *Spain*, would, in the last Scenes of his Life, debauch his Constitution in execrable *Yorkshire Ale* ! And that he, who all his Life-time had either seen Princes his Play-fellows or Companions, would submit to the nonsensical Chat and barbarous Language of Farmers and Higlens.

This, I confess, so much shocks me, that I cannot tell what to make on it ; and unless the News came to me confirmed from so many authentic Hands, that I have no Room to suspect the Veracity of it, I should still look upon it to be apocryphal. Is your Grace then in earnest, and really pleased with so prodigious an Alteration of Persons and Things ? For my Part, I believe it ; for I am certain that your Grace can act any Person better than that of a Hypocrite.

But I humbly ask your Grace's Pardon for this Familiarity I have taken with you ; give me leave therefore, if you please, to tell you something of myself. I presume that an Account of what passes in this busy Part of the World will not come unacceptable to you, since all my Correspondents from *England* assure me, that your Grace does me the Honour to inquire often after me, and has expressed some sort of a Desire to know how my new Character sits upon me.

Ten Years ago, I as little thought that my Stars designed to make a Politician of me, and that it would come to my Share to debate in public Assemblies, as the Grand Signior dreamed of losing *Hungary* ; but my royal Master, having
the

the Charity to believe me Master of some Qualities, of which I never suspected myself, I find that the Zeal and Alacrity I discover in myself to support a Dignity which he has thought fit to confer upon me, has supplied all other Defects, and given me a Talent for which, till now, I justly fancied myself incapable.

I live in one of the finest and best-manner'd Cities in *Germany*, where, it is true, we have not Pleasure in that Perfection as we see it in *London* and *Paris*; yet, to make us amends, we enjoy a noble serene Air, that makes us as hungry as Hawks. And though Business, and even the worst sort of Business, wicked Politics, is the distinguishing Commodity of the Place; yet I will say that for the *Germans*, that they manage it the best of any People in the World; they cut off and retrench all those idle Preliminaries and useless Ceremonies that clog the Wheels of it every where else; and I find, that to this Day, they make good the Observation that *Tacitus* made of their Ancestors, I mean, That their Affairs (let them be never so serious and pressing) never put a Stop to good eating and drinking, and that they debate their weightiest Negotiations over their Cups.

'Tis true, they carry this Humour by much too far for one of my Complexion, for which Reason I decline appearing among them, but when my Master's Concerns make it necessary for me to come to their Assemblies. They are indeed a free-hearted, open sort of Gentlemen that compose the Diet, without Reserve, Affectation, and Artifice; but they are such unmerciful Pliers of the Bottle, so wholly given up to what our Sots call good Fellowship, that it is as great a Constraint

straint upon my Nature to fit out a Night's Entertainment with them, as it would be to hear half a Score of long-winded Presbyterian Divines cant successively one after another.

To unbosom myself frankly and freely to your Grace, I always looked upon Drunkenness to be an unpardonable Crime in a young Fellow, who; without any of the foreign-Helps, has Fire enough in his Veins to do Justice to *Cælia* whenever she demands a Tribute from him. In a middle-age Man, I consider the Bottle as only subservient to the nobler Pleasure of Love; and he that would suffer himself to be so far infatuated by it, as to neglect the Pursuit of a more agreeable Game, I think, deserves no Quarter from the Ladies. In old Age indeed, when it is convenient to forget and steal from ourselves, I am of opinion that a little Drunkenness, discreetly used, may as well contribute to our Health of Body as Tranquility of Soul.

Thus I have given your Grace a short System of my Morals, and Belief in these Affairs; but the Gentlemen of this Country go upon a quite different Scheme of Pleasure; the best Furniture of their Parlours (instead of innocent China) are tall, overgrown Rummers; and they take more Care to enlarge their Cellars than their patrimonial Estates: in short, Drinking is the hereditary Sin of this Country; and that Hero of a Deputy here, that can demolish, at one Sitting, the rest of his Brother Envoys, is mentioned with as much Applause as the Duke of *Lorraine* for his noble Exploits against the *Turks*, and may claim a Statue, erected at the public Expence, in any Town in *Germany*.

Judge

Judge then, my Lord, whether a Person of my sober Principles, and one that only uses Wine (as the wiser sort of Roman Catholics do Images) to raise up my Imagination to something more exalted, and not to terminate my Worship upon it, must not be reduced to very mortifying Circumstances in this Place, where I cannot pretend to enjoy Conversation, without practising that Vice that directly ruins me.

As I have just Reason to complain of the Men, for laying so unreasonable a Tax upon Pleasure, so I have no less Reason to complain of the Women for wholly denying it.

Could a Man find out the Secret to take a Lease for his Life, as *Metuselah*, and the rest of the *Antediluvian* Gentlemen, who were three hundred Years growing up to the Perfection of Vigour, enjoyed it the same Number, and were as long a decaying, something might be said for the two crying Sins of both Sexes here; I mean Drunkenness in the Men, and Reservedness in the Ladies.

What would it signify, to throw away a Week's, nay a Month's Enjoyment upon one Night's Debauch, if a Man could promise himself the Age of a Patriarch?

Or where would be the mighty Penance, in dancing a dozen Years Attendance after a coy Female, watching her most favourable Moments, and most accessible Intervals, at last, to enjoy her, if Infirmities and old Age were to come so late upon us?

But since Fate has given us so short a Period to taste Pleasure with Satisfaction, three or four Days Sickness is too great a Rent Charge upon human

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human Nature, and Drunkenness cannot pretend, out of its own Fund, to acquit the Debt.

And, my Lord, since our Gaiety and Vigour leave us so soon in the lurch; since Feebleness attacks us without giving fair Warning, and we no sooner pass the Meridian of Life, but begin to decline, it is hardly worth a Lover's while to stay as long for compassing a Mistress as *Jacob* did for obtaining a Wife; and without this tedious Drudgery and Application, I can assure your Grace that an Amour is not to be managed here.

But, my Lord, I forget, that while I take upon me to play the Moralist, and to enlarge so rhetorically upon the Preciousness of Time, I have already made bold with too much of your Grace's, for which Reason I here put a Stop to my Discourse; and will endeavour, the next Packet that goes from this Place, to entertain you with something more agreeable.

I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient Servant,

G. ETHERIDGE,

LETTER LXI.

To the SAME.

My Lord,

I Never enjoy myself so much as when I can steal a few Moments from the Hurry of public Business to write to my Friends in *England*: and as there is none to whom I pay a profounder Respect

spect than to your Grace, wonder not if I afford myself the Satisfaction of conversing with you by the way of Letter, the only Relief I have left me to support your Absence at this Distance, as often as I can find an Opportunity. You may guess, by my last, whether I do not pass my time very comfortably here ; forced as I am, by my Character, to spend the better Part of my Time in squabbling and deliberating with Persons of Beard and Gravity, how to preserve the Balance of *Christendom*, which would go well enough of itself, if the Divines, and Ministers of Princes would let it alone : and when I come home, spent and weary from the Diet, I have no Lord *D---t's*, or Sir *Charles S-----y's*, to sport away the Evening with ; no Madam *I-----*, or my Lady *A-----s* ; in short, none of those kind charming Creatures *London* affords, in whose Embraces I might make myself amends for so many Hours murdered in impertinent Debates ; so that, not to magnify my Sufferings to your Grace, they really want a greater Stock of Christian Patience to support them than I can pretend to be Master of.

I have been long enough in this Town, one would think, to have made Acquaintance enough with Persons of both Sexes, so as never to be at a Loss how to pass the few vacant Hours I can allow myself ; but the terrible Drinking that accompanies all Visits, hinders me from conversing with the Men so often as I would otherwise do ; and the *German* Ladies are so intolerably reserved and virtuous (with Tears in my Eyes I speak it to your Grace) that it is next to an Impossibility to carry on an Intrigue with them. A Man has so many Scruples to conquer, and so many Difficulties

ficulties to surmount, before he can promise himself the least Success, that, for my Part, I have given over all Pursuits of this Nature. Besides, there is so universal a Spirit of Censoriousness reigns in Town, that a Man and Woman cannot be seen at Ombre or Picquet together, but 'tis immediately concluded some other Game has been played between them. And as this renders all manner of Access to the Ladies almost impracticable, for fear of exposing their Reputation to the Mercy of their ill-natured Neighbours, so it makes an innocent Piece of Gallantry often pass for a criminal Correspondence.

So that, to deal freely with your Grace, among so many noble and wealthy Families as we have in this Town, I can only pretend to be truly acquainted but with one; the Gentleman's Name was Monsieur *Hoffman*, a frank, hearty, jolly Companion. His Father, one of the most eminent Wine Merchants of the City, left him a considerable Fortune, which he improved by marrying a *French Jeweller's* Daughter of *Lions*. To give you his Character in short, he was a sensible, ingenious Man, and had none of his Country's Vices, which I impute to his having travelled abroad, and seen *Italy*, *France*, and *England*. His Lady is a most accomplished, ingenious Person; and notwithstanding he is come into a Place where so much Formality and Stiffness is practised, keeps up all the Vivacity, Air, and Good-humour of *France*.

I had been happy in my Acquaintance with this Family some Months, when an ill-favoured Action robbed me of the greatest Happiness I had hitherto enjoyed in *Germany*, the Loss of which I can never sufficiently regret. Monsieur *Hoff-*
man,

man, about three Weeks ago, going to make merry with some Friends, at a Village some three Leagues from this Place, upon the *Danube*, by the Unskillfulness or Negligence of the Watermen, the Boat wherein he was, unfortunately chanced to overset, and of some twenty Persons, not one escaped to bring home the News, but a Boy that miraculously saved himself by holding fast to the Rudder, and so by the Rapidity of the Current was cast upon the other Shore.

I was sensibly afflicted at the Destiny of my worthy Friend, and so indeed were all that had the Honour of knowing him; but his Wife took on so extravagantly, that she, in a short time, was the only Talk of City and Country: she refused to admit any Visits from her nearest Relations; her Chamber, her Antichamber and Pro-Antichamber were hung with black; nay, the very Candles, her Fans, and Tea-table wore the Livery of Grief; she refused all manner of Sustenance, and was so averse to the Thoughts of living, that she talked of nothing but Death; in short, you may tell your ingenious Friend *Monsieur de St. Evremont*, that *Petronius's Ephesian Matron*, to whose Story he has done so much Justice in his noble Translation, was only a Type of our more obstinate, as well as unhappy German Widow.

About a Fortnight after this cruel Loss (for I thought it would be Labour lost to attack her Grief in its first Vehemence) I thought myself obliged in point of Honour and Gratitude, to the Memory of my deceased Friend, to make her a small Visit, and condole her Ladyship upon this unhappy Occasion; and tho' I had been told that she refused to see several Persons who had

had gone to wait on her with the same Friend, yet I presumed so much upon the Friendship her late Husband had always expressed for me (not to mention the particular Civilities I had received from her) as to think I should be admitted to have a sight of her: accordingly, I came to her House, sent up my Name, and Word was immediately brought me, that if I pleased I might go up to her.

When I came into the Room, I fancied myself in the Territories of Death, every thing looked so gloomy, so dismal, and so melancholy. There was a grave Lutheran Minister with her, that omitted no Arguments to bring her to a more composed and more Christian Disposition of Mind. Madam, says he, you don't consider that by abandoning yourself thus to Despair, you actually rebel against Providence. I can't help it, says she; Providence may even thank itself for laying so insupportable a Load upon me. O fie, Madam, cries the other, this is downright Impiety: what would you say now, if Heaven should punish it by some more exemplary Visitation? That is impossible, replies the Lady, sighing; and since it has robbed me of the only Delight I had in this World, the only Favour it can do, is to level a Thunderbolt at my Head, and put an End to all my Sufferings. The Parson finding her in this extravagant Strain, and seeing no Likelihood of persuading her to come to a better Temper, got up from his Seat, and took his Leave of her.

It came to my turn now, to try whether I was not capable of comforting her; and being convinced by so late an Instance, that Arguments brought from Religion were not like to work any extra-

extraordinary Effects upon her, I resolved to attack her Ladyship in a more sensible Part, and represent to her the great Inconveniencies (not which her Soul) but her Body received from this inordinate Sorrow.

Madam, says I to her, next to my Concern for your worthy Husband's untimely Death, I am griev'd to see what an Alteration the bemoaning his Loss has occasioned in you. These Words raising her Curiosity to know what this Alteration was, I thus continued my Discourse: in endeavouring Madam, to extinguish, or at least, to alleviate your Grief, than which, nothing can be more prejudicial to a beautiful Woman, I intend a public Benefit; for if the Public is interested, as most certainly it is, in the preserving a beautiful Face, that Man does the Public no little Service, who contributes most to its Preservation.

This odd Beginning operated so wonderfully upon her, that she desired me to leave this general Road of Compliments, and explain myself more particularly to her. Upon this (delivering myself with an unusual Air of Gravity, which your Grace knows, I seldom carry about me in the Company of Ladies) I told her, that Grief ruins the finest Faces sooner than any thing whatever; and that as Envy itself, could not deny her Face to be the most charming in the Universe, so if she did not suffer herself to be comforted, she must soon expect to take her Farewel of it. I confirmed this Assertion, by telling her of one of the finest Women we ever had in *England*, who did herself more Injury in a Fortnight's time, by lamenting her only Brother's Death, than ten Years could possibly have done. That
I had

I had heard an eminent Physician at *Leyden* say, That Tears (having abundance of saline Particles in them) not only spoiled the Complexion, but hastened Wrinkles. But, Madam, concluded I, why should I give myself the Trouble to confirm this by foreign Instances, and by the Testimonies of our most knowing Doctors; when, alas! your own Face so fully justifies the Truth of what I have said to you.

How! reply'd our disconsolate Widow, with a Sigh that came from the Bottom of her Heart: and is it possible that my just Concern for my dear Husband has wrought so cruel an Effect upon me in so short a Time. With that she ordered her Gentlewoman to bring the Looking-glass to her, and having surveyed herself a few Minutes in it, she told me, she was perfectly convinced that my Notions were true; but, cries she, what would you have us poor Women to do in these Cases? For something, continued she, we owe to the Memory of the Deceased, and something to the World; which expects, at least, the common Appearance of Grief from us.

By your Leave Madam, says I, all this is a Mistake, and no better; you owe nothing to your Husband, since he is dead, and knows nothing of your Lamentation. Besides, could you shed an Ocean of Tears upon his Hearse, it would not do him the least Service; much less do you lie under any such Obligations to the World, as to spoil a good Face, only to comply with its tyrannic Customs: no Madam, take care to preserve your Beauty, and then, let the World say what it pleases; your Ladyship may be revenged of the World whenever you see fit. I am resolved, answers she, to be intirely governed by you,

you, therefore, tell me frankly, what sort of Course you'd have me steer; why Madam, says I, in the first Place, forget the Defunct, and in Order to bring that about, relieve Nature, to which you have been so long unmerciful, with the most exquisite Meats, and the most generous Wines.

Upon Condition you will sup with me, cries our afflicted Lady, I will submit to your Prescription. But why should I trouble your Grace with a Narration in every Particular; in short, we had a noble Regale that Evening in her Bed-Chamber: and our good Widow push'd the Glass so strenuously about, that her Comforter (meaning myself) could hardly find the Way to his Coach. To conclude this Farce (which I am afraid begins now to be too tedious to your Grace) this Phoenix of her Sex, this Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity, two Mornings ago, was married to a smooth-chin'd Ensign of Count *Transmenderf's* Regiment, that has not a Farthing in the World but his Pay to depend on: I assisted at the Ceremony, though I little imagined the Lady would take the Matrimonial Receipt so soon.

I was the easier persuaded to give your Grace a large Account of this Tragi-Comedy, not only because I wanted better Matter to entertain you withal at this lazy Conjunction, but also, to shew your Grace, that not only *Ephesus* in ancient, and *England* in later Times, have afforded such fantastical Widows; but even *Germany* itself; where if the Ladies have not more Virtue than those of their Sex in other Countries, yet they pretend, at least, a greater Management of the Outside of it.

By

By my last Packet from *England*, among a heap of nauseous Trash, I received the Three Dukes of *Dunstable*; which is really so monstrous and insipid, that I am sorry *Lapland*. or *Livonia* had not the Honour of producing it; but if I did Penance in reading it, I rejoiced to hear that it was so solemnly interred to the Tune of Catcalls; the Squire of *Alfatia*, however, which came by the following Post, made me some Amends for the cursed Impertinence of the Three Dukes. And my witty Friend, Sir C---S---y's *Bellamira* gave me that intire Satisfaction, that I cannot read it over too often.

They tell me, my old Acquaintance Mr. *Dryden*, has left off the Theatre, and wholly applies himself to the Study of the Controversies between the two Churches; pray Heaven, this strange Alteration in him, portends nothing disastrous to the State; but I have all along observed, that Poets do Religion as little Service by drawing their Pens for it, as the Divines do Poetry by pretending to Versification.

But I forget how troublesome I have been to your Grace; I shall therefore conclude with assuring you, that I am, and to the last Moment of my Life shall be, ambitious of being,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most abedient,

and most obliged Servant,

GEORGE ETHEREGE.

LETTER LXII.

Sir George Etherege to his Friend in
London.

Dear Sir,

MY Letters from *England* tell me, that this Summer my Lord Chamberlain has won the Money at Bowls, and my Lord *Devonshire* at Dice; I hope neither of 'em have been lucky at your Cost. Before you receive this, I reckon you will be in your Winter Quarters, where you may have Leisure to give me a short Account of what pass'd at the Campaign at *Tunbridge*. I cannot but remember Mr. *M.* tho' he seems to have quite forgot me; he is a very extraordinary Person, I find he had rather lend a Friend a hundred Pounds, than take the Pains to write to him. I'm sensible his many Employments afford him little Leisure; and I should pity his Mistress, but that I am persuaded his Prudence has made him chuse her in the Family. The Women here are not generally handsome; yet there is a File of young Ladies in this Town, whose Arms would glitter, were they drawn up against the Maids of Honour; but the Devil's in't, Marriage is so much their Business, that they cannot satisfy a Lover that has Desires more fervent than *Frank Villers*. 'Tis a fine thing for a Man, who has been nourish'd so many Years with good substantial Flesh and Blood, to be reduc'd to Sighs and Wishes, and all those airy Courses which are served up to feast a Belly Passion; but to comfort myself in my Misfortune,

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tune, I have learn'd to ogle and languish in public, like any Walcup; and to content myself in private, with a Piece of Household Bread, as well as some of my Friends. However unkind Fortune has been to you, don't revenge yourself on me; force the Sullenness of your Temper, and let me hear from you; it is not reasonable I should lose a Friend, because you have lost your Money.

Yours,

From *Ratibon*,
Aug. 23,—88.

G. ETHEREGE.

LETTER LXIII.

To Mr. T——.

Rakehelly T——

JUST now, stroling thro' my Pocket-book, I stumbl'd upon your Name: Mrs. P——'s Name, *Charing-cross*, and the Sign of the *Elephant*, which gave Remembrance such a Bang, I have made a Collection of Pen, Ink, and Paper, with a Design to be as good as my Word, and write to you. So the Question how I shall write, and the Question whether I shall write or not, are indeed become no Questions at all; but the Question what I shall write, is a great Question still. The House of Office may perhaps help me. You'll excuse me for a Moment.

I am return'd, and by Providence's Help, have done your Business as well as my own. I have found six Leaves of a *Dutch Sermon*; the Title Page I have made use of, the rest I send you in-

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clos'd,

clos'd. I don't understand much of the Language; but I think it gives you an Account how many Ton of Saints the Pagans shipp'd off for the Spiritual Indies, when the *Christians* lived in *Holland*: He says the Manufacture now is quite destroy'd, and the Trade is not worth a T—. Now you must know, Parsons in this Country tell Truth in their Sermons; so, as to a Lover of Truth and Sermons both, I send you this. The Postage won't cost you above half a Piece; a dog Penny-worth, I think.

All I have to say is, that this is a scoundrel Town. The *Dutch* Women here are greasy and fat, the *English* saucy and ugly. Here's a great deal of Snow, and very bad Fires; cursed Meat, and worse Company: that for our Diversions. As for Business: my Lord *W*— is asleep by the Fire-side; Mr. *Ruf*— is picking his Nose; the *P*—s is quilting a Petticoat; her Maids are all at their Prayers; *Ju*— is expounding the *Revelations*; *B*— is writing of Libels; the *Pr*— is studying, I guess what; and the *English* Ambassador is a Fool. Zoons, Sir, I have got the Cramp; O G—! how many damn'd Tricks has Nature to plague Mankind—I can't write a Word more. You'll send me an Answer to this, won't you? Do, prithee do; and don't be long about it now.

If you direct your Letter to me at *Youfrow Zouterkin's* in *Cut-street*, 'tis fix to four but my Hand and my A— will have it in their Turns.

LETTER LXIV.

Duke of Buckingham to the Duke of Shrewsbury; giving a Description of Buckingham-House.

YOU accuse me of Singularity, in resigning the Privy-Seal, with a good Pension added to it, and yet afterwards, of staying in Town, at a Season when every body else leaves it, which you say is at once both despising Court and Country; you desire me, therefore, to defend myself, if I can, by describing very particularly in what Manner I spend so many Hours, that appear so long to you who know nothing of the Matter, and yet methinks are but too short for me.

No Part of this Task which you propose is uneasy, except the Necessity of using the singular Number so often. That one Letter (I) is a most dangerous Monosyllable, and gives an Air of Vanity to the modestest Discourse whatsoever. But you will remember, that I write this only by way of Apology; and that, under Accusation, it is allowable to plead any thing for Defence, though a little tending to one's own Commendation.

To begin then, without more Preamble: I rise now in Summer about seven o'Clock, from a very large Bed-chamber (intirely quiet, high, and free from the early Sun) to walk in the Garden; or, if rainy, in a Saloon, filled with Pictures, some good, but none disagreeable. There also, in a Row above them, I have so many Portraits of famous Persons in several kinds,

as are enough to excite Ambition in any Man less lazy, or less at ease than myself.

Instead of a little dozing Closet (according to the unwholsome Custom of most People) I chuse this spacious Room for all my small Affairs, reading Books, or writing Letters, where I am never in the least tired, by the Help of stretching my Legs sometimes in so long a Room, or of looking into the pleasantest Park in the World, just underneath it.

Visits, after a certain Hour, are not to be avoided; some of which I own a little fatiguing (though, Thanks to the Town's Laziness, they come pretty late) if the Garden was not so near as to give a seasonable Refreshment between those ceremonious Interruptions. And I am more sorry than my Coachman himself, if I am forced to go abroad any Part of the Morning: for though my Garden is such as, by not pretending to Rarities and Curiosities, has nothing in it to inveigle one's Thoughts; yet, by the Advantage of Situation and Prospect, it is able to suggest the noblest that can be, in presenting at once to View a vast Town, a Palace, and a magnificent Cathedral. I confess the last, with all its Splendor, has less Share in exciting my Devotion than the most common Shrub in my Garden. For though I am apt to be sincerely devout in any sort of religious Assemblies, from the very best (that of our own Church) even to those of *Turks, Jews, and Indians*; yet the Works of Nature appear to me the better sort of Sermons; every Flower contains in it more edifying Rhetoric, to fill us with Admiration of its omnipotent Creator.

After I have dined (either agreeably with Friends, or, at worst, with better Company than
your

your Country Neighbours) I drive away to a Place of Air, and Exercise, which some Constitutions are in absolute need of, and Diversion of the Mind, being a Composition for Health above all the Skill of *Hippocrates*.

The small Distance of this Place from *London* is just enough for recovering my Weariness, and recruiting my Spirits, so as to make me fitter than before I set out for either Business or Pleasure. At the mentioning the last of these, methinks I see you smile; but I confess myself so changed (which you maliciously will call decayed) as to my former enchanting Delights, that the Company I commonly find at home is agreeable enough to make me conclude the Evening on a delightful Terrace, or in a Place free from late Visits, except of familiar Acquaintance.

By this you will see, that most of my Time is conjugally spent at home, and consequently you will blame my Laziness more than ever, for not employing it in a way which your Partiality is wont to think me capable of, therefore I am obliged to go on with this trifling Description, as some Excuse for my Idleness; but how such a Description of itself is excusable, is what I should be very much in Pain about, if I thought any body could see it besides yourself, who are too good a Judge in all things, to mistake a Friend's Compliance in a private Letter for the least Touch of Vanity.

The Avenues to this House are along through *St. James's Park*, through Rows of goodly Elms on one Hand, and gay flourishing Limes on the other; that for Coaches, this for walking, with the Mall lying between them; this reaches to my Iron Pallisade, that encompasses a square Court,

which has in the midst a great Basen, with Statues and Water-works ; and from its Entrance rises all the way imperceptibly, till we mount to a Terrace, in the Front of a large Hall, paved with square, white Stone, mixed with a dark-coloured Marble ; the Walls of it covered with a Set of Pictures, done in the School of *Raphael*. Out of this, on the Right-hand, we go into a Parlour, thirty-three Feet by thirty-nine, with a Nitch fifteen Feet broad for a Buffet, paved with white Marble, and placed within an Arch, with Pilasters of divers Colours ; the upper Part of which, as high as the Ceiling, is painted by *Ricci*.

From hence we pass through a Suit of large Rooms into a Bed-chamber of thirty-four Feet by twenty-seven ; within it a large Closet, that opens into a Green-house.

On the Left-hand are three Stone Arches, supported by *Corinthian* Pillars, under one of which are eight and forty Steps, ten Feet broad, each Step of one intire *Portland* Stone. These Stairs, by the help of two Resting-places, are so very easy, there is no need of leading on the Iron Balluster. The Walls are painted with the Story of *Dido*, whom, though the Poet was obliged to dispatch away mournfully, in order to make room for *Lavinia*, the better-natured Painter has brought no farther than to that fatal Cave, where the Lovers appear just entering, and languishing with Desire.

The Roof of this Stair-case, which is fifty-five Foot from the Ground, is of forty Feet by thirty-six, filled with the Figures of Gods and Goddesses ; in which is *Juno* condescending to beg Assistance from *Venus* to bring about a Marriage, which

which the *Fates* intended should be the Ruin of her own darling Queen and People; by which that sublime Poet wisely intimates, that we should never be over-eager for any thing either in our Pursuits, or in our Prayers, lest what we endeavour to ask too violently for our Interest, should be granted us by Providence, only in order to our Ruin.

The Bass-reliefs, and little Squares above, are all Episodical Paintings of the same Story; and the Largeness of the whole has admitted of a sure Remedy against any Decay of the Colours from Salt-Petre in the Wall, by making another of Oak Laths four Inches within it, and so primed over like a Picture.

From a wide Landing-place on the Stairs-head, a great double Door opens into an Apartment of the same Dimensions with that below, only three Feet higher, notwithstanding which, it would appear too low, if the higher Saloon had not been divided from it. The first Room on this Floor has within it a Closet of original Paintings, which yet are not so entertaining as the delightful Prospect from the Windows. Out of the second Room, a Pair of great Doors give Entrance into the Saloon, which is thirty-five Feet high, thirty-six broad, and forty-five long. In the midst of its Roof, a round Picture of *Gentilefchi*, eighteen Feet in Diameter, represents the Muses playing in Concert to *Apollo*, lying along on a Cloud to hear them. The rest of the Room is adorned with Paintings relating to Arts and Sciences; and underneath, divers original Pictures hang, all in good Lights, by the help of an upper Row of Windows, which drown the Glaring.

Much of this seems appertaining to Parade, and therefore I am glad to leave it to describe the rest, which is all for Conveniency; as first, a covered Passage from the Kitchen without Doors, and another down to the Cellars, and all the Offices within. Near this, a large and light-some Back-stairs leads up to such an Entry above, as secures our private Bed-chambers both from Noise and Cold. Here we have necessary Dressing-rooms, Servants Rooms, and Closets, from which are the preasanteest Views of all the House, with a little Door for Communication between this private Apartment and the great one.

These Stairs, and those of the same kind at the other End of the House, carry us up to the highest Story, fitted for the Women and Children, with Floors so contrived, as to prevent all Noise over my Wife's Head, during the Mysteries of *Lucina*.

In mentioning the Court at first, I forgot the two Wings in it, built on Stone Arches, which join the House Corridors, supported on *Ionic* Pillars. In one of these Wings is a large Kitchen, thirty Feet high, with an open Cupola on the Top; near it a Larder, Brewhouse, and Landry, with Rooms over them for Servants. The upper sort of Servants are lodged in the other Wing, which has also two Wardrobes, and a Store-room for Fruit. On the top of all, a leaden Cistern, holding fifty Tuns of Water, driven up by an Engine from the *Thames*, supplies all the Water-works in the Courts and Gardens, which lie quite round the House; through one of which, a Grass Walk conducts to the Stables, built round a Court, with six Coach-houses, and forty Stalls.

I will

I will add but one thing more before I carry you into the Garden, and that is about walking too; but 'tis on the Top of all the House, which being covered with smooth mill'd Lead, and defended, by a Parapet of Ballusters, from all Apprehension, as well as Danger, entertains the Eye with a far distant Prospect of Hills and Dales, and a near one of Parks and Gardens.

To these Gardens we go down from the House by seven Steps into a Gravel Walk, that reaches across the whole Garden, with a covered Arbour at each End of it. Another of thirty Feet broad, leads from the Front of the House, and lies between two Groves of tall Lime-trees, planted in several equal Ranks, upon a Carpet of Grass; the Outfides of these Groves are bordered with Tubs of Bays and Orange-trees.

At the End of this broad Walk you go up to a Terrace, four hundred Paces long, with a large Semicircle in the Middle, from whence is beheld the Queen's two Parks, and a great Part of *Surry*; then going down a few Steps, you walk on the Bank of a Canal six hundred Yards long and seventeen broad, with two Rows of Limes on each side of it.

On one Side of this Terrace, a Wall covered with Roses and Jessamines, is made low, to admit the View of a Meadow full of Cattle just under it (no disagreeable Object in the midst of a great City) and at each End, a Descent in Parterres, with Fountains and Water-works.

From the biggest of these Parterres, we pass into a little square Garden that has a Fountain in the Middle, and two Green-houses on the Sides, with a convenient Bathing Apartment in one of them, and near another Part of it, lies a
Flower-

Flower-garden. Below all this, a Kitchen-garden, full of the best Sorts of Fruits, has several Walks in it, fit for the coldest Weather.

Thus I have done with a tedious Description, only one Thing I forgot, though of more Satisfaction to me, than all the rest, which I fancy you guess already; and it is a little Closet of Books at the End of that Green-house, which joins the best Apartment; which, besides their being so very near, are ranked in such a Method, that by its Mark a very *Irish* Footman may fetch any Book I want.

Under the Windows of this Closet, and Green-house, is a little Wilderness of Black-birds and Nightingals. The Trees though planted by myself, require lopping already, to prevent their hindering the View of that fine Canal in the Park.

After all this (to a Friend I will expose my Weakness as an Instance of the Mind's Unquietness under the most pleasing Enjoyments) I am oftner missing a pretty Gallery in the old House I pulled down, than pleased with a *Saloon* which I built in its stead though a thousand Times better in all manner of Respects.

And now (*Pour faire bonne bouche*, with a grave Reflection) it were well for us, if this Incapacity of being intirely contented, was as sure a Proof of our being reserved for Happiness in another World, as it is of our Frailty and Imperfection in this; I confess the Divines tell us so, but though I believe a future State more firmly than a great many of them appear to do, by their inordinate Desires of the good Things in this; yet I own my Faith is founded, not on the fallacious Arguments of Preachers, but on that adora-

adorable Conjunction of unbounded Power and Goodness, which certainly must some way recompence hereafter, so many Thousands of innocent Wretches created to be so miserable here.

LETTER LXV.

To the Duke of Buckingham.

PLINT was one of those few Authors, who had a warm House over his Head, nay, two Houses, as appears by two of his Epistles. I believe, if any of his cotemporary Authors, durst have informed the Public where they lodged, we should have found the Garrets of *Rome* as well inhabited as those of *Fleet-Street*; but 'tis dangerous to let Creditors into such a Secret, therefore, we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, no body knew where they lived but their Bookfellers. It seems that when *Virgil* came to *Rome*, he had no Lodging at all: He first introduced himself to *Augustus* by an Epigram, beginning, *Nolle pluit tota*—an Observation, which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all Night in the Street. Where *Juvenal* lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his Satires he complains of the excessive Price of Lodgings; neither do I think, he would have talked so feelingly of the Shortness of *Codrus's* Bed, if there had been room for a Bedfellow in it. I believe with all the Ostentation of *Pliny*, he would have been glad to have changed both his Houses, for your Grace's one; which is a Country-house in the Summer, and a Town-house in the Winter; and must be owned to
be

be the properest Habitation for a wise Man, who sees all the World change every Season, without ever changing himself. I have been reading a Description of *Pliny's* House, with an Eye to yours, but finding they will bear no Comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large Country-seat I inhabit at present; and see what Figure it may make by the Help of a florid Description.

You must expect nothing regular in my Description, any more than in the House; the whole vast Edifice is so disjointed, and the several Parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical Fits, I imagined it had been a Village in *Amphion's* Time, where the Cottages having taking a Country Dance together, had been all out, and stood Stone-still with Amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the Front, indeed I do not know which it is? A Stranger would be grievously disappointed who endeavoured to get into this House the right Way. One would reasonably expect after the Entry through the Porch, to be let into the Hall; alas nothing less! you find yourself in the House-of-office. From the Parlour, you think to step into the Drawing-room, but upon opening the Iron-nailed-door, you are convinced by a Flight of Birds about your Ears, and a Cloud of Dust in your Eyes, that it is the Pidgeon-house. If you come into the Chapel, you find its Altars like those of the Ancients, continually smoaking, but it is with the Steams of the adjoining Kitchen. The great Hall within, is high and spacious, flanked on one Side with a very long Table, a true Image of ancient Hospitality; the Walls are all
all

all over ornamented with monstrous Horns of Animals, about twenty broken Pikes, ten or a dozen Blunderbusses, and a rusty Match-lock-musket or two, which, we were informed had served in the civil Wars. Here is a vast arched Window, beautifully darkened with divers Escutcheons of painted Glass, one shining Pane in particular, bears date 1286, which alone preserves the Memory of a Knight, whose iron Armour is long since perished with Rust, and whose alabaster Nose is mouldered from his Monument. The Face of Dame *Eleanor* in another Piece, owes more to that single Pane, than to all the Glasses she ever consulted in her Life. After this, who can say, that Glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human Beauty, or Glory! And yet, I cannot but sigh to think, that the most authentic Record of so ancient a Family, should lie at the Mercy of every body that flings a Stone. In former Days there have dined in this Hall gartered Knights, and courtly Dames, attended by Ushers, Sewers and Seneschals; and yet it was but last Night that an Owl flew hither and took it for a Barn. This Hall lets you up and down over a very high Threshold into the great Parlour. Its Contents are a broken-belly'd Virginal, a couple of cripled velvet Chairs, with two or three mildew'd Pictures of mouldy Ancestors, who look as dismally, as if they came fresh from Hell with all their Brimstone about them. These are carefully set at the other Corner; for the Windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a Place to dry Poppies and Mustard Seed, that the Room is appropriated to that Use. Next this Parlour, as I said before, lies the Pidgeon-house, by the Side of which runs an Entry, which
lets

lets you on one Hand or other, into a Bed-chamber, a Buttery, and a small Hole called the Chaplain's Study; then follow a Brewhouse, a little green and gilt Parlour, and the great Stairs, under which is the Dairy, a little farther on the Right-hand the Servants Hall, and by the Side of it up six Steps, the old Lady's Closet for her private Devotions, which has a Lattice into the Hall, that at the same Time she prayed, she might have an Eye on the Men and Maids. There are upon the Ground-floor in all, twenty six Apartments, among which I must not forget a Chamber which has in it a large Antiquity of Timber, that seems to have been either a Bedstead, or a Cyder-press. The Kitchen is built in form of the *Rotunda*, being one vast Vault to the Top of the Roof, where the same Aperture serves to let out the Smoke, and let in the Light. But by the Blackness of the Walls, the circular Fires, vast Cauldrons, yawning Mouths of Ovens and Furnaces, you would think it either the Forge of *Vulcan*, the Cave of *Polypheme*, or the Temple of *Moloch*. The Horror of this Place, has made such an Impression on the Country People, that they believe the Witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a Year the Devil treats them with infernal Venison, a roasted Tyger stuffed with Ten-penny Nails. Above Stairs we have a Number of Rooms, you never pass out of one into another, but by the Ascent or Descent of two or three Stairs. Our best Room is very long and low, of the exact Proportion of a Band-box: in most of these, there are Hangings of the finest Work in the World, that is to say, which *Arachne* spins from her own Bowels: were it not for this only Furniture, the whole would be a miserable

Scene

Scene of naked Walls, flawed Cielings, broken Windows, and rusty Locks. The Roof is so decayed, that after a favourable Shower of Rain, we may expect a Crop of Mushrooms between the Chinks of our Floors; all the Doors are as little and low as those to the Cabbins of Packet-boats. These Rooms for many Years have had no other Inhabitants than certain Rats, whose very Age renders them worthy of this Seat; for the very Rats of this venerable House are grey: since these have not quitted it, we hope at least, that this ancient Mansion may not fall during the small Remnant the poor Animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small Subsistence left them, in the few remaining Books of the Library. We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starched, grey-headed Steward, who is as much an Antiquity as any in this Place, and looks like an old Family-picture walked out of its Frame; he entertained us as we passed from Room to Room, with several Relations of the Family, but his Observations were particularly curious when we came to the Cellars. He informed us where stood the triple Rows of Butts of Sack, and where were ranged the Bottles of Tent for Toasts in a Morning; he pointed to the Stands that supported the Iron-hoop'd Hogheads of Strong-beer; then stepping to a Corner, he lugged out the tattered Fragments of an unframed Picture: This, says he, with Tears in his Eyes, was poor Sir *Thomas*! once Master of all this Drink! he had two Sons, poor young Masters! who never arrived to the Age of his Beer; they both fell ill in this very Room, and never went out on their own Legs; he could not pass by a Heap of broken

broken Bottles without taking up a Piece to shew us the Arms of the Family upon it. He then led us up the Tower by dark winding Stone-Steps, which landed us into several little Rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our Guide whispered to us, as a Secret, the Occasion of it. It seems the Course of this noble Blood was a little interrupted about two Centuries ago, by a Freak of the Lady *Frances*, who was here taken in the Fact with a neighbouring Prior; ever since the Room has been nailed up, and branded with the Name of the Adultery-chamber. The Ghost of Lady *Frances*, is supposed to walk there, and some prying Maids of the Family report, that they have seen a Lady in a Fardingale through the Key-hole, but this Matter is hush'd up, and the Servants are forbid to talk of it. I must needs have tired you by this long Description; but what engaged me in it, was a generous Principle to preserve the Memory of that which itself, must soon fall into dirt; nay, perhaps, part of it before this reaches your Hands. Indeed we owe this old House the same kind of Gratitude that we do to an old Friend, who harbours us in his declining Condition, nay even in his last Extremities. How fit is this Retreat for uninterrupted Study, where no one that passes by, can dream there is an Inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us, dare not stay under our Roof! Any one who sees it, will own I could not have chosen a more likely Place to converse with the Dead. I had been to blame indeed, if I had left your Grace for any one but *Homar*. But when I return to the Living, I shall have the Sense to endeavour to converse with some of the
best

best of them, and shall therefore as soon as possible, tell you in Person how much I am,

I am, &c.

L E T T E R LXVI.

Queen Mary to the Princess Anne.

HAVING something to say to you, which I know will not be very pleasing, I chuse rather to write it first, being unwilling to surprize you; though, I think, what I am going to tell you, should not, if you give yourself the Time to think, that never any body was suffered to live at Court in my Lord *Marlborough's* Circumstances. I need not repeat the Cause he has given the King to do what he has done, nor his Unwillingness at all times to come to such Extremities, though People do deserve it.

I hope, you do me the Justice to believe, it is as much against my Will, that I now tell you, that, after this, it is very unfit Lady *Marlborough* should stay with you, since that gives her Husband so just a Pretence of being where he ought not.

I think, I might have expected you should have spoke to me of it. And the King and I, both believing it, made us stay thus long. But seeing you was so far from it, that you brought Lady *Marlborough* hither last Night, makes us resolve to put it off no longer, but tell you, she must not stay; and that I have all the Reason imaginable to look upon your bringing her, as the strangest Thing that was ever done. Nor could all my Kindness for you (which is ever ready to turn all you do the best way, at any other time)

time) have hindred me shewing you that Moment, but I considered your Condition, and that made me master myself so far as not to take notice of it then.

But now I must tell you, it was very unkind in a Sister, would have been very uncivil in an Equal, and I need not say I have more to claim. Which, though my Kindness would make me never exact, yet when I see the Use you would make of it, I must tell you, I know what is due to me, and expect to have it from you. 'Tis upon that Account, I tell you plainly, Lady *Marlborough* must not continue with you in the Circumstances her Lord is.

I know this will be uneasy to you, and I am sorry for it; and it is very much so to me to say all this to you, for I have all the real Kindness imaginable for you, and as I ever have, so will always do my Part to live with you as Sisters ought. That is, not only like so near Relations, but like Friends. And, as such, I did think to write to you. For I would have made myself believe your Kindness for her made you at first forget that you should have for the King and Me; and resolved to put you in mind of it myself, neither of us being willing to come to harsher Ways.

But the Sight of Lady *Marlborough* having changed my Thoughts, does naturally alter my Stile. And since by that I see how little you seem to consider what even in common Civility you owe us, I have told it you plainly; but withal assure you, that let me have never so much Reason to take any thing ill of you, my Kindness is so great, that I can pass over most Things, and live with you, as becomes me.

And

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And I desire to do so merely from that Motive. For I do love you, as my Sister, and nothing but yourself can make me do otherwise. And that is the Reason I chuse to write this, rather than tell it you, that you may overcome your first Thoughts; and when you have well considered, you will find, that though the Thing be hard, (which I again assure you I am sorry for) yet it is not unreasonable, but what has ever been practised, and what you yourself would do, were you in my Place.

I will end this with once more desiring you to consider the Matter impartially, and take time for it. I do not desire an Answer presently, because I would not have you give a rash one, I shall come to your Drawing-room To-morrow before you play, because you know why I cannot make one: at some other time we shall reason the Business calmly; which I will willingly do, or any thing else that may shew, it shall never be my Fault if we do not live kindly together: nor will I ever be other by Choice,

Your truly loving and affectionate Sister.

*Kensington,
Feb. 5.*

M. R.

LETTER LXVII.

Princess Anne to Queen Mary.

YOUR Majesty was in the right to think your Letter would be very surprising to me. For you must needs be sensible enough of the Kind-

Kindness I have for my Lady *Marlborough*, to know, that a Command from you to part with her must be the greatest Mortification in the World to me; and indeed of such a Nature, as I might well have hoped your Kindness to me would have always prevented. I am satisfied she cannot have been guilty of any Fault to you. And it would be extremely to her Advantage, if I could here repeat every Word that ever she had said to me of you in her whole Life. I confess, it is no small Addition to my Trouble to find the want of your Majesty's kindness to me upon this Occasion; since I am sure I have always endeavoured to deserve it by all the Actions of my Life.

Your Care of my present Condition is extremely obliging. And if you would be pleased to add to it so far, as upon my Account to recal your severe Command (as I must beg leave to call it in a Matter so tender to me, and so little reasonable, as I think, to be imposed upon me, that you would scarce require it from the meanest of your Subjects) I should ever acknowledge it as a very agreeable Mark of your Kindness to me. And I must as freely own, that as I think this Proceeding can be for no other Intent than to give me a very sensible Mortification, so there is no Misery that I cannot readily resolve to suffer, rather than the Thoughts of parting with her. If after all this that I have said, I must still find myself so unhappy as to be farther pressed in this Matter, yet your Majesty may be assur'd that, as my past Actions have given the greatest Testimony of my Respect both for the King and You, so it shall always be my Endeavour,
wherever

wherever I am, to preserve it carefully for the Time to come, as becomes

Your Majesty's

From the Cockpit, *very affectionate Sister,*
Feb. 6th, 1692. *and Servant,*

ANNE,

LETTER LXVIII.

To the SAME.

I Have now, God be thank'd, recover'd my Strength well enough to go Abroad. And though my Duty and Inclination would both lead me to wait upon your Majesty, as soon as I am able to do it, yet I have of late had the Misfortune of being so much under your Majesty's Displeasure, as to apprehend, there may be hard Constructions made upon any thing I either do, or not do, with the most respectful Intentions. And I am in doubt whether the same Arguments, that have prevailed with your Majesty to forbid People from shewing their usual Respects to me, may not be carried so much farther, as not to permit me to pay my Duty to you. That, I acknowledge, would be a great Increase of Affliction to me; and nothing but your Majesty's own Command shall ever willingly make me submit to it. For, whatever Reason I may think in my own Mind I have to complain of being hardly used, yet I will strive to hide it, as much as possible. And though I will not pretend to live at the Cockpit, unless you would be so kind as make it easy to me, yet wherever I am,
I will

I will endeavour always to give the constant Marks of Duty and Respects, which I have in my Heart for your Majesty, as becomes

Your Majesty's

*Sion,
May 20.*

*very affectionate Sister,
and Servant,*

ANNE.

LETTER LXIX.

Queen Mary to the Princess Anne.

I Have received yours by the Bishop of Worcester, and have very little to say to it; since you cannot but know, that as I never used Compliments, so now they will not serve.

'Tis none of my Fault, we live at this Distance, and I have endeavoured to shew my Willingness to do otherwise. And I will do no more. Don't give yourself any unnecessary Trouble: for be assured it is not Words can make us live together as we ought. You know what I required of you. And I now tell you, if you doubted it before, that I cannot change my Mind, but expect to be complied with, or you must not wonder if I doubt of your Kindness. You can give me no other Marks, that will satisfy me. Nor can I put any other Construction upon your Actions than what all the World must do, that sees them. These things don't hinder me being very glad to hear you are so well, and wishing you may continue so; and that you may yet, while 'tis in Power, oblige me to be

Your affectionate Sister,

MARIE R.

LET-

LETTER LXX.

*Queen Anne to the Duke of Marlborough,
after the Victory of Oudenarde.*

I Want Words to express the Joy I have that you are well after your glorious Success, for which, next to Almighty God, my Thanks are due to you. And indeed I can never say enough for all the great and faithful Services you have ever done me. But be so just as to believe, I am as truly sensible of them as a grateful Heart can be, and shall be ready to shew it upon all Occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my Esteem and Friendship for you; nor think, because I differ with you in some things, it is for want of either: no, I do assure you. If you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the wrong in some things, as I fear you do now. I am afraid my Letter should come too late to *London*; and therefore dare say no more, but that I pray God Almighty to continue his Protection over you, and send you safe home again: and be assured I shall ever be sincerely, &c.

LETTER LXXI.

Duke of Marlborough to Queen Anne.

Madam,

I Have the Honour of your Majesty's Letter of the 6th, and am very thankful for all your Goodness to me; and I am sure it will always be

my Intention as well as Duty, to be ready to venture my Life for your Service.

As I have formerly told your Majesty, that I am desirous to serve you in the Army, but not as a Minister, I am every Day more and more confirmed in that Opinion. And I think myself obliged upon all Accounts on this Occasion to speak my Mind freely to you. The Circumstances in this last Battle, I think, shew the Hand of God; for we were obliged, not only to march five Leagues that Morning, but to pass a River before the Enemy, and to engage them before the whole Army was passed, which was a visible Mark of the Favour of Heaven to you and your Arms.

Your Majesty shall be convinced from this Time, that I have no Ambition nor any thing to ask for myself or Family; but I will end the few Years which I have to live, in endeavouring to serve you, and to give God Almighty Thanks for his infinite Goodness to me. But as I have taken this Resolution to myself, give me leave to say, That I think you are obliged in Conscience, and as a good Christian, to forgive, and to have no more Resentments to any particular Person or Party, but to make use of such as will carry on this just War with Vigour, which is the only way to preserve our Religion and Liberties, and the Crown on your Head. Which, that you may long enjoy, and be a Blessing to your People, shall be the constant Wish and Prayer of him, that is with the greatest Truth and Duty,

July 23, 1708,

Madam, &c.

L E T-

LETTER LXXII.

Duke of Marlborough to Queen Anne.

Madam,

BY what I hear from *London*, I find your Majesty is pleased to think, that when I have reflected, I must be of Opinion, that you are in the right in giving Mr. *Hill* the Earl of *Essex's* Regiment. I beg your Majesty will be so just to me, as not to think I can be so unreasonable, as to be mortified to the Degree that I am, if it proceeded only from this one Thing; for I shall always be ready and glad to do every thing that is agreeable to you, after I have represented what may be a Prejudice to your Service. But this is only one of a great many Mortifications, that I have met with. And as I may not have many Opportunities of writing to you, let me beg of your Majesty to reflect what your own People, and the rest of the World must think, who have been Witnesses of the Love, Zeal and Duty, with which I have served you, when they shall see that after all I have done, it has not been able to protect me against the Malice of a Bed-chamber Woman. Your Majesty will allow me on this Occasion to remind you of what I writ to you the last Campaign, of the certain Knowledge I had of Mrs. *Masham's* having assured Mr. *Harley*, that I should receive such constant Mortifications, as should make it impossible for me to continue in your Service. God Almighty and the whole World are my Witnesses, with what Care and

Pains I have served you more than twenty Years, and I was resolved if possible, to have struggled with Difficulties to the End of this War. But the many Instances I have had of your Majesty's great Change to me, has so broke my Spirits, that I must beg as the greatest and last Favour, that you will approve of my retiring, so that I may employ the little Time I have to live, in making my just Acknowledgments to God, for the Protection he has been pleased to give me. And your Majesty may be assured that my Zeal for you and my Country is so great, that in my Retirement I shall daily pray for your Prosperity, and that those who shall serve you as faithfully as I have done, may never feel the hard Return that I have met with.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

Lord Treasurer Godolphin to Queen Anne.

I Have the Honour of your Majesty's Letter of the 13th, by which I have the Grief to find that what you are pleased to call Spleen in my former Letter, was only a true Impulse and Conviction of Mind, that your Majesty is suffering yourself to be guided to your own Ruin and Destruction as fast as it is possible for them to compass it, to whom you seem so much to hearken.

I am not therefore so much surpris'd, as concerned at the Resolution which your Majesty says you have taken, of bringing in the Duke of *Shrewsbury*. For when People began to be sensible it would be difficult to persuade your
Majesty

Majesty to dissolve a Parliament, which, for two Winters together, had given you above six Millions a Year for the Support of a War upon which your Crown depends; even while that War is still subsisting, they have had the Cunning to contrive this Proposal to your Majesty, which in its Consequence will certainly put you under a Necessity of breaking the Parliament, though contrary (I yet believe) to your Mind and Intention.

I beg your Majesty to be persuaded, I do not say this out of the least Prejudice to the Duke of *Shrewsbury*. There is no Man of whose Capacity I have had a better Impression, nor with whom I have lived more easily and freely for above twenty Years. Your Majesty may please to remember, that at your first coming to the Crown, I was desirous he should have had one of the chief Posts in your Service; and it would have been happy for your Majesty and the Kingdom if he had accepted that Offer: but he thought fit to decline it, and the Reasons generally given at that time for his doing so, do not much recommend him to your Majesty's Service. But I must endeavour to let your Majesty see Things as they really are. And to bring him into your Service and into your Business at this time, just after his being in a public open Conjunction in every Vote with the whole Body of the Tories, and in a private, constant Correspondence, and caballing with Mr. *Harley* in every thing; what Consequence can this possibly have, but to make every Man that is now in your Cabinet Council, except

to run from it as they would from the Plague? And I leave it to your

Majesty to judge, what Effect this intire Change of your Ministers will have among your Allies abroad, and how well this War is like to be carried on, in their Opinion, by those who have all along opposed and obstructed it, and who will like any Peace the better, the more it leaves *France* at liberty, to take their time of imposing the *Pretender* upon this Country.

These Considerations must certainly make *Holland* run immediately into a separate Peace with *France*, and make your Majesty lose all the Honour, and all the Reputation your Arms had acquired by the War; and make the Kingdom lose all the Fruits of that vast Expence which they have been at in this War, as well as all the Advantage and Safety which they had so much Need of and had so fair a Prospect of obtaining by it. And can any body imagine that after so great a Disappointment of the Kingdom, there will not be an Inquiry into the Causes of it; and who have been the Occasion of so great a Change in your Majesty's Measures and Counsels, which had been so long successful, and gotten you so great a Name in the World? I am very much afraid your Majesty will find, when it is too late, that it will be a pretty difficult Task for any body to stand against such an Inquiry. I am sure if I did not think all these Consequences inevitable, I would never give your Majesty the Trouble and Uneasiness of laying them before you. But, persuaded as I am that your Majesty will find them so, it is my indispensable Duty to do it out of pure Faithfulness and Zeal for your Majesty's Service and Honour. Your Majesty having taken a Resolution of so much Consequence to all your Affairs

fairs both at Home and Abroad, without acquainting the Duke of *Marlborough* or me with it, till after you had taken it, is the least Part of my Mortification in this whole Affair. Though perhaps the World may think the long and faithful Services we have constantly and zealously endeavoured to do your Majesty, might have deserved a little more Consideration. However, for my own Part, I most humbly beg leave to assure your Majesty, I will never give the least Obstruction to your Measures, or to any Ministers you shall please to employ. And I must beg further, to make two humble Requests to your Majesty, the one, that you will allow me to pass the Remainder of Life always out of *London*, where I may find most Ease and Quiet. The other, that you would keep this Letter and read it again about next Christmas, and then be pleased to make your own Judgment, who hath given you the best and most faithful Advice.

New-market,
April 15, 1719.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

*Duke of Marlborough to Queen Anne on
his Dismission.*

Madam,

I Am very sensible of the Honour your Majesty does me in dismissing me from your Service by a Letter of your own Hand, though I find

by it that my Enemies have been able to prevail with your Majesty to do it in the Manner that is most injurious to me. And if their Malice and Inveteracy against me had not been more powerful with them than the Consideration of your Majesty's Honour and Justice, they would not have influenced you to impute the Occasion of my Dismission to a false and malicious Insinuation contrived by themselves, and made public, when there was no Opportunity for me to give in my Answer; which, they must needs be conscious would fully detect the Falshood and Malice of their Aspersions, and not leave them that Handle for bringing your Majesty to such Extremities against me.

But I am much more concerned at an Expression in your Majesty's Letter, which seems to complain of the Treatment you had met with. I know not how to understand that Word, nor what Construction to make of it. I know I have always endeavoured to serve your Majesty faithfully and zealously, through a great many undeserved Mortifications. But if your Majesty does intend by that Expression to find fault with my not coming to the Cabinet Council, I am very free to acknowledge that my Duty to your Majesty and my Country would not give me leave to join in the Counsel of a Man, who, in my Opinion, puts your Majesty upon all manner of Extremities. And it is not my Opinion only, but the Opinion of all Mankind, *that the Friendship of France must needs be Destructive to your Majesty: there being in that Court a Root of Enmity irreconcilable to your Majesty's Government, and the Religion of these Kingdoms.* I wish your Majesty may never find the Want of so faithful

faithful a Servant, as I have always endeavoured to approve myself to you. I am with the greatest Duty and Submission,

Madam,

Your Majesty's most dutiful and

Obedient Subject,

MARLBOROUGH.

LETTER LXXV.

Dennis to Walter Moyle *Esq;*

Dear Sir,

YOU know a grave Fellow assures us, that upon the Cessation of Oracles, lamentable Cries were heard in the Air, proclaiming along the Coasts the Death of the great *Pan*: and have not you, upon this Death of good Sense, and this Cessation of Wit, tell me truly, have not you heard

*These Sounds upon the Cornish Shore,
The Sage * Will. Urwine is no more.*

Gone is the universal Lord of Wit! he to whom all the Wits paid Homage; for whom his Subjects set a Tax upon Words, and laid exorbitant Customs on Thoughts: he's dead; alas, he's dead!

Dead, I mean, Sir, in a legal Capacity; that is, out-law'd and gone into the Friars; to go into which, is once more to out-law himself: he has

* *A Coffee-Man in Covent-Garden.*

done it, Sir, and ill Fortune has brought him to be a *Felo de se* that way. For since the Law thought it but just to put *Will* out of its Protection, *Will* thought it but prudent to put himself out of its Power. And since the Law could use him with so much Contempt, as to declare to all the World that it does not care for *Will. Urwine*; *Will*, who is extremely stout in Adversity, has declar'd by his Actions, that he does not care for the Law. *Virgil* tells us in his sixth Book, that the Souls in Hell were busied about the same things in which they were employed upon Earth; even so does Sage *Will* use the same Nutmeg-grater, and the same Tea-pot in the Friars, that he handled before in *Bow-street*. Thus has he left the Wits without any Sorrow, tho' he loves them, and without taking any Leave of them. For *Will* thinks they cannot be long from him; and he says, he expects that in a very little time his old Company should be constant at his New House. And dost not thou think that they too have reason to expect the very same Thing? For as the Death of any Man ought to put all his Friends in mind, that he went before but to lead them the Way; so *Will's* Departure from this miserable Life, this lewd *Covent-garden* Life, and his ferrying from *Somerset-stairs* to the infernal Shore of *Alsatia*, should be a *Memento* to the rest of the Wits, that he is but gone whither they all must follow.

To leave off poetical Similes, this Body Politic is in a curfed Condition, and cannot keep long together without a Head. The Members are at present in a grave Debate how to get one. Tomorrow the whole House will resolve itself into a grand

grand Committee, to consult about Ways and Means of making Provision for the common Necessities. Some talk of an Excise upon May-dew and Raspberry-brandy : that there will be a Poll is strongly asserted, in which every Man is to pay according to his respective Condition. To-morrow it will be known to how much each Man's *Quota* amounts. As for Example : how much a Poet is to pay, how much a Wit, how much a Politician, and how much a Critic. A Critic did I say ? I beg your Pardon : they have voted *Namine Contradictants*, that they will cease no Critic till Mr. *Moyle* return.

I have given them my Sentiments upon the forementioned Poll, which were, that it was something hard to make a Man pay for being called, Wit, Poet, or Critic ; that they saw, by Experience, lately in the State, that poor Dogs grumbled to pay for their Titles. How then could they think that People would be contented to be taxed for their Nick-names ? That in settling this Tax, they were to take a quite contrary Method, to that which was taken upon settling a Tax in the State. That in the State, sometimes a Man paid for what he really had : as for Example, when a Country 'Squire paid for his Land or his Money ; and sometimes for what he really had not, as when a Cit that is twice dubb'd Knight by the King, and Cuckold by his Wife, pays for his Honour, and for his Children. The first of which is but as it were his, for it is really the King's ; and the second of which are but as it were his, for they are really the Courtiers, who helped him to his Title. In the State too a Man is made to pay for something which he does, or for something which he

he does not. As a Jacobite pays so much for swearing when he's drunk, and so much for not swearing when he's sober. But that in our Case, if we would be exactly just, we should make People pay neither for what they have, nor for what they have not; nor for what they do, nor for what they do not; but should oblige them to pay only for pretending to have what they really have not, or offering to do what they are utterly incapable of doing. That thus the Tax would certainly fall upon the most solvent Part of the Body. For how ridiculous would it be to tax a Man for having Poetry and Wit, when they are almost always Signs that he has not a Farthing to pay? On the other side, how absurd would it be to tax him for a bare Want of those Qualities? Since when a Man is dull without pretending, 'tis ten to one but he is poor; for Riches make Men vain, and Vanity makes them affected. But he who is not much at his Ease, is hardly at leisure for Affectation; and I have often seen, that when Vanity has thrown a Fop out of Nature, Necessity has brought him back again: but a rich Rogue will be sure to be always pretending. Fortune takes pleasure in making those vain, whom Nature before made impotent, and both of them often conspire to finish a Coxcomb. Thus I would have none pay but they who put Gravity upon us for Wisdom, Visions for Politics, and Quibbles for Wit; and I would have no Man at any Expence for being called a Poet, a Wit, or a Critic, unless it be by himself. It would be equally hard to lay a Tax upon any one, for his Ill-fortune, or for his Ill-nature, since they are Things of which no Man is Master. But what? A Sot cannot help

help his Vanity. Agreed; but then it makes him so much happier than he deserves to be, that he may well be contented to pay for it.

I am your most humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

LETTER LXXVI.

Dennis to Wycherley.

Sir,

WHILE I venture to write these Lines to you, I take it to be my Interest not to consider you, as I hitherto always have done, and as for the future I always shall, viz. as Mr. Wycherley has the greatest comic Wit that ever England bred, as a Man sent purposely into the World to charm the Ears of the wittiest Men, and to ravish the Hearts of the most beautiful Women: no, Sir, that in writing to you I may assume some Spirit, I shall at present only consider you as the humble Hermit at Cleve; humble even in the full Possession of all those extraordinary Qualities, the Knowledge of which has made me proud. I must confess, that I have no great Opinion of that which Men generally call Humility. Humility in most Men is want of Heat; 'tis Phlegm, 'tis Impotence, 'tis a wretched Necessity, of which they who lie under it, vainly endeavour to make a Virtue. But in a Man of Mr. Wycherley's Make, 'tis Choice, 'tis Force of Mind, 'tis good, 'tis a generous Condescension. And what Force of Mind is there not

Defects. 'Tis true, that you are esteemed at this high rate, you owe to your Wit and your Penetration; but that you are esteemed without Envy, that you are with Joy and Gladness esteemed, you owe to this, that while the Force of your Fancy and Judgment makes all the World admire you, you remain yourself unmoved by it; that while your Excellence fills all Mouths but yours, you alone appear to be unacquainted with it. Thus, while by the Merit of your extraordinary Qualities, you are known to surpass all others, it plainly appears, that you have beyond all this a Greatness of Soul, from whence you look down on your own Merit: an infallible Sign, that the Talents which we admire in you, are no Illusions but real Things, Things that were born with you, and have been improved by you, and which you have not acquired: for Men are found to be vainer, upon the Account of those Qualities which they fondly believe they have, than of those which they really have; and hereditary Greatness gives Men leave to be humble, whereas Preferment occasions Pride. None but such real Greatness as yours, can capacitate a Man to be truly humble; for the Soul, which by Nature is not seated high, can hardly be said to descend. If I have insisted too long on this shining Subject, a Subject which is so conspicuous in you; if you look upon this tedious Letter, as one of those various Prosecutions which every eminent Virtue provokes; I desire you to consider that I have so many Obligations to this very Humility, that I looked upon myself, as obliged by Gratitude, to say as much as I have done. For to that I owe the Happiness which I have frequently received in your Conversation,

to

to that I owe the present Satisfaction, which your Premission to write to you gives me; and to that I am indebted for the Hopes of your Answers: when I have received them I shall then believe what you were pleased to tell me when I saw you last, that you are much more humble in the clear Air on your Mountain at *Cleve*, than when you are in a Fog and sulphurous Smoak in *Bow-street*. But, at the same time, the Satisfaction of thinking, that Distance does not make you forget me, will render him very proud, who is at present,

Sir, your very humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

LETTER LXXVII.

Wycherley to Dennis.

Dear Sir,

YOU have found a Way to make me satisfy'd with my Absence from *London*; nay what is more with the Distance which is now betwixt you and me. That, indeed, uses to lessen Friendship, but gives me the greater Mark of yours, by your kind Letter, which I had missed if I had been nearer to you: so that I, who receive no Rents here, yet must own, if I did, I could not receive greater Satisfaction than I had from yours, worth even a Letter of Exchange, or Letters Patent; for I value your Friendship more than Money, and am prouder of your Approbation, than I should be of Titles: for the having a good Opinion of one who knows Mankind so well,

well, argues some Merit in me, upon which every Man ought to consider himself more than upon the Goods of Fortune. I had rather be thought your Friend in Proof of my Judgment and good Sense, than a Friend to the Muses; and had rather have you than them thought mine. If I am, as you say, at once proud and humble, 'tis since I have known I have had the Honour to please you; tho' your Praise rather humbles than makes me (tho' a damn'd Poet) more vain: for it is so great, that it rather seems the Raillery of a witty Man, than the Sincerity of a Friend; and rather proves the Copiousness of your own Invention, than justifies the Fertility of mine. But I fear I am forfeiting the Character of the Plain-Dealer with you; and seem, like vain Women or vainer Men, to refuse Praise, but to get more; and so by returning your Compliments, show myself grateful out of Interest, as Knaves are punctual in some Payments, but to augment their Credit. And for your Praise of my Humility (the only Mark of my Knowledge, since it is a Mark of my knowing myself) you have praised that to its Destruction, and have given me so much, you have left me none; like those Admirers, who praise a young Maid's Modesty till they deprive her of it. But let me tell you, 'tis not to my Humility that you owe my Friendship, but to my Ambition, since I can have no greater than to be esteemed by you, and the World, your Friend, and to be known to all Mankind for,

Dear Sir, your humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY,

L. E. T.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Dennis to Wycherley.

Dear Sir,

NOT long after I writ my last to you, I was hurried up to Town by a kind of a Cholic, which was ended in a Defluxion upon one of my Feet. You know, Sir, a Defluxion is a general Name which some pleasant *Frenchmen* have given an infant Gout too young to be yet baptiz'd. But tho' the Distemper raged in each Hand, I would in spite of it answer your admirable Letter; a Letter which I had certainly known to be yours, tho' it had been sent me without a Name, nay, and transcribed by a Chancery-Clerk in his own hideous manner of Copying. But I must confess I was surpris'd to hear you say in it, that you took the Sincerity of a Man who so much esteems you, for Raillery; yet tho' you declare it, you can never believe it. I am willing to believe you exceeding humble; but you can never be humble to that degree, unless your Mind, which resembles your Eye in its Clearness, its Liveliness, and in its piercing Views, should be also like it in this, that plainly discerning all Things else, it wants a Sight of itself: but in this it does not resemble it; for it beholds itself by Reflections, and, like a lovely Maid at her Glass, is charmed with the Sight of its own Beauty. This is a Sight in which you take Pride as well as Pleasure; but yours, I must confess, is a guiltless Pride, it being nothing but first Motion, which it is impossible for Man to avoid. You have both the Force to subdue it
imme-

immediately, and the Art and Goodness to conceal it from us. That it plainly appears from what I have said, that you do not believe I had any Design to rally you, I am confident, that through all my Letter there appears an Air of Sincerity. But that is a Virtue which has been so long and so peculiarly your's, that you may perhaps be jealous of it in your Friends, and disclaim some Virtues which they commend in you, only to monopolize that. You had given me at least an Occasion to think so, if the Raillery in yours had not been so very apparent, that even I had Eyes to discern that you have been to blame in it, tho' I am doubly blinded with Love of you and myself. Yet if you writ it with a Design to mortify me, assure yourself, that I shall fortify my Vanity with that very Artillery with which you have begun to attack it. If Mr. *Wycherley* rallies me, it is certain, that I have my Defects; but it is full as certain, that he would never condescend to abuse me at such a Distance if he wholly despis'd me. Thus, Sir, you see I am as reasonable with my Friend, as a *Russian* Spouse is with her Husband, and take his very Raillery for a Mark of Esteem, as she does a Beating for a Proof of Affection. The very worst of your Qualities gain our Affections: even your Jealousy is very obliging, which it could never be unless it were very groundless. But since your very Suspicion is obliging, what Influence must your Kindness have on our Souls? The Wish that I were with you in some Retirement, is engaging to that degree, that I almost repent that I so eagerly desired your Conversation before; for if it were possible, I would augment that Desire, as a grateful Return to yours. To be with you in Solitude

tude would make me happy. Tho' it were in the *Orcades*, I would not wish myself removed to any happier Climate; no, not even to that which contained my absent Mistress: all that I could do for her on that Occasion, would be to wish her with me. In that Retirement what should I not enjoy? where I should be admirably instructed without Trouble, and infinitely delighted without Vice; where I should be glorious at once with Envy and Quiet: for what could be more glorious than to be the Companion of your Retreat? My very Ambition instructs me to love such Solitude; though, properly speaking, there can be no Solitude where you reside; immortal Company still attend you; and the Virtues, the Graces, and the charming Nine who love the Groves, and are fond of you, follow you to remotest Retirements. The comic Muse is more particularly yours; and it is your peculiar Praise to allure the most ravishing of all the Sisters after you into Retirement: to make that Goddess forsake the Crowd with you, who loves it most of the Nine: you have been constantly her Darling, her best Beloved. Thus in Retirement with her and you, I should have the Conversation of Mankind; I should enjoy it with all it's Advantages, without it's least Inconveniences. In the Philosophy of your Actions and Words, I should see the Wise, the Good, and the truly Great; in your Observations and in your Raillery, the Men of Sense and the Men of Wit; and in your Satire, severely pleasant, the Fools and Rascals expos'd by it. In the Postscript to my last, I made an Apology for usurping a Stile so foreign from this way of Writing. I have once more run into the same Fault in this;
but

but the very Thought of Mr. *Wycherley* spreads a generous Warmth through me, and raises my Soul to Rapture; and when a Man writes, his Soul and his Style of Necessity rise together. In my next, I have something with which I must trouble you, that will require another manner of Writing.

I am, Sir, &c.

LETTER LXXIX.

Wycherley to Dennis.

Dear Sir,

I Have received yours, of the 20th of *November*, and am glad to find by it that however your Friends are Losers by your Absence from the Town, you are a Gainer by it, of your Health, which every one you have left behind you (but *Ch—*) may be thought a Friend to; and the more each Man is your Friend, the more he is satisfy'd with your Absence. which, tho' it makes us ill for want of you, makes you well for want of us: your taking no Leave of me (which you would excuse) I take to be one of the greatest Kindnesses you ever shew'd me; for I could no more see a departing Friend from the Town, than a departing Friend from this Life; and sure 'tis as much Kindness and good Breeding to steal from our Friends Society, unknown to them, (when we must leave them to their Trouble) as it is to steal out of a Room, after a ceremonial Visit, to prevent Trouble to him, whom we would oblige and respect; so that your last Fault (as you call it) is like the rest of your Faults, rather an Obligation, than

than an Offence; though the greatest Injury indeed you can do your Friends, is to leave them against their Will, which you must needs do. You tell me you converse with me in my Writings; I must confess then, you suffer a great deal for me in my Absence, which (though I would have you love me) I would not have you do; but for your truer Diversion, pray change my *Country Wife* for a better of your own in the Country, and exercise your own *Plain-Dealing* there; then you will make your Country 'Squire better Company, and your Parson more sincere in your Company than in his Pulpit, or in his Cups: but when you talk of Store of Delights, you find in my *Plain-Dealer*, you cease to be one; and when you commend my *Country Wife*, you never were more a Courtier; and I doubt not but you will like your next Neighbour's *Country Wife* better than you do mine, that you may pass your Time better than you can do with my *Country Wife*; and like her Innocence more than her Wit, since Innocence is the better Bawd to Love; but enjoy my Wife and welcome in my Absence, I shall take it as civilly as a City Cuckold: I was sorry to find by you that your Head ach'd while you writ me your Letter; since I fear 'twas from reading my Works (as you call them) not from your own writing, which never gave you Pain, tho' it would to others to imitate it. I have given your Service to your Friends at the *Rose*, who, since your Absence, own they ought not to go for the Witty Club; nor is *Will's* the *Wits* Coffee-House any more, since you left it; whose Society, for want of yours, is grown as melancholy, that is, as dull as when you left them a Nights to their own Mother-Wit, their Puns,

Couplets, or Quibbles; therefore expect not a witty Letter from any of them, no more than from me, since they nor I have conversed with you these three Weeks. I have no News worth sending you, but my next shall bring you what we have. In the mean time, let me tell you (what I hope is no News to you) that your Absence is more tedious to me, than a Quibbler's Company to you; so that I being sick yesterday, as I thought without any Cause, reflected you were forty or fifty Miles off, and then found the Reason of my Disposition, for I cannot be well so far from you, who am,

My dear Mr. Dennis,

Your obliged humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

L E T T E R LXXX.

Wycherley to ——— on the Loss of his
Mistress.

Dear Sir,

I Have had yours of the 31st of *March*, to which I should sooner have returned an Answer, had I not been forced to take a little Turn out of Town; but your Letter to me brought me not more Satisfaction than your last to Mr. *Moyle* gave me Disquiet for you; since by that I find how uneasy you are. You know, my Friend, from one sufficiently experienced in Love-disasters, that Love is often a kind of losing Loadam, in which the Loser is most often the Gainer. If
you

you have been depriv'd of a Mistress, consider you have lost a Wife, and tho' you are disappointed of a short Satisfaction, you have likewise escaped a tedious Vexation, which Matrimony infallibly comes to be one way or other; so that your Misfortune is an Accident which your true Friends should rather felicitate than commiserate. You told me in your last, that you were no more Master of yourself: then how should I help rejoicing at the Restoration of your Liberty? A Man might as reasonably be sorry for his Friend's Recovery from Madness, as for his Recovery from Love, (tho' for the Time a pleasant Frenzy;) so that your Mistress's Father has rather been your Doctor than your Enemy: and you should not be angry with him, if he cures you of your Love-distemper, tho' by 'a Means a little too violent; for next to his Daughter's Cure of Love, his may prove the best. Well, pray be not angry, that I can be pleas'd with any thing that can so much displease you: I own my Friendship for you has a little Selfishness in it; for now you cannot be so happy as you would in the Country, I hope you will make us as happy as we can be in the Town, which we shall be as soon as we have your Company: for know, my Friend, Change of Air after a Love-distemper may be as good as 'tis after a Fever; and therefore make haste to Town, where a great many Doctors have engaged to compleat your Cure. Your Friends will do any thing to root out the Remains of your Passion: the Witty Club will grow grave to instruct you; and the Grave Club will grow gay to delight you; *Wh*— will turn a Philosopher; and I will grow a good Fellow, and venture my own Health, for the Recovery of your

Humour; for I had rather be sick in your Company, than for want of it; who am,

Dear Sir,

Your most unalterable Friend,

and humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

LETTER LXXXI.

Dennis to Wycherley.

Dear Sir,

THE last time I was at *Will's*, I had the Mortification to hear, that our Friend Mr. — had met with a Disappointment in —; at which, some who were present, were glad, affirming, that Success would have thrown him out of his Element; for that a Man of Wit is not qualified for Business so well as a Blockhead: I have since had some Thoughts concerning that Matter which I here send you, and of which I desire your Opinion.

Upon Reflection I have found out the following Reasons, why Blockheads are thought to be fittest for Business, and why they really succeed in it.

First, As their Brains are a great deal colder than those are of Men of Wit, they must have but very strait Imaginations, and very barren Inventions; from whence it follows, that they have but very few Thoughts, and that a few Objects fill their Capacities.

Secondly, It is reasonable enough to believe, that since they are incapable of many Thoughts,
those

those few which they have are determin'd by their Necessities, their Appetites, and their Desires, to what they call their Fortunes and their Establishments.

Thirdly, It is not very hard to conceive, that since a Blockhead has but few Thoughts, and perhaps but one all his Life-time, which is his Interest, he should have it more perfect, and better digested, than Men of Wit have the same Thought, who perhaps have a thousand every Hour.

Fourthly, It is easy to comprehend, that since such a one has but a few Thoughts, or perhaps but one, which by often revolving in his Mind, he has digested, and brought to Perfection, he should readily pass from Thought to Action. For he must grow weary of thinking so often of one and the same Thing; and since the Nature of the Soul requires Agitation, as soon as his little Speculation ceases, he must of Necessity act to divert himself.

Fifthly, It will be certainly found, that as a little Thought often makes a Man active in Business, so a little Judgment often makes him diligent; for he may well be eager in the Pursuit of those Things, on which, seduc'd by Passion and vulgar Opinion, he sets an exorbitant Value; and concerning whose Natures and Incertainty, he is not very capable of making solid Reflections. For tho' Prudence may oblige a Man to secure a Competency, yet never was any one by right Reason induced to seek Superfluities.

Sixthly, Penury of Thoughts supposes Little-ness of Soul, which is often requisite for the succeeding in Business: for a Blockhead is forbid enough to descend to Trick and Artifice;

which in Business are often necessary to procure Success; unless they are more than supplied, by a Prudence deriv'd from a consummate Experience, or from a Capacity.

Thus have I endeavour'd to give the Reason, why a Fool succeeds better in Business than a Man of Wit; who has a multitude of Thoughts, and which fly at the noblest Objects; and who finds that there is something so pleasing, and so noble, in thinking rightly, and more especially in the sublime Speculations of exalted Reason, that he finds it intolerably irksome to descend to Action, and abhors the very Thoughts of being diligent in Things, for which he has an extream Contempt.

Thus you see, that in some measure a Fool may be said to be better fitted out for Business than a Man of Wit. But it is high time to distinguish: for first, when I say that a Blockhead is fitted for Business, I mean only for little Business. For to affirm, that he is qualified for Affairs that require Extent of Capacity, would be a Contradiction in Terms. Secondly, When I affirm, that a Man of Wit is less capacitated for Business, I mean, that he is less so, as long as he keeps in his natural Temper, and remains in a State of Tranquility: but if once he comes to be thrown out of that by the Force of a violent Passion, and fir'd with Zeal for his Country's Service, or inflam'd by Ambition, and Business can be made subservient to the gratifying of those Passions, then I dare boldly affirm, that one Man of Wit will go farther than a thousand of those who want it. Of which it would be easy to give more than one Instance amongst our present Ministers. But I will be content-
ed

ed with putting you in mind, that none of the *Romans* had more Wit than *Cæsar*, and none of the *French* than *Richelieu*.

Before I conclude, I must give you a Caution which is, that by the Word Blockhead, I do not mean one that is stupid, but that I apply that Word according to the Language of you Men of Wit, to one who thinks but a little : and that on the other side, by a Man of Wit, I do not mean every Coxcomb whose Imagination has got the Ascendant of his little Reason ; but a Man like you, Sir, or our most ingenious Friend, in whom Fancy and Judgment are like a well-match'd pair ; the first like an extraordinary Wife, that appears always beautiful and always charming, yet is at all times decent, and at all times chaste ; the second like a prudent and well-bred Husband, whose very Sway shews his Complaisance, and whose very Indulgence shews his Authority. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

LETTER LXXXII.

Dryden to Dennis.

My Dear Mr. Dennis,

WHEN I read a Letter so full of my Commendations as your last, I cannot but consider you as the Master of a vast Treasure, who, having more than enough for yourself, are forced

to ebb out upon your Friends. You have indeed the best Right to give them, since you have them in Propriety; but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the Light of the Moon can be allowed to be her own, who shines but by the Reflection of her Brother. Your own Poetry is a more powerful Example to prove that the modern Writers may enter into Comparison with the Ancients, than any which *Perrault* could produce in *France*; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better Critic, can persuade me that there is any room left for a solid Commendation at this time of the Day, at least for me. If I undertake the Translation of *Virgil*, the little which I can perform will shew, at least, that no Man is fit to write after him in a barbarous modern Tongue: neither will his Machines be of any Service to a Christian Poet. We see how ineffectually they have been try'd by *Tasso*, and by *Ariosto*. 'Tis using them too dully if we only make Devils of his Gods: as if, for Example, I would raise a Storm, and make use of *Æolus*, with this only Difference of calling him Prince of the Air: what Invention of mine would there be in this? Or who would not see *Virgil* thorough me, only the same Trick play'd over again by a bungling Jugler? *Boileau* has well observ'd, that it is an easy matter, in a Christian Poem, for God to bring the Devil to Reason. I think I have given a better Hint for new Machines, in my Preface to *Juvenal*, where I have particularly recommended two Subjects, one of King *Athur's* Conquest of the Saxons, and the other of the *Black Prince* in his Conquest of Spain. But the Guardian Angels of Monarchies and Kingdoms, are not to be touch'd by every Hand.

A Man must be deeply conversant in the Platonic Philosophy to deal with them : and therefore I may reasonably expect that no Poet of our Age will presume to handle those Machines, for fear of discovering his own Ignorance ; or if he should, he might perhaps be ungrateful enough, not to own me for his Benefactor. After I have confess'd thus much of our modern Heroic Poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. Rym—, that our *English* Comedy is far beyond any thing of the Ancients. And notwithstanding our Irregularities, so is our Tragedy. *Shakespear* had a Genius for it ; and we know, in spite of Mr. R—, that Genius alone is a greater Virtue (if I may so call it) than all other Qualifications put together. You see what Success this learned Critic has found in the World, after his blaspheming *Shakespear*. Almost all the Faults which he has discover'd are truly there : yet who will read Mr. Rym—, or not read *Shakespear* ? For my own Part, I reverence Mr. Rym—'s Learning, but I detest his Ill-nature and his Arrogance. I indeed, and such as I, have Reason to be afraid of him, but *Shakespear* has not. There is another Part of Poetry in which the *English* stand almost upon an equal Foot with the Ancients ; and 'tis that which we call Pindaric ; introduced but not perfected by our famous Mr. *Cowley* : and of this Sir, you are certainly one of the greatest Masters : you have the Sublimity of Sense as well as Sound, and know how far the Boldness of a Poet may lawfully extend. I could wish you would cultivate this kind of Ode, and reduce it either to the same Measure which *Pindar* us'd, or give new Measures of your own. For, as it is, it looks like a vast Tract of Land

newly discover'd : the Soil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanur'd, overstock'd with Inhabitants, but almost all Savages, without Laws, Arts, Arms, or Policy. I remember poor *Nat. Lee*, who was then upon the Verge of Madness, yet made a sober and a witty Answer to a bad Poet, who told him, *It was an easy thing to write like a Mad-man*. No, said he, 'tis very difficult to write like a Mad-man; but 'tis a very easy matter to write like a Fool. *Otway* and he are safe by Death from all Attacks, but we poor Poets Militant (to use *Mr. Cowley's* Expression) are at the Mercy of wretched Scriblers; and when they cannot fasten upon our Verses, they fall upon our Morals, our Principles of State and Religion. For my Principles of Religion I will not justify them to you; I know yours are far different. For the same Reason, I shall say nothing of my Principles of State: I believe you in yours follow the Dictates of your Reason, as I in mine do those of my Conscience. If I thought myself in an Error, I would retract it; I am sure that I suffer for them; and *Milton* makes even the Devil say, that no Creature is in love with Pain. For my Morals betwixt Man and Man, I am not to be my own Judge; I appeal to the World if I have deceiv'd or defrauded any Man: and for my private Conversation, they who see me every Day can be the best Witnesses, whether or no it be blameless and inoffensive. Hitherto I have no Reason to complain that Men of either Party shun my Company. I have never been an impudent Beggar at the Doors of Noblemen: My Visits have indeed been too rare to be unacceptable, and but just enough to testify my Gratitude for their Bounty; which I have frequently

ly receiv'd, but always unask'd, as themselves will witness. I have written more than I need-
ed to you on this Subject: for I dare say, you
justify me to yourself. As for that which I first
intended for the principal Subject of this Letter,
which is my Friend's Passion, and his Design of
Marriage, on better Consideration I have chang'd
my Mind: for having had the Honour to see
my dear Friend *Wycherley's* Letter to him on that
Occasion, I find nothing to be added or amend-
ed. But as well as I love Mr. *Wycherley*, I
confess I love myself so well, that I will not
shew how much I am inferior to him in Wit and
Judgment, by undertaking any thing after him:
There is *Moses* and the Prophets in his Council.
Jupiter and *Juno*, as the Poets tell us, made *Tire-*
sias their Umpire, in a certain merry Dispute
which fell out in Heaven betwixt them: *Tiresias*,
you know, had been of both Sexes, and therefore
was a proper Judge; our Friend Mr. *Wycherley*
is full as competent an Arbitrator: he has been
a Batchelor, and marry'd Man, and is now a
Widower. *Virgil* says of *Ceneus*,

— Nunc Vir, nunc Fœmina Ceneus,
Rursus & in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Yet, I suppose, he will not give any large Com-
mendations to his middle State; nor, as the Sai-
lor said, will be fond, after a Shipwreck, to put
to Sea again. If my Friend will adventure after
this, I can but wish him a good Wind, as being
his: and,

My Dear Mr. Dennis,

your most affectionate

and most faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

*Lady C—— to her Cousin W——, after
she had received from him a Copy of Verses
on her Beauty.*

Cousin,

I Received yours with the Verses inclos'd, and here return you my hearty Thanks for the Face, the Shape, the Mien, which you have so generously bestow'd upon me. From looking upon your Verses, I went to my Glass: but, Jesu! the Difference! Tho' I bought it to flatter me, yet compar'd to you, found it a Plain-Dealer: it shew'd me immediately, that I have been a great deal more beholden to you, than I have been to Nature; for she only form'd me not Frightful, but you have made me Divine. But as you been a great deal kinder than Nature has been to me, I think my self oblig'd, in Requital, to be a good deal more liberal than Heaven has been to you, and to allow you as large a Stock of Wit as you have given me of Beauty: since so honest a Gentleman as yourself has stretch'd his Conscience to commend my Person, I am bound in Gratitude to do Violence to my Reason to extol your Verses. When I left the Town, I desir'd you to furnish me with the News of the Place, and the first thing I have receiv'd from you is a Copy of Verses on my Beauty; by which you dextrously infer, that the most extraordinary Piece of News you can send me, is to tell me that I am handsome. By which ingenious Inference, you had infallibly brought the Scandal of a Wit upon you, if your Verses had not stood up in your Justification. But tell me truly, Cousin, could you think that I should

should prove so easy a Creature as to believe all that you have said of me? How could you find in your Heart to make such a Fool of me, and such a Cheat on yourself, to intoxicate me with Flattery, and draw me in to truck my little Stock of Wit and Judgment for a meer Imagination of Beauty; when the real Thing too falls so infinitely short of what you would make me exchange for the very Fancy of it? For Cousin, there is this considerable Difference between the Merit of Wit and Beauty; that Men are never violently influenc'd by Beauty, unless it has weaken'd their Reason; and never feel half the Force of Wit, unless their Judgments are sound. The principal Time in which those of your Sex admire Beauty in ours, is between Seventeen and Thirty; that is, after they are past their Innocence, and before they are come to their Judgment. And now, Cousin, have not you been commending a pretty Quality in me; to admire which, as I have just shewn you, supposes not only a corrupted Will, but a raw Understanding: Besides, how frail, how transitory is it! Nature deprives us of it at Thirty, if Diseases spare it till then; by which constant Proceeding, she seems to imply, that she gives it us as a Geugaw to please us in the Childhood of our Reasons; and takes it from us, as a Thing below us, when we come to Years of Discretion. Thus, Cousin, have you been commending a Quality in me, which has nothing of true Merit in it, and of which I have no greater a Share, than to keep me from being scandalous. So that all I could have got by your Kindness, if I had parted with my Judgment, in order to reap the Benefit of it, had been nothing but wretched Conceit, and ridiculous.

diculous Affectation. If I thought you had enough of the gallant Man in you, to take what I say in good part, I would advise you to engage no further in Poetry: be rul'd by a Woman for once, and mind your *Coke* upon *Littleton*. Rather pettifog than flatter: for if you are resolv'd to be a Cheat, you will shew at least some Conscience, in resolving rather to chouse People of their Money, than to bubble them of their Understandings. Besides, Cousin, you have not a Genius which will make a great Poet, and be pleas'd to consider that a small Poet is a scandalous Wight; that indifferent Verses are very bad ones; and that an insipid Panegyric upon another, is a severe Libel upon yourself. Besides, there will start up a Satire one Day, and then Woe be to cold Rimers. Old *England* is not yet so barren, but there will arise some generous Spirit, who, besides a Stock of Wit and good Sense, which are no very common Qualities, will not only be furnished with a sound Judgment, which is an extraordinary Talent, but with a true Taste for Eloquence and Wit, which is scarce any where to be found; and which comprehends not only a just Discernment, but a fine Penetration, and a delicate Criticism. Such a Satyrist as this, Cousin, must arise, and therefore you had best take care, by a judicious Silence, that whenever he appears, he may be sure to divert you, and not afflict you.

I am, &c.

LET

LETTER LXXXIV.

To Mr. — at Will's Coffee-house.

I Received your Panegyric upon Puns, which I so approve of, that I am resolved to get it printed, and bound up with *Erasmus's* Praise of Folly : yet to confess a Truth, I was something dissatisfied to see Quibbling commended with so much Wit ; for nothing can be writ with more Wit, than your Letter to the Reserve of the Quibbles ; which I suppose you inserted amongst so many Things which are so finely said, lest these should have render'd you too vain, or too much have mortify'd me : but pray, after this Panegyric upon Quibbles, give me leave to ask you the same Question that the *Lacedemonians* ask'd the Sophister, who harangu'd in the Praise of *Hercules* : by the way, did you ever expect to hear a Quibble compar'd to *Hercules* ? There's a Simile for you, *I think*, as *Novel* says, *that's New*. You, who are cry'd up for so great a Wit, tell me, without Envy, could you ever have thought upon that ? But to return to my Question : here you have spent a great deal of Time in the Defence of Quibbles. Who said a Word against them ? The Devil a Syllable did I mention of them in mine. It is true, I cited honest Mr. Sw—— ; but it is a hard Case, if the Quoting an Author, must be construed the condemning his Works : I have a great Respect and Kindness for Mr. Sw——, as I have for all who have any Excellence. And truly, I think, that for the Management of Quibbles and Dice, there is no Man alive comes near him. And let me tell you,

you, Sir, for all your new Emulation, he is a better Quibbler than you. But it is high time to give over Raillery : for if you were my Father a thousand times, let me die if I would not rigorously examine that Part of your Letter which pretends to defend Quibbling. You say that I am too nice, and that my Aversion has something in it that is very like Affectation. But here you must give me leave to turn your own Simile upon you : can a Man be justly accus'd of Niceness or Affectation, because he appears offended at a Stink ? When I tell you that Quibbling is extremely foolish ; you know it is foolish enough, you reply ; but it is a foolish thing that diverts. And do you think this Knowledge of it will excuse the Folly ? Give me leave to resume the afore-mention'd Simile : suppose a Fellow who breaks Wind should say to the Company, while they are cajoling their offended Noses with Snuff, Look you, Gentlemen, I know I am a brutal Dog for this, this is very nasty, but Begad it is very diverting. Would the Excuse, think you, be current ? A Quibble diverts. Right ; and so does a Hobby-horse, which, in my Mind, for those who can be diverted without Reason, is the better Bawle of the two. A Quibble diverts : Jesu ! That this should be spoken at *Will's* ? Can there be a more damnable Satire upon Wit, than that so many Gentlemen who have so very much of it, should be fore'd to play the Fool to divert one another ? But, for God's sake, what do you mean when you say a Quibble diverts you ? It makes you laugh I warrant : why the greatest Coxcomb about the Town shall out-do you in Laughing at any time. Nature, who has dealt impartially with her Children, and who has

given

given them but two Distinctions from Beasts, Reason and Laughter, has, where she has bestow'd the more of the one, conferr'd the less of the other : and therefore a Coxcomb will laugh at nothing. Ay, that indeed, say you, is a Sign of a Fool. Well my dear Friend, I have so much Kindness for thee, that out of thy own Mouth thou shalt not be judged : for if a Quibble is not Wit, it is nothing. But it is at a great Distance from Wit, as an Idol is from the Diety ; and I will no more believe nauseous Equivocals to be Wit, because some Sots have admir'd them, than I will believe Garlic to be God, because the *Egyptians* ador'd it : nay, it is a more damnable Sign of Stupidity in an *Englishman*, to make Wit of a Quibble, than it was in the *Egyptians* to make a God of their Garlic. But to return from whence I digress'd ; I have never appear'd so much a Stoic, but that I have been as much for Diversion as any of you : but then am I for the Diversion of reasonable Men, and of Gentlemen ; if there be any Diversion in Quibbling, it is a Diversion of which a Fool and a Porter is as capable as is the best of you. And therefore *Ben Johnson*, who writ every thing with Judgment, and who knew the Scum of the People, whenever he brings in a Porter or a Tankard-bearer, is sure to introduce him Quibbling. But if Punning be a Diversion, it is a very strange one : there is as much Difference between the silly Satisfaction which we have from a Quibble, and the ravishing Pleasure which we receive from a beautiful Thought, as there is betwixt a faint Salute and Fruition. But what would you have us do? you cry. Men of the greatest Parts are no more to be found with Wit always about them, than rich Rogues with always the Ready. Why,

Why, look you, Sir, as the first Step to Wisdom is to be freed from Folly, so the first Approach to Wit is a Contempt of Quibbling. If it happens at any time that you have not your Wit about you, we will either have Patience till such time as you have, or take good Sense in the lieu of it. If you are not in Condition to delight us, we will be contented to be instructed; we will make your Instruction nourish our Vanity, so turn even that to Delight. Nay, there is something noble in right Reason, and consequently something delightful. Truth is so divinely beautiful, that it must please eternally; but Falshood is base, and must shock all generous Minds, and every Equivocal is but ambiguous Falshood, that is, the pitiful'st the basest of Falshood.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

To Walter Moyle *Esq;*

Dear Sir,

THO' you are already indebted a Letter to me, yet I think fit to give you Credit for another; tho' perhaps you may little desire to run into Debt this way: but it is for two Reasons that I give you the Trouble of this: for, in the first place, I am taking a Turn for a little time into the Country, and I design that the Prevention of this should make some Amends for the Delay of my next. In the second place, I have made some Provision of Scandal, which I am willing to make use of, before it grow stale upon my Hands. Just after I writ my last, I threw my self into a detach'd Party which march'd from *Will's* to *Namur*, with the same Design that the Volunteers went to *Brest*, to keep

keep out of the Fray, and be Spectators of the Action. However, before they were come to blows, I went amongst the Tents, and had some Discourse with Major-General R——, whom I found to be Father to Mr. *Bays* his *Parthenope*, For the Major-General is a very honest Fellow, who sells Ale by the Town-Wall. We had the Satisfaction to see that the Town was taken, and the whole Siege was carried on as Sieges generally are, with a great deal more Noise than Mischiefe. On *Monday* last, which was the second of *September*, I travell'd into the City, where I had the Satisfaction to see two very ridiculous Sight. The first was a Bawd carted for an Action which had some Relation to that memorable Day : for she was convicted of being an Accomplice in setting fire to an ancient and venerable Pile of the City ; that is, she was found guilty of being instrumental in the Clapping an Alderman. I stood in a Bookseller's Shop to see her pass, which Bookseller was packing up some scoundrel Authors to send them away to the Plantations. These Authors are Criminals, which being sentenced to be burnt here, have at last found Grace, and got off with Transportation. You remember the terrible News that we heard at *P——*, which, as it sprung from a ridiculous Occasion, that is, my Lady Mayorefs's Gossiping, has had a comical Consequence. For the Common-Council have made an Order, by which my Lady Mayorefs is dispensed, during the Wars, from seeing those Children born in the City which are got in the Suburbs ; that is, from being present at one of their Wives Labours. But 'tis time to return to the Fair. Last Night I took a Turn in the Cloysters, where I was entertain'd with

with a great many Dialogues between Vizour and Vallancy Wig; upon which I leave you to be Judge, whether my Eyes or my Ears were the better entertain'd of the two: for I heard a great deal of unintelligible Language address'd to a great many invisible Faces: as if, because the Woman had resolv'd not to be soon, the Men had determin'd not to be understood; and had in Revenge eclips'd the Light of their Understanding by Fustian, as the others had obscur'd the Lustre of their Eyes by Velvet. Formerly the Ladies made use of White and Red to attract; but within these thirty Years, Black has succeeded, and the Devil is found more tempting in his proper Colour. I have neither Time nor Place for any more; you shall have the rest by the first Opportunity.

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

To Mr. Congreve.

Dear Sir,

I Have now read over the *Fox*, in which, tho' I admire the Strength of *Ben Jonson's* Judgment, yet I did not find it so accurate as I expected: for, first, the very Thing upon which the whole Plot turns, and that is, the Discovery which *Mosca* makes to *Bonario*, seems to be very unreasonable. For I can see no Reason why he should make that Discovery which introduces *Bonario* into his Master's House. For the Reason which the Poet makes *Mosca* give in the ninth Scene of the third Act, appears to be a very absurd.

second one. Secondly, *Corbaccio*, the Father of *Bonario*, is expos'd for his Deafness, a personal Defect, which is contrary to the End of Comedy-Instruction: for personal Defects cannot be amended; and the exposing such can never divert any but half-witted Men. It cannot fail to bring a thinking Man to reflect upon the Misery of human Nature, and into what he may fall himself without any Fault of his own. Thirdly, The Play has two Characters which have nothing to do with the Design of it, which are to be look'd upon as Excrefcencies. Lastly, The Character of *Volpone* is inconsistent with itself: *Volpone* is like *Catiline*, *Alieni appetens, sui profusus*; but this is only a Double in his Nature, and not an Inconsistence. The Inconsistence of the Character appears in this, that *Volpone* in the fifth Act behaves himself like a giddy Coxcomb, in the Conduct of that very Affair which he manag'd so craftily in the first four. In which the Poet offends, first, against that sam'd Rule which *Horace* gives for the Characters.

~~—————~~ *Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi consuet.*

And, secondly, against Nature, upon which all the Rules are grounded: for so strange an Alteration, in so little a Time, is not in Nature, unless it happens by the Accident of some violent Passion; which is not the Case here. *Volpone* on the sudden behaves himself without common Discretion, in the Conduct of that very Affair which he had manag'd with so much Dexterity for the Space of three Years together. For why does he disguise himself? or, why does he repose the last
Confi-

Confidence in *Mosca*? Why does he cause it to be given out that he's dead? Why, only to plague his Bubbles. To plague them, for what? why only for having been his Bubbles. So that here is the greatest Alteration in the World, in the Space of twenty-four Hours, without any apparent Cause. The Design of *Volpone* is to cheat; he has carried on a Cheat for three Years together with Cunning and with Success; and yet he, on a sudden, in cold Blood, does a thing which he cannot but know must endanger the ruining all. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To the SAME.

Dear Sir,

I Will not augment the Trouble which I give you, by making an Apology for not giving it you sooner. Tho' I am heartily sorry that I kept such a Trifle as the Inclos'd, and a Trifle writ extempore, long enough to make you expect a labour'd Letter. But because in the Inclos'd I have spoken particularly of *Ben Johnson's Fox*, I desire to say three or four Words of some of his Plays more generally: the Plots of the *Fox*, the *Silent Woman*, the *Alchymist*, are all of them very artful. But the Intrigues of the *Fox* and the *Alchymist* seem to me to be more dexterously perplex'd, than to be happily disintangled. But the Gordian Knot in the *Silent Woman* is united with so much Felicity, that that alone may

may suffice to shew *Ben Johnson* no ordinary Hero. But then, perhaps, the *Silent Woman* may want the very Foundation of a good Comedy, which the other two cannot be said to want; for it seems to me to be without a Moral. Upon which Absurdity, *Ben Johnson* was driven by the Singularity of *Morose's* Character, which is too extravagant for Instruction, and fit, in my Opinion, only for Farce. For this seems to me to constitute the most essential Difference betwixt Farce and Comedy, that the Follies which are expos'd in Farce are singular, and those are particular which are expos'd in Comedy. These last are those, with which some part of an Audience may be suppos'd infected, and to which all may be suppos'd obnoxious. But the first are so very odd, that, by reason of their monstrous Extravagance, they cannot be thought to concern an Audience; and cannot be suppos'd to instruct them. For the rest of the Characters in these Plays, they are for the most part true, and most of the humorous Characters Master-pieces. For *Ben Johnson's* Fools seem to shew his Wit a great deal more than his Men of Sense: I admire his Fops, and but barely esteem his Gentlemen. *Ben* seems to draw Deformity more to the Life than Beauty: he is often so eager to pursue Folly, that he forgets to take Wit along with him. For the Dialogue, it seems to want very often that Spirit, that Grace, and that noble Raillery, which are to be found in more modern Plays, and which are Virtues that ought to be inseparable from a finish'd Comedy. But there seems to be one thing more wanting than all the rest, and that is Passion, I mean, that fine and that delicate Passion, by which the Soul shews its Politeness,

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even

even in the midst of its Trouble. Now, to touch a Passion, is the surest way to Delight; for nothing agitates like it. Agitation is the Health and Joy of the Soul, of which it is so intirely fond, that even then, when we imagine we seek Repose, we only seek Agitation. You know what a famous modern Critic has said of Comedy.

*Il faut que ses Acteurs badinent noblement,
Que son Nœud bien formé se dénoue aisément :
Que l'Action marchant ou la Raison la Guide,
Ne se perde jamais dans une Scene vuide,
Que son Style humble & doux se relève à propos,
Que ses discours par tout fertiles en bons mots,
Soient pleins de Passions finement maniés,
Et les Scenes toujours l'une à l'autre liés.*

I leave you to make the Application to *Johnson*—whatever I have said myself of his Comedies, I submit to your better Judgment. For you, who after *Mr. Wycherley*, are incomparably the best Writer of it living, ought to be allowed to be the best Judge too.

I am Yours, &c.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Congreve to Dennis, on *Humour*.

Dear Sir,

YOU write to me, that you have entertained yourself two or three Days with reading several Comedies of several Authors; and your Observation is, that there is more of Humour in our *English* Writers, than in any of the other Comic Poets; ancient or modern. You desire

to

to know my Opinion, and at the same time my Thought of that which is generally call'd Humour in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial Preference of our *English* Writers in that Particular. But if I tell you my Thoughts of Humour, I must at the same time confess, that what I take for true Humour, has not been so often written even by them, as is generally believed: and some who have valued themselves, and have been esteem'd by others for that kind of Writing, have seldom touch'd upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labour'd Discourse, and such as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But such little Remarks as may be contain'd within the Compass of a Letter, and such unpremeditated Thoughts as may be communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Censure of the World, or setting up for a Dictator, you shall have from me, since you have enjoin'd it.

To define Humour, perhaps, were as difficult as to define Wit; for, like that, it is of infinite Variety. To enumerate the several Humours of Men, were a Work as endless as to sum up their several Opinions. And in my Mind the *Quot Homines tot Sententiæ* might have been more properly interpreted of Humour; since there are many Men of the same Opinion in many things, who are yet quite different in Humours. But tho' we cannot certainly tell what Wit is, or what Humour is, yet we may go near to shew something which is not Wit, or not Humour, and yet often mistaken for both. And since I have mentioned Wit and Humour together, let me make the first Distinction between them, and ob-

serve to you, that Wit is often mistaken for Humour.

I have observed, that when a few Things have been wittily and pleasantly spoken by any Character in a Comedy, it has been very usual for those, who make their Remarks on a Play, while it is acting, to say, *Such a Thing is very humorously spoken; There is a great deal of Humour in that Part.* Thus the Character of the Person speaking, may-be, surprisngly and pleasantly, is mistaken for a Character of Humour; which indeed is a Character of Wit; but there is a great difference between a Comedy, wherein there are many Things humorously, as they call it, which is pleasantly spoken, and one where there are several Characters of Humour, distinguish'd by the particular and different Humours, appropriated to the several Persons represented, and which naturally arise from the different Constitutions, Complexions, and Dispositions of Men. The saying of humorous Things does not distinguish Characters; for every Person in a Comedy may be allowed to speak them. From a witty Man they are expected, and even a Fool may be permitted to stumble on them by Chance. Tho' I make a Difference betwixt Wit and Humour, yet I do not think that humorous Characters exclude Wit: no, but the Manner of Wit should be adapted to the Humour. As for Instance, a Character of a splenetic and peevish Humour, should have a satyrical Wit; a jolly and sanguine Humour, should have a facetious Wit: the former should speak positively; the latter carelessly: for the former observes and shews Things as they are; the latter rather overlooks Nature, and speaks Things as he would have them; and his
Wit

Wit and Humour have both of them a less Allay of Judgment than the others.

As Wit, so its Opposite, Folly, is sometimes mistaken for Humour.

When a Poet brings a Character on the Stage, committing a thousand Absurdities, and talking Impertinencies, roaring aloud, and laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no Occasion; this is a Character of Humour.

Is any thing more common, than to have a pretended Comedy stuff'd with such Grotesque Figures and Farce-Fools? Things that either are not in Nature, or if they are, are Monsters, and Births of Mischance; and consequently, as such, should be stifled, and huddled out of the way, like *Sooterkins*, that Mankind may not be shock'd with an appearing Possibility of the Degeneration of a God-like Species. For my Part, I am as willing to laugh as any body, and as easily diverted with an Object truly ridiculous: but at the same time, I can never care for seeing Things that force me to entertain low Thoughts of my Nature. I don't know how it is with others, but I confess freely to you, I could never look long upon a Monkey without very mortifying Reflections; tho' I never heard any thing to the contrary why that Creature is not originally of a distinct Species. As I don't think Humour exclusive of Wit, neither do I think it inconsistent with Folly; but I think the Follies should be only such as Mens Humours may incline them to; and not Follies intirely abstracted from both Humour and Nature.

Sometimes personal Defects are misrepresented for Humours.

I mean, sometimes Characters are barbarously exposed on the Stage, ridiculing natural Deformities, casual Defects in the Senses, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet must both be very ill-natur'd himself, and think his Audience so, when he proposes, by shewing a Man deform'd, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raise their Mirth by what is truly an Object of Compassion. But much need not be said upon this Head to any body, especially to you, who in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. *Johnson's Fox*, have justly excepted against this immoral Part of Ridicule in *Corbaccio's* Character; and there I must agree with you to blame him, whom otherwise I cannot enough admire, for his great Mastery in true Humour in Comedy.

External Habit of Body is often mistaken for Humour.

By external Habit, I do not mean the ridiculous Dress or Cloathing of a Character, tho' that goes a good way in some received Characters; (but undoubtedly a Man's Humour may incline him to dress differently from other People) but I mean a Singularity of Manners, Speech and Behaviour, peculiar to all, or most of the same Country, Trade, Profession or Education. I cannot think that a Humour, which is only a Habit, or Disposition contracted by Use or Custom; for by a Disuse or Compliance with other Customs, it may be worn off, or diversified.

Affectation is generally mistaken for Humour.

These are indeed so much alike, that, at a distance, they may be mistaken one for the other: For what is Humour in one, may be Affectation
in

in another; and nothing is more common than for some to affect particular Ways of saying and doing Things peculiar to others, whom they admire and would imitate. Humour is the Life, Affectation the Picture. He that draws a Character of Affectation, shews Humour at the second-hand; he at best but publishes a Translation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as these two last Distinctions are the nicest, so it may be most proper to explain them by particular Instances from some Author of Reputation. Humour I take either to be born with us, and so of a natural Growth; or else to be grafted into us by some accidental Change in the Constitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of Body: by which it becomes, if I may so call it, Naturaliz'd.

Humour is from Nature, Habit from Custom, and Affectation from Industry.

Humour shews us as we are.

Habit shews us, as we appear, under a forcible Impression.

Affectation shews what we would be, under a voluntary Disguise.

Tho' here I would observe by the way, that a continued Affectation may in time become a Habit.

The Character of *Morose* in the *Silent Woman*, I take to be a Character of Humour. And I choose to instance this Character to you, from many others of the same Author, because I know it has been condemn'd by many as Unnatural and Farce: and you have yourself hinted some Dislike of it, for the same Reason, in a Letter to me, concerning some of *Johnson's* Plays.

Let us suppose *Morose* to be a Man naturally Splenatick and Melancholy: is there any thing more offensive to one of such a Disposition, than Noise and Clamour? Let any Man that has the Spleen (and there are enough in *England*) be Judge. We see common Examples of this Humour in Little every Day. 'Tis ten to one, but three Parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are discompos'd and startled at the cutting of a Cork, or scratching a Plate with a Knife. It is a Proportion of the same Humour, that makes such or any other Noise offensive to the Person that hears it; for there are others who will not be disturbed at all by it. Well; but *Morose*, you will say, is so extravagant, he cannot bear any Discourse or Conversation above a Whisper. Why, it is his Excess of this Humour that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate Proportion of that Humour, 'tis odds but half the Audience would have sided with the Character, and have condemn'd the Author for exposing a Humour which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Besides, the Distance of the Stage requires the Figure represented to be something larger than the Life; and sure a Picture may have Features larger in Proportion, and yet be very like the Original. If this Exactness of Quantity were to be observed in Wit, as some would have it, in Humour, what would become of those Characters that are design'd for Men of Wit? I believe if a Poet should steal a Dialogue of any length from the extempore Discourse of the two wittiest Men upon Earth, he would find the Scene but coldly received by the Town. But to the Purpose:

The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the same Play is a Character of Affectation. He every where discovers an Affectation of Learning; when he is not only conscious to himself, but the Audience also plainly perceives, that he is ignorant. Of this kind are the Characters of *Thrafo* in the Eunuch of *Terence*, and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *Miles Gloriosus* of *Plautus*: they affect to be thought Valiant, when both themselves and the Audience know they are not. Now, such a boasting of Valour in Men who were really valiant, would undoubtedly be a Humour; for a fiery Disposition might naturally throw a Man into the same Extravagance, which is only affected in the Characters I have mentioned.

The Character of *Cob* in *Every Man in his Humour*, and most of the under Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair*, discover only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the several Educations and Professions of the Persons represented. They are not Humours, but Habits contracted by Custom. Under this Head may be ranged all Country Clowns, Sailors, Tradesmen, Jockies, Gamesters, and such like, who make use of Cants or peculiar Dialects in their several Arts and Vocations. One may almost give a Receipt for the Composition of such a Character: for the Poet has nothing to do, but to collect a few proper Phrases and Terms of Art, and to make the Person apply them by ridiculous Metaphors in his Conversation with Characters of different Natures. Some late Characters of this kind have been very successful; but in my Mind they may be painted without much Art or Labour; since they require little more, than a good Memory and superficial Observation. But true Humour

cannot be shewn without a Dissection of Nature, and a narrow Search to discover the first Seeds from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World I should be obliged to dwell longer upon each of these Distinctions and Examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers: but a bare Hint is sufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject; and I hope by this time you are of my Opinion, that Humour is neither Wit, nor Folly, nor personal Defect, nor Affectation, nor Habit; and yet that each, and all of these, have been both written and received for Humour.

I should be unwilling to venture even on a bare Description of Humour, much more to make a Definition of it; but now my Hand is in, I'll tell you what serves me instead of either: I take it to be, *A singular and unavoidable manner of doing, or saying any thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only; by which his Speech and Actions are distinguish'd from those of other Men.*

Our Humour has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the Accidents have to a Substance: it is a Colour, Taste, and Smell, diffused thro' all; tho' our Actions are never so many, and different in Form, they are all Splinters of the same Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which tho' it may be disguised by Art, yet cannot be wholly changed: we may paint it with other Colours, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Instrument will be distinguish'd, tho' the Notes expressed by it are never so various, and the Diversions never so many. Dissimulation may, by degrees, become more easy to our Practice; but
it

it can never absolutely transubstantiate us into what we would seem : it will always be in some Proportion a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his Humour ; and there is nothing more provoking than the being made sensible of that Difficulty. Sometimes one shall meet with those, who perhaps, innocently enough, but at the same time impertinently, will ask the Question, *Why are you not merry ? Why are you not gay, pleasant and cheerful ?* Then, instead of answering, could I ask such one, *Why are you not handsome ? Why have you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion ?* Nature abhors to be forced.

The two famous Philosophers of *Ephesus* and *Aldera* have their different Sects at this Day ; some weep, and others laugh at one and the same thing.

I don't doubt, but you have observed several Men laugh when they are angry ; others who are silent ; some that are loud : yet I cannot suppose that it is the Passion of Anger which is in itself different, or more or less in one than t'other ; but that it is the Humour of the Man that is predominant, and urges him to express it in that manner. Demonstrations of Pleasure are as various ; one Man has a Humour of retiring from all Company, when any thing has happen'd to please him beyond Expectation ; he hugs himself alone, and thinks it an Addition to the Pleasure to keep it secret. Another is upon Thorns till he has made Proclamation of it ; and must make other People sensible of his Happiness, before he can be so himself. So it is in Grief and other Passions. Demonstrations of Love ; and the Ef-

fects of that Passion upon several Humours, are infinitely different: but here the Ladies, who abound in Servants, are the best Judges. Talking of the Ladies, methinks something should be observed of the Humour of the Fair Sex, since they are sometimes so kind as to furnish out a Character for Comedy. But I must confess, I have never made any Observation of what I apprehend to be true Humour in Women. Perhaps Passions are too powerful in that Sex to let Humour have its Course, or may-be, by reason of their natural Coldness, Humour cannot exert itself to that extravagant Degree, which it often does in the Male Sex: for if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquir'd Folly or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex; but I think the true Reason is, because our Follies are stronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the Diversity of Humour, which must be allowed to be diffused throughout Mankind, might afford endless Matter for the Support of Comedies. But when we come closely to consider that Point, and nicely to distinguish the Difference of Humours, I believe we shall find the contrary. For tho' we allow every Man something of his own, and a peculiar Humour, yet every Man has it not in Quantity to become remarkable by it; or, if many do become remarkable by their Humours, yet all those Humours may not be diverting. Nor is it only requisite to distinguish what Humour will be diverting, but also how much of it, what Part of it to shew in Light, and what to cast in Shades; how to set it off in preparatory
Scenes,

Scenes, and by opposing other Humours to it in the same Scene. Through a wrong Judgment, sometimes, Mens Humours may be opposed when there is really no specific Difference between them, only a greater Proportion of the same in one than t'other, occasion'd by having more Phlegm or Choler, or whatever the Constitution is, from whence their Humours derive their Source.

There is infinitely more to be said on this Subject, tho' perhaps I have already said too much; but I have said it to a Friend, who I am sure will not expose it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is intirely new, and was never touch'd upon before; and if I would have any one to see this private Essay, it should be some one who might be provok'd by my Errors in it, to publish a more judicious Treatise on the Subject. Indeed I wish it were done, that the World being a little acquainted with the Scarcity of true Humour, and the Difficulty of finding and shewing it, might look a little more favourably on the Labours of them, who endeavour to search into Nature for it, and lay it open to the public View.

I don't say, but that very entertaining and useful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from Affectations, and those other Qualities which I have endeavour'd to distinguish from Humour: but I would not have such imposed on the World for Humour, nor esteem'd of equal Value with it. It were perhaps the Work of a long Life to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and distinct Humour. Therefore every Poet must be beholden to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think such a one deserves to be broke, who

makes all false Musters; who does not shew one true Humour in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the end of the Play with every thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Observation to you more, and I have done; and that is grounded upon an Observation of your own, and which I mention'd at the beginning of my Letter, viz. that there is more of Humour in our *English* Comic Writers, than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon Humour to be almost of *English* Growth; at least it does not seem to have found such Increase on any other Soil: and what appears to me to be the Reason of it, is the great Freedom, Privilege, and Liberty, which the common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a Humour, is under no Restraint, or Fear of giving it Vent: they have a Proverb among them, which, may-be, will shew the Bent and Genius of the People, as well as a longer Discourse: *He that will have a May-pole, shall have a May-pole.* This is a Maxim with them, and their Practice is agreeable to it. I believe something considerable too may be ascribed to their feeding so much on Flesh, and the Grossness of their Diet in general. But I have done, let the Physicians agree that. Thus you have my Thoughts of Humour, to my Power of expressing them in so little Time and Compass. You will be kind to shew me wherein I have erred; and as you are very capable of giving me Instruction, so I think I have a very just Title to demand it from you; being, without Reserve,

Your real Friend,

and humble Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIX.

To Congreve at Tunbridge.

Dear Sir,

MR. *Moyle* and I have impatiently expected to hear from you. But if the Well which you drink of had sprung up from *Lethe*, you could not have been more forgetful of us. Indeed, as the *Tunbridge* Water is good for the Spleen, it may be said in some manner to cause Oblivion. But I will yet a while hope that Mr. *Moyle* and I are not of the Number of Things that plague you: however, I am so sensible of your being mindful of me in Town, that I should be ungrateful, if I should complain that you do not remember me where you are. Mr. *Moyle* tells me that you have made a favourable Mention of me to a certain Lady of your Acquaintance, whom he calls — But then to mortify the Old Man in me, or indeed rather the Young, he assured me that you had given a much better Character of him. However, for that which you gave of me, I cannot but own myself obliged to you, and I look upon your Kindness as so much the greater, because I am sensible that I do not deserve it. And I could almost wish that your good Qualities were not quite so numerous, that I might be able to make you some Return in Specie: for commending you now, I do you but Justice, which a Man of Honour will do to his Enemy; whereas you, by partial Praise, have treated me like a Friend. I make no doubt, but that you do me the Justice to believe that I am perfectly yours; and that
yours

your Merit has engaged me, and your Favours obliged me, to be all my Life-time,

Dear Sir,

Your humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

LETTER XC.

Congreve to Dennis.

Dear Sir,

IT is not more to keep my Word, than to gratify my Inclination, that I write to you; and tho' I have thus long deferr'd it, I was never forgetful of you, nor of my Promise. Indeed I waited in Expectation of something that might enable me to return the Entertainment I received from your Letters; but you represent the Town so agreeable to me, that you quite put me out of Conceit with the Country, and my Designs of making Observations upon it.

Before I came to *Tunbridge*, I proposed to myself the Satisfaction of communicating the Pleasures of the Place to you: but if I keep my Resolution, I must transcribe, and return you your own Letters; since I must own I have met with nothing else so truly delightful. When you suppose the Country agreeable to me, you suppose such Reasons why it should be so, that while I read your Letter, I am of your Mind; but when I look off, I find I am only charmed with the Landskip which you have drawn. So that if I would see a fine Prospect of the Country, I must desire you to send it me from the Town: as if I would eat good Fruit here, perhaps the best way were to beg a Basket from my Friends in *Covent-*

Garden. After all this, I must tell you there is a great deal of Company at *Tunbridge*, and some very agreeable; but the greater Part is of that Sort who at home converse only with their own Relations; and consequently, when they come abroad, have few Acquaintance, but such as they bring with them. But were the Company better or worse, I would have you expect no Characters from me; for I profess myself an Enemy to Detraction: and who is there that can justly merit Commendation? I have a mind to write to you without the Pretence of any manner of News, as I might drink to you without naming a Health; for I intend only my Service to you. I wish for you very often, that I might recommend you to some new Acquaintance that I have made here, and think very well worth the keeping; I mean Idleness and a good Stomach. You would not think how People eat here; every body has the Appetite of an Ostrich, and as they drink Steel in the Morning, so I believe at Noon they could digest Iron. But sure you will laugh at me for calling Idleness a new Acquaintance, when, to your Knowledge, the greatest part of my Business is little better. Ay, but here's the Comfort of the Change; I am idle now without taking Pains to be so, or to make other People so; for Poetry is neither in my Head, nor in my Heart. I know not whether these Waters may have any Communication with *Lethe*, but sure I am, they have none with the Streams of *Helicon*. I have often wonder'd how those wicked Writers of Lampoons could crowd together such Quantities of execrable Verses, tagged with bad Rhimes, as I have formerly seen sent from this Place. But I am half of Opinion now, that this Well is an *Anti-Hippocrene*.

crene. What if we should get a Quantity of Water privately convey'd into the Cistern at *Will's* Coffee-house for an Experiment? But I am extravagant — Tho' I remember *Ben Johnson*, in his Comedy of *Cynthia's Revels*, makes a Well, which he there calls the Fountain of Self-Love, to be the Source of many entertaining and ridiculous Humours; I am of Opinion, that something very Comical and New might be brought upon the Stage from a Fiction of the like Nature. But now I talk of the Stage, pray if any thing new should appear there, let me have an Account of it; for tho' Plays are a kind of Winter-Fruit, yet I know there are now and then some Wind-falls at this time of the Year, which must be presently served up, lest they should not keep till the proper Season of Entertainment. 'Tis now the Time when the Sun breeds Insects, and you must expect to have the Hum and Buz about your Ears of Summer-Flies, small Poets. Cuckows have this Time allow'd them to sing, tho' they are damn'd to Silence all the rest of the Year. Besides, the approaching Feast of *St. Bartholomew* both creates an Expectation, and bespeaks an Allowance of unnatural Productions and monstrous Births: methinks the Days of *Bartholomew-Fair* are like so many Sabbaths, or Days of Privilege, wherein Criminals and Malefactors in Poetry are permitted to creep abroad. They put me in mind (tho' at a different Time of the Year) of the *Roman Saturnalia*, when all the Scum and Rabble, and Slaves of *Rome*, by a kind of annual and limited Manumission, were suffered to make abominable Mirth, and profane the Days of Jubilee, with vile Buffoonry, by Authority. But I forget that I am writing a Post-Letter, and
run

run into Length like a Poet in a Dedication, when he forgets his Patron to talk of himself. But I will take care to make no Apology for it, lest my Excuse (as Excuses generally go) should add to the Fault. Besides, I would have no Appearance of formality, when I am to tell you, that I am

*Your real Friend,
and humble Servant,*

W. CONGREVE,

LETTER XCI.

Mr. ——— to Congreve.

Dear Sir,

I Came home from the Land's-End Yesterday, where I found three Letters from Mr. Dennis, and one from you, with a humorous Description of * *John Abassus*. Since the Dubbing of *Don Quixote*, and the Coronation of Petrarch in the Capitol, there has not been so great a Solemnity as the Consecration of *John Abassus*. In all the Pagan Ritual, I never met with the Form of poetical Orders; but I believe the Ceremony of consecrating a Man to *Apollo*, is the same with devoting a Man to the *Di Manes*, for both are Martyrs to Fame. I believe not a Man of the Grave Club durst assist at this ridiculous Scene, for fear of laughing out-right. *W.* was in his Kingdom, and for my part, I would have rather sat there than in the House of Commons. Would to God I could laugh with you for one Hour or two at all the ridiculous Things that

* A Country Poet.

I

have

have happen'd at *Will's* Coffee-house since I left it; 'tis the merriest Place in the World: like *Africa*, every Day produces a Monster; and they are got there just as *Pliny* says they are in *Africa*, Beasts of different Kinds come to drink, mingle with one another, and beget Monsters. Present my humble Duty to my new Lord, and tell him, that I am preparing an Address to congratulate his Accession to the Throne of the Rabble. Tell the Lady, who was the Author of the Hue and Cry after me, she might have sent out a hundred Hues and Cries before she would have found a Poet. I took an effectual Course not to be apprehended for a Poet; for I went down clad like a Soldier, with a new Suit of Cloaths on, and, I think, there could not have been a better Disguise for a Poet, unless I had stolen Dr. B—'s Coat. Mr. *Dennis* sent me down P— M—'s Parody. I can say very little of the Poem; but as for the Dialogue, I think 'twas the first time that M— suffered any body to talk with him; though indeed here he interrupts Mr. *Boileau* in the midst of the first Word. My humble Service to Mr. *Wycherly*. I desire you would write me some News of the Stage, and what Progress you have made in your Tragedy. I am

Your most affectionate

Friend and Servant.

LETTER XCII.

Congreve's Answer.

Dear Sir,

I Can't but think that a Letter from me in London to you in C—, is like some ancient Correspondence between an Inhabitant of Rome

and

and a *Cimmerian*. May-be my way of Writing may not be so modestly compared with *Roman* Epistles; but the Resemblance of the Place will justify the other Part of the Parallel: the subterraneous Habitations of the Miners, and the Proximity of the *Bajæ*, help a little; and while you are at *B——*, let *B——* be *Cumæ*, and do you supply the Place of *Sibylla*. You may look on this as Raillery; but I can assure you, nothing less than Oracles are expected from you in the next Parliament, if you succeed in your Election, as we are pretty well assured you will. You wish yourself with us at *Will's* Coffee-house; all here wish for you, from the *Grave Club*, to the most puny Member of the Rabble: they, who can think, think of you, and the rest talk of you. There is no such Monster in this *Africa* that is not sensible of your Absence; even the worst natur'd People, and those of least Wit, lament it; I mean half Critics and Quibblers. To tell you all that want you, I should name all the Creatures of *Covent-Garden*, which, like those of *Eden-Garden*, would want some *Adam* to be a Godfather, and give them Names. I can't tell whether I may justly compare our *Covent-Garden* to that of *Eden*; or no; for tho' I believe we may have Variety of strange Animals equal to Paradise, yet I fear we have not amongst us the Tree of Knowledge. It had been much to the Disadvantage of *Pliny*, had the Coffee-house been in his Days; for sure he would have described some who frequent it, which would have given him the Reputation of a more fabulous Writer than he has now. But being in our Age, it does him a Service; for we who know it, can give Faith
to

to all his Monsters. You who took care to go down into the Country unlike a Poet, I hope will take care not to come up again like a Politician; for then, you will add a new Monster to the Coffee-house, that was never seen there before. So you may come back again in your Soldier's Coat, for in that you will no more be suspected for a Politician than a Poet. Pray come upon any Terms, for you are wished for by every body; but most wanted by your

Affectionate Friend and Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

LETTER XCIII.

To Congreve at Tunbridge.

Dear Sir,

MY Business and my Thanks for your Kindness, you will find in the Inclos'd, which I had sent by the last Post, had not an Accident hinder'd it. All the Return that I can make you at present is, to acquaint you with such News as we have. Our Friend Mr. — went last *Friday* to the *Bath*: he promis'd to write to me from that Place: but it would be unreasonable indeed to expect it. For *W*—— takes up his Afternoons; and his Mornings, I suppose, are spent in Contemplation at the *Cross-Bath*. Most of your Friends at the Coffee-house are dispers'd; some are retreated into the Country, in hopes of some Favours which they expect from the Muses; two or three of them are retired in Town, to ruminate on some Favours which they have received from their Mistresses.

So

So that the Coffee-house is like to grow into Reputation again. For if any one gives it the scandalous Denomination of the Wits Coffee-house, he must call it so by Antiphrasis, because there comes no Wit there. Here are two or three indeed, who set up for Wits at home, and endeavour to pass for wise at the Coffee-house; for they hold their Tongues there. Indeed the Coffee-house is generally the Exchange for Wit, where the Merchants meet without bringing the Commodity with them, which they leave at home in their Warehouses, *alias* their Closets, while they go abroad to take a prudent Care for the vending it. But you are of the Number of those happy few, who so abound in hereditary Possessions, and in rich Returns from *Greece* and from *Italy*, that you always carry some of it about you, to be liberal to your Friends of that which you sell to Strangers. Mr. — babbles eternally according to his old Rate, and as extravagantly as if he talked to himself; which he certainly does, if no body minds him any more than I do. He has been just now inquiring what sort of Distemper the Spleen is; an infallible Sign that he is the only Man in *Covent-Garden* who does not know that he is an Ass. To make him sensible what the Spleen is, I could find in my heart to shew him himself, and give it him. If any thing restrains me from being revenged of his Impertinence this way, 'tis the Consideration that will make him wiser. This Coxcomb naturally puts me in mind of the Stage, where they have lately acted some new Plays; but had there been more of them, I would not scruple to affirm, that the Stage is at present a Desert and a barren Place, as some Part of *Africa*

rica is said to be, that it abounds in Monsters. And yet those prodigious Things have met with Success; for a Fool is naturally fond of a Monster, because he is incapable of knowing a Man! While you drink Steel for your Spleen at *Tunbridge*, I partake of the Benefit of the Course; for the Gaiety of your Letters relieves me considerably: then what must your Conversation do? Come up and make the Experiment, and impart that Vigour to me, which *Tunbridge* has restored to you. I am

Your most humble Servant,

JOHN DENNIS,

LETTER XCIV.

Mr. Smith to Lady —

Madam,

PAYING a Visit Yesterday to Mrs. —, I was inform'd of your Ladyship's Displeasure: what should occasion your Indignation, I cannot well apprehend: I do assure you, no Man living has a greater Veneration for your Ladyship, or has been readier upon all Occasions to testify it to the World. To convince you of the Truth of what I say, I will relate to you what happen'd last *Saturday*; by which it will appear, that I have been so far from ridiculing your Ladyship, which is the Accusation you fasten upon me, that none could have given greater Demonstration of his Respect: for being in Company where Mention was made of your Ladyship, not so honourable indeed, as I could have

have wished, for your Quality and Character might have required: I took Occasion to do Justice to your Merit. Gentlemen, said I, you do my Lady wrong; for my own Part, I must profess, I think her a very agreeable Woman. You cannot be serious sure, replies a certain Gentleman; who had more Malice than Wit; in my whole Life, I never saw so hideous a Complexion.—Sir, said I, 'tis unjustly done to find Fault with a Complexion, which is none of her own; if her Face displeases you, blame her Woman who made it. But I hope, return'd he, you will not deny but that she is red-hair'd: with Submission, Sir, I do; to my certain Knowledge, she has not one Hair on her Head. But then, her Teeth, all the World must allow, are execrable. I deny it, Sir, for she has but one that is bad. But you must grant me, her Chin is too long by three Inches. But do you apprehend the Reason? 'Tis because her Neck is too short by two. I see, Sir, said he, with some little Heat, you are obstinately bent to oppose the Power of Truth; but I hope you are not so far prejudic'd, as to maintain her Breath to be sweet. That Infirmity, Sir, reply'd I, is the Effect of the Rottness of her Lungs, and not of her Mouth; and if her Lungs are rotten, is it her Ladyship's Fault, or Nature's? And then, her Gait, says he, is the most disagreeable in the World. You have betray'd me, Sir, said I, both your Malice and Ignorance; if you had the least Acquaintance with her Ladyship, you must have known better: alas! poor Lady! she has not walk'd without Crotchets these ten Years. But then, her Conduct, I hope, you will not undertake to justify that: how does it become

become old *Eve*, think you, to patch and paint, intrigue, read Romances, and Love-Verfes, talk smuttily, look amoroufly, drefs youthfully; in-fomuch, that if it were not for her Looks, you could not diftinguifh her from her Daughter? Under Favour, Sir, you miftake, 'tis her Grand-daughter you mean. And then to keep a young Fellow of five and twenty to fatisfy her brutal Luft. 'Tis falfe, I have heard Mr. — affirm a thoufand times ſhe was infatiable.

He would have proceeded in his Defamations, but I defired him to omit all farther Difcourfe on that Subject, for that I could not, with Patience, fupport, that a Woman of your Ladyſhip's Merit, and Virtue, and a Woman for whom I had fo particular an Honour, ſhould be fo impudently vilify'd and blaſphem'd to my Face.

I hope by this time you are made ſenſible, Madam, that I am quite another Perſon than you apprehend me to be, and that I am fo far from having any diſreſpectful Thoughts of your Ladyſhip, that no one of your Grand-children, the neareſt Relation you have remaining, could have gone farther in your Vindication. But I would not have you attribute my Defence of your Ladyſhip altogether to Reſpect; give it a tenderer, and a truer Name, and call it Love. I ſay Love, for let me die, Madam, if I have not a violent Paſſion for your Ladyſhip. I know you may very well ſuſpect the Truth of what I ſay; for Love in me, you will tell me, ought to imply Beauty in you. But Love, you know very well, creates Beauty no leſs frequently, than Beauty does Love. And if by the Help of Imagination, I can find out Charms in you, which

no body else can discover, I think I have reasonable Foundation enough for my Passion; there is something, I know not where to fix it, 'tis not in your Face or Shape, or Mien, or Air, or any Part of your Body; much less in your Mind; but something that is so very agreeable; something I know not what, nor where, so bewitching, that 'tis not in my Power to defend my Heart against you. Perhaps the malicious World will say you are old; but we know old Wine intoxicates more than new; and an aged Oak is stronger than a young one. 'Tis with your Ladyship's Beauty, as with old Buildings when they fall, they destroy with their Ruins. As I profess myself an Admirer of Antiquity, by Consequence I should have no small Passion for your Ladyship: for I must tell you, Madam, there are finer Fragments of Antiquity in your Face, than any *Greece* or *Italy* can boast of; and more Beauty lies bury'd in one Wrinkle of yours, than in the Ruins of the most stately Arches, or most magnificent Temples. You cannot therefore question the Sincerity of my Profession, when I tell you I am, Madam, with all Reality,

*Your Ladyship's most passionate Adorer,
and most obedient humble Servant.*

L E T T E R XCV.

To Dr. Garth.

WHether your Letter or your Prescription has made me well, I protest I cannot tell; but thus much I can say, that as the one was the most nauseous Thing I ever knew, so the other
was

was the most entertaining. I would gladly ascribe my Cure to the last ; and if so, your Practice will become so universal, you must keep a Secretary as well as an Apothecary.

The Observations I have made, are these, that your Prescription staid not long with me, but your Letter has, especially that Part of it where you told me I was not altogether out of your Memory : you'll find me much alter'd in every thing when you see me, but in my Esteem for yourself ; I, that was as lank as a Crane, when I left you at *London*, am now as plump as an *Ortolan*. I have lost off my false Calves, and had yesterday a great Belly laid to me. A factitious Widow, who is my Confident in this Affair, says, you ought to father the Child ; for he that leads a Man a Sword, is in some Part accessory to the Mischief done with it ; however, I'll forgive you the Inconvenience you've put me to. I believe, you were not aware you were giving Life to two People. Pray let me have a consolatory Letter from you upon this new Calamity ; for nothing can be so welcome, excepting Rain, in this sandy Country where we live. The Widow saith, she resolves to be sick, on purpose to be acquainted with you : but I tell her, she'll relish your Prescriptions better in full Health : and if at this Distance, you can do her no Service, pray prescribe her

Your humble Servant,

T. M.

L E T.

LETTER XCVI.

*From a Gentleman who attended the Duke
of Wharton Abroad.*

Dear Sir,

I Am just returned from the Gates of Death, to return you Thanks for your last kind Letter of Accusations, which I am persuaded was intended as a seasonable Help to my Recollection, at a Time when it was necessary for me to send an Inquisitor-General into my Conscience, to examine and settle all the Abuses that ever were committed in that little Court of Equity. But I assure you, your long Letter did not lay so much my Faults, as my Misfortunes before me, which believe me, dear ———, have fallen as heavy and as thick as the Shower of Hail upon us two in E—— Forest, and has left me as much at a Loss which way to turn myself. The Pilot of the Ship I embark'd in, who industriously ran upon every Rock, has at last split the Vessel; and so much of a sudden, that the whole Crew, I mean his Domesticks, are all left to swim for their Lives, without one friendly Plank to assist them to Shore. In short, he left me sick, in debt, and without a Penny; but, as I begin to recover, and have a little Time to think, I can't help considering myself as one whisk'd up behind a Witch upon a Broomstick, and hurried over Mountains and Dales, through confused Woods and thorny Thickets, and when the Charm is ended, and the poor Wretch dropp'd in a Desert, he can give no other Account of his enchanted Travels, but that he is much fatigued

in Body and Mind, his Clothes torn, and worse in all other Circumstances, without being of the least Service to himself or any body else; but I will follow your Advice, with an active Resolution to retrieve my bad Fortune, and almost a Year miserably mispent.

But, notwithstanding what I have suffered, and what my Brother Madman had done to undo himself, and every body who was so unlucky as to have the least Concern with him, I could not but be movingly touched at so extraordinary Vicissitude of Fortune; to see a great Man fallen from that shining Light, in which I beheld him in the House of Lords, to such a Degree of Obscurity, that I have observed the meanest Commoner here decline, and the few he would sometimes fasten on, to be tired of his Company; for you know he is but a bad Orator in his Cups, and of late has been but seldom sober.

A Week before he left *Paris*, he was so reduced, that he had not one single Crown at Command, and was forced to thrust in with any Acquaintance for a Lodging. *Walsh* and I have had him by turns, all to avoid a Crowd of Duns, which he had of Sizes from fourteen hundred Livres to four, who hunted him so close, that he was forced to retire to some of the neighbouring Villages for Safety. I, sick as I was, hurried about *Paris* to raise Money, and to *St. Germain* to get him Linen. I brought him one Shirt and a Cravat, with which, and five hundred Livres, his whole Stock, he and his Dutchess, attended by one Servant, set out for *Spain*. All the News that I have heard of them since is, that, a Day or two after, he sent for Capt. *Brierly*, and two or three of his Domesticks, to follow; but none but the

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the Captain obeyed the Summons. Where they are now I can't tell; but fear they must be in great Distress by this time, if he has had no other Supplies. And so ends my melancholy Story.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCVII.

S I R,

THE following is a no less true than remarkable Instance of his late Majesty's Goodness and Clemency extended to one of the meanest of his Subjects, viz. one *John Harst*, a Soldier, in Col. *Chudleigh's* Regiment, quarter'd at *Exeter*, who was sentenced to be shot to Death for Desertion; but, a few Days before the intended Execution, writing a Letter to his Sweetheart, who lived with a certain great Lord in *London* (to whose Hands the Letter came by Accident) his Lordship immediately sent it to Mr. *Pultney*, then Secretary at War, who caused it to be translated into *French*, and presented it to his Majesty, who considering the Meanness of the Man, and the admirable Stile of his Letter, immediately ordered his Pardon, though no manner of Intercession had been made for that Purpose. The Letter is as follows, the Original whereof is now in the War-office, and Copies are desired by most of the Nobility.

“ *Dear NANCY,*

“ These unhappy mournful Lines will inform
 “ you, that we must now separate for ever, and
 I 2 “ never

“ never more behold each other ; for, since my
 “ Departure from *London*, my Poverty and small
 “ Debts made me fly for Succour to a fatal Re-
 “ medy : I was obliged, for Safety, to list for a
 “ Soldier, and not being used to the Hardships
 “ they impose, in a short time I deserted, and
 “ was, within three Days after, taken Prisoner,
 “ and brought back to the Castle. In fifteen
 “ Days after my Confinement, a Court-Martial
 “ was called, where I was condemned, and am,
 “ the sixth of next Month, to suffer Death,
 “ with another poor Wretch, as miserable as
 “ myself. I must confess my Doom’s severe ;
 “ but it is too late to repent : and I do not, nor
 “ I cannot justly blame any body but myself.
 “ But my Life might have been prolonged, had
 “ not the Cruelty of Mr. ——— drove me to
 “ this Extremity ; for what could he expect but
 “ an untimely End of one, brought up to no
 “ Calling or Trade, and yet abandoned to the
 “ World, and forced to seek his Bread ? I am
 “ sorry I did not acquaint him of my Misfor-
 “ tune ; I was afraid it had been in vain. Per-
 “ haps, when I am gone, he may relent, and
 “ pity me. I wish some happy Cause had been
 “ the Tale or Subject of my Pen ; but the Bra-
 “ vest must submit, when Fortune frowns. I
 “ thank God I have learned that moral Philo-
 “ sophy not to fear Death ; and I believe the
 “ Crime, for which I am to suffer, will be no
 “ Bar to my future Happiness, if I can but make
 “ my Peace with Heaven, for the many Sins and
 “ Follies of my Youth, which I do unfeignedly
 “ repent of. Before I end this fatal Tale, I
 “ must beg this my last Request, that you would
 “ favour me with a Line, which will be a great
 “ Comfort

“ Comfort to me, in the midst of my Afflictions.
 “ If you have not forgot our past, though un-
 “ happy Loves, let Friendship plead in your ten-
 “ der Bosom on my Behalf. I believe once I had
 “ some small Interest there ; and though I have
 “ not carried myself as I ought, my Sufferings
 “ now claim your Pity and your Pardon ; and
 “ may Heaven, in return, reward you with
 “ eternal Blessings, which was always my sin-
 “ cere and hearty Wish. I desire no mournful
 “ Heart for me, neither let my Misfortunes
 “ trouble you ; but all Night let your Heart
 “ breathe a fervent Prayer for the unhappy
 “ Wretch, who, whilst he remains, will be

Really yours,

Thursday,
 May 20, 1717.

JOHN HURST.

LETTER XCVIII.

Dr. Swift to a young Lady on her Marriage.

Madam,

THE Hurry and Impertinence of receiving
 and paying Visits on Account of your Mar-
 riage being now over, you are beginning to en-
 ter into a Course of Life where you will want
 much Advice to divert you from falling into ma-
 ny Errors, Fopperies, and Follies, to which your
 Sex are subject. I have always borne an intire
 Friendship to your Father and Mother ; and the
 Person they have chosen for your Husband hath
 been, for some Years past, my particular Fa-
 vourite. I have long wished you might come
 I 3 together,

together, because I hoped, from the Goodness of your Disposition, and by following the Counsel of wise Friends, you might, in time, make yourself worthy of him. Your Parents were so far in the right, that they did not introduce you much into the World, whereby you avoided many wrong Steps, which others have taken, and have fewer ill Impressions to be removed; but they failed, as is generally the Case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your Mind, without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the Friendship and Esteem of a wise Man, who soon grows weary of acting the Lover, and treating his Wife like a Mistress, but wants a reasonable Companion and true Friend through every Stage of Life. It must be therefore your Business to qualify yourself for those Offices, wherein I will not fail to be your Director as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my Instructions, wherein will depend not only your making a good Figure in the Word, but your own real Happiness, as well as that of the Person, who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must therefore desire you, in the first Place to be very slow in changing the modest Behaviour of a Virgin. It is usual, in young Wives, before they have been many Weeks married, to assume a bold forward Look and Manner of Talking, as if they intended to signify, in all Companies, that they were no longer Girls, and, consequently, that their whole Demeanor, before they got a Husband, was all but a Countenance and Constraint upon their Nature; whereas I suppose, if the Votes of wise Men were gathered,

a very great Majority would be in favour of those Ladies, who, after they entered into that State, rather chose to double their Portion of Modesty and Reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least Degree of Fondness to your Husband before any Witness whatsoever, even before your nearest Relations, or the very Maids of your Chamber. This Proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgustful to all who have good Breeding or good Sense, that they assign two very unamiable Reasons for it, the one is gross Hypocrisy, the other has too bad a Name to mention. If there is any Difference to be made, your Husband is the lowest Person in Company, either at home or abroad; and every Gentleman present has a better Claim to all Marks of Civility and Distinction from you. Conceal your Esteem and Love in your own Breast; reserve your kind Looks and Language for private Hours, which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a Passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a *French Romance*.

Upon this Head I should likewise advise you, to differ in Practice from those Ladies who affect abundance of Uneasiness while their Husbands are abroad, start with every Knock at the Door, and ring the Bell incessantly for the Servants to let their Master in; will not eat a Bit at Dinner or Supper if her Husband happens to stay out, and receive him, at his Return, with such a Medley of Chiding and Kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a Shrew from *Bilting-gate* would be the more easy and eligible Companion.

Of the same Leaven are those Wives, who, when their Husbands are gone a Journey, must have a Letter every Post; upon pain of Fits and Hysterics; and a Day must be fixed for a Return home; without the least Allowance for Business, or Sickness, or Accidents, or Weather: upon which I can only say, that, in my Observation, those Ladies who are apt to make the greatest Clutter on such Occasions, would liberally have paid a Messenger for bringing them News that their Husbands had broken their Necks on the Road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent Passion for fine Clothes so predominant in your Sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your Council. I may venture to affirm, that we will make an Abatement at any time of four Pounds a Year in a Brocade, if the Ladies will but allow a suitable Addition of Cleanliness and Sweetness in their Persons; for the satyrical Part of Mankind will needs believe, that it is not impossible to be very fine and very filthy; and that the Capacities of a Lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating Comeliness and Finery together. I shall only add, upon so tender a Subject, what a pleasant Gentleman said concerning a silly Woman of Quality, That nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her Head; for his Ears were offended by her Tongue, and his Nose by her Hair and Teeth.

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the Choice of Company, which however is a Point of as great Importance as any in your Life. If your general Acquaintance be among Ladies
who

who are your Equals or Superiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill Reputation, you think you are safe; and this, in the Stile of the World, will pass for good Company; whereas I am afraid it will be hard for you to pick out one Female Acquaintance in this Town, from whom you will not be in manifest Danger of contracting some Foppery, Affectation, Vanity, Folly or Vice. Your only safe way of conversing with them is by a firm Resolution to proceed in your Practice and Behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do; and this I take to be a good general Rule, with very few Exceptions. For instance, in the Doctrines they usually deliver to young married Women for managing their Husbands; their several Accounts of their Conduct in that Particular, to recommend it to your Imitation; the Reflections they make upon others of their Sex for acting differently; their Directions to come off with Victory, upon any Dispute or Quarrel you may have with your Husband; the Arts by which you may discover and practise upon his weak Side; when to work by Flattery and Insinuation, when to melt him with Tears, and when to engage with a high Hand. In these, and a thousand other Cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their Lectures in your Memory as you can, and then determine to act in full Opposition to them all.

I hope your Husband will interpose his Authority to limit you in the Trade of Visiting. Half a dozen Fools are in all Conscience as many as you should require, and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a Year; for I think the

Fashion does not exact that Visits should be paid to Friends.

I advise that your Company at home should consist of Men rather than Women. To say the Truth, I never knew a tolerable Woman to be fond of her own Sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their Qualities forward, there may be an Intercourse of Civility and Good-will, which, with the Addition of some Degree of Sense, can make Conversation or Amusement agreeable; but a Knot of Ladies got together by themselves, is a very School of Impertinence and Detraction; and it is well if those be the worst.

Let your Men Acquaintance be of your Husband's Choice, and not recommended to you by any She Companions, because they will surely fix a Coxcomb upon you; and it will cost you some Time and Pains before you can arrive at the Knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a Man of Sense.

Never take a favourite Waiting-maid into your Cabinet-council, to entertain you with Histories of those Ladies whom she has formerly served, of their Diversions and their Dressings; to insinuate how great a Fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander; to appeal to her from your Husband, and to be determined by her Judgment, because you are sure it will always be for you; to receive and discard Servants by her Approbation and Dislike; to engage you, by her Insinuations, into Misunderstandings with your best Friends; to represent all things in false Colours, and to be the common Emultery of Scandal.

But

But the great Affair of your Life will be to gain and preserve the Friendship and Esteem of your Husband. You are married to a Man of good Education and Learning, of an excellent Understanding, and an exact Taste, it is true; and it is happy for you that these Qualities in him are adorned with great Modesty, a most amiable Sweetness of Temper, and an unusual Disposition to Sobriety and Virtue? but neither Good-nature nor Virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his Judgment. And although he is not capable of using you ill; yet you will, in time, grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible, unless you can supply the Loss of Youth and Beauty with more durable Qualities. You have but a very few Years to be young and handsome in the Eyes of the World, and as few Months to be so in the Eyes of a Husband who is not a Fool; for I hope you do not still dream of Charms and Raptures, which Marriage ever did and ever will put an End to. Besides, yours was a Match of Prudence and common Good-liking, without any Mixture of that ridiculous Passion, which has no Being but in Play-books and Romances.

You must use, therefore, all Endeavours to attain to some Degree of those Accomplishments which your Husband most values in other People, and for which he is most valued himself; you must improve your Mind by pursuing such a Method of Study as I shall direct or approve of; you must get a Collection of History and Travels, which I will recommend to you, and spend some Hours every Day in reading of them, and making Extracts from them. If your Memory be weak, you must invite Persons of Knowledge and

Understanding to an Acquaintance with you; by whose Conversation you may learn to correct your Taste and Judgment; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good Sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and become a reasonable and agreeable Companion. This must produce in your Husband a true rational Love and Esteem for you, which old Age will not diminish. He will have Regard for your Judgment and Opinion in Matters of the greatest Weight; you will be able to entertain each other, without a third Person to relieve you by finding Discourse. The Endowments of your Mind will even make your Person more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your Time will not lie heavy upon your Hands, for want of some trifling Amusement.

As little Respect as I have for the Generality of your Sex, it hath sometimes moved me with Pity to see the Lady of the House forced to withdraw immediately after Dinner, and this in Families where there is not much Drinking; as if it were an establish'd Maxim, *that Women are incapable of Conversation*. In a Room where both Sexes meet, if the Men are discoursing upon any general Subject, the Ladies never think it their Business to partake in what passes; but, in a separate Club, entertain each other with the Price and Choice of Lace and Silk, and what Dresses they liked or disapproved at the Church or Play-house: and when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first Compliments, do you apply your Hands to each other's Lappets, and Ruffles, and Mantuas, as if the whole Business of your Lives, and the public

lic Concern of the World, depended upon the Cut and Colour of your Dresses: as Divines say; That some People take more Pains to be damn'd, than it would cost them to be saved; so your Sex employs more Thought, Memory, and Application to be Fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human Creatures; but a sort of Species, hardly a Degree above a Monkey, who has more diverting Tricks than any of you, is an Animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable Critic in Velvet and Brocade, and for aught I know, would equally become them.

I would have you look upon Finery as a necessary Folly, as all great Ladies did whom I have ever known. I do not desire you to be out of the Fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your Dress should be one Degree below what your Fortune can afford; and in your own Heart I would wish you to be an utter Contemner of all Distinctions which a fine Petticoat can give you, because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better-natured, more virtuous or wise than if it hung upon a Peg.

If you are in Company with Men of Learning, though they happen to discourse of Arts and Sciences, out of your Compass, you will get more Advantage by listening to them, than from all the Nonsense and Frippery of your own Sex; but if they be Men of Breeding as well as Learning, they will seldom engage in any Conversation where you ought not to be a Hearer, and in time have your Parts. If they talk of the Manners and Customs of the several Kingdoms
of

of *Europe*, of Travels into remoter Nations, of the State of their own Countries, or of the great Men and Actions of *Greece* and *Rome*; if they give their Judgment upon *English* and *French* Writers, either in Verse or Prose, or of the Nature and Limits of Virtue and Vice, it is a Shame for an *English* Lady not to relish such Discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour, by Reading and Information, to have her Share in those Entertainments; rather than turn aside, as it is the usual Custom, and consult with the Woman who sits next her about a new Cargo of Fans.

It is a little hard that not one Gentleman's Daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural Tongue, or be Judge of the easiest Books that are written in it, as any one may find, when they are disposed to mangle a Play or a Novel, where the least Word out of the common Road is sure to disconcert them. It is no Wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their Childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole Lives. I advise you, therefore, to read aloud more or less every Day to your Husband, if he will permit you, or to any other Friend (but not a Female one) who is able to set you right; and as for Spelling, you may compass it in time, by making Collections from the Books you read.

I know very well that those who are commonly called Learned Women, have lost all manner of Credit, by their impertinent Talkativeness and Conceit of themselves; but there is an easy Remedy for this, if you once consider that after the Pains you may be at, you never can arrive in point of Learning, to the Perfection of

a *School-boy*. The Reading I would advise you to, is only for Improvement of your own good Sense, which will never fail of being mended by Discretion. It is a wrong Method and ill Choice of Books, that makes those learned Ladies just so much worse for what they have read, and therefore it shall be my Care to direct you better, a Task for which I take myself to be not ill-qualified, because I have spent more Time, and have had more Opportunities than many others, to observe and discover from what Sources the various Follies of Women are derived.

Pray observe how insignificant Things are the common Race of Ladies, when they have passed their Youth and Beauty, how contemptible they appear to the Men, and yet more contemptible to the younger Part of their own Sex, and have no Relief but in passing their Afternoons in Visits where they are never acceptable, and their Evenings at Cards among each other, while the former Part of the Day is spent in Spleen and Envy, or in vain Endeavours to repair by Art and Dress the Ruins of Time; whereas I have known Ladies at Sixty, to whom all the polite Part of the Court and Town, paid their Addresses, without any farther View, than that of enjoying the Pleasure of their Conversation.

I am ignorant of any one Quality that is amiable in a Man, which is not equally so in a Woman; I do not except even Modesty and Gentleness of Nature, nor do I know one Vice or Folly, which is not equally detestable in both, there is indeed one Infirmary which seems to be generally allowed you, I mean that of *Cowardice*, yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when Women profess their Admiration

ration for a Colonel or a Captain, on account of his Valour, they should fancy it a very graceful becoming Quality in themselves to be afraid of their own Shadows; to scream in a Barge when the Weather is calmest, or in a Coach at the Ring; to run from a Cow at a hundred Yards distance; to fall into Fits at the Sight of a *Spider*, an *Earwig*, or a *Frog*; at least if Cowardice be a Sign of Cruelty (as it is generally granted) I can hardly think it an Accomplishment so desirable as to be thought worth improving by Affectation.

And as the same Virtue equally becomes both Sexes, so there is no Quality whereby Women endeavour to distinguish themselves from Men, for which they are not just so much the worse, except that only of Reservedness, which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but Affectation or Hypocrisy; for as you cannot too much discountenance those of our Sex who presume to take unbecoming Liberty before you, so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the Company of deserving Men, when you have had sufficient Experience of their Discretion.

There is never wanting in this Town a Tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling Ladies, whose Talents pass among Coxcombs for Wit and Humour; their Excellency lies in rude choaking Expressions, and what they call *running a Man down*. If a Gentleman in their Company, happens to have a Blemish in his Birth or Person, if any Misfortune hath befallen his Family or himself, for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad Hints of it without any Provocation. I would recommend you to the Acquaintance of a common Prostitute, rather than to that of such *Ter-*
magants

magants as these. I have often thought that no Man is obliged to suppose such Creatures to be Women, but to treat them like insolent Rascals, disguised in female Habits, who ought to be stript and kicked down Stairs.

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of Place, which is to desire that you will learn to value and esteem your Husband for those good Qualities he really possesseth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not, for although this latter is generally understood to be a Mark of Love, yet it is indeed nothing but Affectation or ill Judgment. It is true he wants so very few Accomplishments, that you are in no great Danger of erring on this side, but my Caution is occasioned by a Lady of your Acquaintance, married to a very valuable Person whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those Perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no Advice upon the Article of *Expence*, only I think you ought to be well informed how much your Husband's Revenue amounts to, and be so good a Computer as to keep within it, in that Part of the Management which falls to your Share; and not to put yourself in the Number of those politic Ladies, who think they gain a great Point when they have teased their Husbands to buy them a new Equipage, a laced Head, or a fine Petticoat; without once considering what long Scores remain unpaid to the Butcher.

I desire you will keep this Letter in your Cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole Conduct by it, and so God bless you, and make you a fair Example to your Sex, and a perpetual

petual Comfort to your *Husband* and your *Parents*. I am, with great Truth and Affection,

Madam,

Your most faithful Friend,

and humble Servant, &c.

LETTER XCIX.

Mr. Pilkington to Dr. Delany.

Dear Doctor,

TH^{O'} you expected to see me the happiest Man in the World, by the extraordinary Honours which I receiv'd from his Excellency; yet I cannot forbear acquainting you, you are greatly disappointed in that respect.

Before I receiv'd his Bounty (which far surpass'd my Hopes, and was more the Effect of his Generosity than any Merit of mine) I thought Riches were so necessary an Ingredient in human Life, that it was scarce possible to attain any Degree of Happiness without them.

I imagin'd, that if I had but a competent Sum, I should have no Care, no Trouble to discompose my Thoughts, nothing to withdraw my Mind from Virtue and the Muses; but that, if possible, I should enjoy a more exalted Degree of Content and Delight than I had hitherto; but now I perceive these kind of Notions to have been the pure genuine Effect of a very empty Purse.

My Hopes are vanish'd at the Increase of my Fortune; my Opinion of Things is of a sudden

so altered, that I am taught to pity none so much as the Rich; who, by my Computation (after three tedious Weeks Experience) must of necessity have an Income of Plagues, proportioned to their Fortunes.

-I know this Declaration surprises you; but, in order to convince you, I will, as exactly as possible, set down, by way of Diary, the different Emotions of Mind which I labour'd under during the first three Weeks Guardianship (for I can hardly call it a Possession) of that same unfortunate, Care-bringing Fifty Pounds; and have not the least Doubt, but you will believe my Assertions to be true.

Monday, Feb. 16.

Received this Morning the agreeable News of being ordered to wait on his Excellency the Lord *Carteret*, but suffered a great deal of Perplexity about appearing before one in so eminent a Station, and more admired and eminent for Learning, and every other Perfection of the Mind---went however to the Castle----met with a very gracious Reception---had full Proof of that Affability, Wisdom, and Generosity, for which his Excellency is so peculiarly distinguish'd, and which I knew before only by the Testimonies of others---was order'd to go to Mr. T---, to receive the Premium appointed by my Lord.

Memorandum, I imagin'd my Stature greatly increas'd, and walked more erect than usual, went in high Spirits to the Secretary's (but, as a Drawback to my Happiness) receiv'd the dispiriting Account of his being confin'd to his Chamber---denied Admittance.

Memorandum, his Excellency easier of Access than his Officer.

Tuesday,

Tuesday, 17.

The Secretary still sick --- paid a Visit to his Street-door about Twelve --- return'd melancholy.

Wednesday, — — ditto.

Thursday, — — ditto.

Friday, — — ditto.

Saturday, — — ditto.

Sunday, — — ditto.

O ! 'twas a dreadful Interval of Time !

Monday, 23.

Ordered to wait again on Mr. T--- ; but happening to be over eager to receive the Sum, I hasten'd away too unseasonably, about half an Hour after Twelve, and found him asleep.

Memorandum, admitted this Morning to stand in the Hall, and not at the Door as hath been slanderously and maliciously reported ; I presume because it happened so at other times.

Walked in the Piazzas till after One, ruminating on the various Hopes and Fears with which my Mind has been tormented this Week past --- could not forbear repeating aloud, the two Lines of the Libel which accidentally are not more true of Mr. *Addison*, than this Friend,

Who, grown a Minister of State,

Sees Poets at his Levee wait.

Memorandum, not under any Apprehension of being understood by any Persons walking there, which were only a few Lawyers and a Parson or two —

Saunter again to the Secretary's ——— out of Hope ——— permitted now to go into a wide unfurnished

unfurnished Apartment—— in half an Hour's Time admitted to his Presence—— received a Bill of fifty Pounds—— returned with great Delight.——

I now imagined that nothing was wanting to make me really happy: I pleased myself also with the Thought of communicating Happiness to my Friends who would share in my Success, and particularly to you, who are unwearied in endeavouring to promote the Felicity of others—— How far I was disappointed will appear by the Sequel—— so to proceed with my Diary.——

I wrapt up my Bill very carefully—— yet could not bear looking at it sometimes, though not oftner than at every Street's length—— But mark the Instability of all human Affairs!—— As I was very attentively reading it, a pert swaggering Fellow rushes by me—— I immediately suspected an Attempt upon my Treasure—— looked as earnestly as I dared in the Fellow's Face, and thought I read Robbery in the Lines of his Countenance—— so hastily slipt my Bill into my Pocket without its Cover—— met a Friend, told him of my Success—— and the Generosity of his Excellency—— but pulling out the Bank Note, hastily, tore it in the Middle—— dismally frightened—— came Home—— shewed it to my Wife—— was more terrified at hearing that it would now be of no Value—— received several Compliments from her for my Care of it—— and that *I was likely to be rich, since I took such Pains to preserve what I got*—— and the like—— went directly in a Fit of Anger and Vexation to Henry's Bank—— smiled a little, and spoke submissively to the Clerk—— obtained a new Bill

—— returned again in great Joy —— all things settled amicably between us.

Memorandum, Found upon Inquiry that the ill-favour'd Gentleman abovementioned, was one Mr. —— what d'ye call him —— the Attorney of whom I need not have been in such Terror, since he was never known to be guilty of such an Action in a public Way.

Monday Night, 12 o' Clock.

Went to Bed as usual —— but found myself violently pulled till I awoke —— seized with a very great Trembling, when I heard a Voice crying —— *Take care of the Bill* —— found immediately it proceeded from the Concern of my Bedfellow, who it seems was as ill formed to possess great Riches as myself —— pitied her —— told her it was safe —— fell asleep soon, but was in less than two Hours roused again with her crying —— *My Dear —— My Dear —— are you sure it is safe? —— don't you hear some Noise there? —— I'll lay my Life there's Robbers in the Room! —— Lard have Mercy upon us —— what a hideous Fellow I just now saw by my Bed-side with a drawn Sword —— or did I dream it? ——* trembled a little at her Suspicions —— flumber'd —— but was awaked a third Time in the same Manner —— rose about Six, much discomposed —— received a very solemn Charge to be watchful against Accidents —— *and let me beg of you, my Dear, to have a great Care of the Bill.*

Tuesday, 24.

Become extremely impatient to have this tormenting Bill changed into Money, out of a Belief that it would be then less liable to Accidents,
breaking

breaking of Bankers, &c. — went to one Bank and was refused — yet was ashamed to go to *Henry's* so soon — contrived however to get it exchanged after a great Variety of Schemes and Journies to several Places — came home — spread it upon a Table to see the utmost Bounds and Extent of my Riches — all the rest of the Day sat contriving where to lay it — what Part of the House would be most secure — what Place would be least suspected by Thieves, if any should come — perceived my Mind more disturbed with having so much Money in my Custody, than I was before. —

Tuesday Night, 11 o' Clock.

Went round my House to inspect my Doors, whether they were all safe — perceived a great Deficiency of Bars, Bolts, Locks, Latches, Door-chains, Window-shuts, Fire-arms, &c. which I never had taken the least Notice of before — peeped with great Circumspection under the Beds — resolved to watch this Night, and prepare Expedients for my Security next Morning — watched accordingly —

Wednesday, 25.

Extremely fatigued with last Night's Watching — consulted several Hours about preserving my Wealth, believed it most safe in Bills, after mature Deliberation hurried away to the Bank and took a Bill for it — came away with an easier Mind — walked about two Streets length cheerfully — but began to reflect that if my Load was lighter, yet on the other Hand the Bill might again be torn, be dropt, be mislaid — went back in haste — once more receiv'd it in Money — brought

brought it home——looked frequently behind me as I walked——hid it——resolved to lay out the greatest Part of it in Plate——bespoke it accordingly——prepared my Fire-arms——went to Bed——not one Wink of Sleep all this Night.——

Thursday, 26.

Looked a little paler To-day than usual——but not much concerned at that, since it was misinterpreted by my Friends for the Effects of hard Study——invited abroad to Dinner——went——sat down to Table, but in that dreadful Moment recollected that my Closet, where my whole Treasure was deposited, was left open——was observed to change Colour and look terrified——not *Macbeth* so startled when he saw the Ghost of murdered *Banquo* at the Feast——

Memorandum, Money a perpetual Apparition to the covetous Mind.

——Ran distractedly Home——found all safe, but returned too late for Dinner——fasted——fretted——well saith *St. Paul*——*Money is the Root of all Evil.*

Thursday Night, 12 o' Clock.

Hired a Watchman to guard my Doors——went to Bed——but no Sleep——the same Mind-plaguing Riches floated uppermost in my Thoughts——methinks they cried——*Sleep no more!*——*Wealth has murder'd Sleep!*——slumbered however a little towards Morning——dreamt of nothing but *Robbers, Assassins, Spectres, Flames, Hurricanes,*——waked in great Terror:

Dear Doctor, it would be too tedious to pursue the dreadful Narration any farther, every Day administred new Cause of Uneasiness, nor did my
Concern

Concern forsake me even in the midst of Company and Wine.

Till I had the Plate sent Home I was uneasy, lest after I had ordered it to be made I should be robbed of my Money, and then not be able to pay for it, and when I had it once in my Possession, I trembled every Instant for fear of losing it for ever.

When at Home I was afraid of being murdered for my Substance, and when Abroad I was much terrified with the Apprehension that either my Servants might possibly be dishonest, and so contrive to deprive me of it while I was guarding it, or else that by Carelessness they might set fire to my House, and destroy it all at once.

Every Bell I heard ring I immediately imagin'd to be a *Fire-bell*; and every *Fire-bell* alarmed me with a Belief that my own House was in a *Blaze*; so that I was plagued without Interruption.

Since I have recovered myself a little, I have made an exact Calculation of the Quantity of Pleasure and Pain which I endured, and I shall shew you the just Balance, the more fully to convince you.

A faithful Account of the Happiness and Misery of Matthew Pilkington Clerk, for the Space of eleven Days, on receiving fifty Pounds from his Excellency the Lord Carteret.

H A P P Y.

Days Hours Min.

During the whole Time of being with my Lord, and till I went to the Secretary's

By telling my Success to several Friends, and describing his Excellency's Person and Perfections

VOL. II.

K

By

	Days	Hours	Min.
Brought over	00	04	01
By receiving the Sum from Mr. T---	}	00	00 03
By obtaining the new Bill for that which was torn, and pacifying my <i>Wife</i>			
	}	00	03 00
Total of Happiness.	00 07 04		

	Days	Hours	Min.
MISERABLE.			
All the Remainder	10	16	56

To conclude all, to keep my Mind as calm and quiet as it was in the Days of Poverty; I have expended thirty two Pounds in Plate, to be a Monument of his Excellency's Generosity to me; and that Plate I have lodged at a rich Neighbour's House for its Security. About ten Pounds I have expended in fortifying my House, against the next *Money Misfortune* may happen to me, of which however at present there appears no great Danger: and if providentially my Fortune be advanced, I hope to bear it with greater Resolution, and to be in a better Condition to preserve it. I am

Dear Doctor,

Your affectionate

Friend and Servant,

MAT. PILKINGTON.

LET.

LETTER C.

To Colonel R——s, in Spain.

BEFORE this can reach the best of Husbands and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will be no more of Concern to me. The Indisposition in which you, to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted, by my Physicians, I cannot live a Week longer. At this time my Spirits fail me; and it is the ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful thing in the Prospect of Death is, that I must part with you; but let it be a Comfort to you that I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me; but I pass away my last Hours in Reflection upon the Happiness we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is so soon to have an End. This is a Frailty which I hope is so far from being criminal, that methinks there is a kind of Piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a State which is the Institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy one to the Good, and miserable to the Wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the Difficulty of resigning this Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the Steps of those with whom we walked with Innocence when mortal? Why may I not hope to go on in my usual Work, and, though

unknown to you, be assistant in all the Conflicts of your Mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of Men! that I cannot figure to myself a greater Happiness than in such an Employment; to be present at all the Adventures to which human Life is exposed; to administer Slumber to thy Eye-lids in the Agonies of a Fever; to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle; to go with thee a guardian Angel, incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful Woman. These, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not capable, under my present Weakness, of bearing the strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to myself the Grief you must be in upon your first hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous Heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the Person, for whom you lament, offers you Consolation. My last Breath will, if I am myself, expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never see thy Face again.

Farewel for ever.

LETTER CL

A Letter from Lyons.

Sir,

I Do not question but that you have for this Month expected a Letter from me, and that perhaps with a little Impatience, since this is a Time which may afford Variety of News; of which, who must not now be desirous? But all the

the Time I was at *Paris* I had so much Sickness, that that might well supersede any Obligation I laid under: for let a Promise be never so binding, and never so much a Debt, who could take care of paying so trifling a one, when a most severe and importunate Creditor, *Nature*, calls for her's? Nor now, when at length that Excuse is wanting to me, are you like to receive such a Letter, as perhaps might be most welcome to you in this Conjunction. For if I should send you the Truth in disguise, perhaps you might not discover her. And is this a Time to expose her naked to the World, when her Nakedness, which is only the Effect of her Innocence, by many would be mistaken for Lewdness, and by more for Barbarity? I will then say nothing of the Affairs of *Europe*, nor ours, though I could find much to say of them both, for now I converse with a People who are as full of Talk as they are inquisitive. But since I am taking my Leave of that People, I will confine my Discourse to them.

But before I begin I will use plain Dealing with you (a Thing which they never did yet with any one) and tell you that I mortally hate them.

Yet never shall my native nor acquir'd Antipathy suborn me to say any thing that is false of them. I will do like a Painter, who will draw the true Resemblance of the Face that is most provoking. But then I must give you this Caution, that what I have to say, though it be true, in some measure, of all of them, yet it is chiefly to be confined to the middle Sort of the Nation; for besides, that I have most conversed with them, as a Stranger must of Necessity be

forced to do, the Genius of a Nation most plainly appears in the middle Sort of its People ; for great Education, which attends high Birth, or high Fortune, very often improves, or corrupts, or sophisticates Nature ; whilst in those of the middle State she remains unmixed and unaltered.

These then I have found in the first Place excessively vain. Every Man here is a *Narcissus*, and in the Flattering-glass of his own false Imagination, is eternally gazing upon himself ; or at least upon what he takes upon himself. For in this their Errors are different ; for as that melancholy Boy took himself for another, these merry Fools take something else for themselves : for nothing in Nature is more unlike, than the Picture which a *Frenchman* draws of himself.

It would be needless to insist longer on this, for they have so long made Sport for their neighbouring Nations, by extravagant and absurd Commendations of their own, that to endeavour to bring Proofs of their Vanity would be something more ridiculous than that. Now this is certain, that he who abounds in Vanity can want no Affectation : for Affectation is nothing but a fruitless Attempt to counterfeit and falsify Nature.

For when a Man impotently endeavours to appear what he really is not, or what he is incapable of being, *Nature* grows impatient, and struggles to be freed from the Constraint that is put upon her ; and in the Strife there appears something so odious, that all who are Lovers of her cannot but hate the Person who endeavours so rudely to force her. Now Nature in Man is various ; she is gay in one, and froward in another ; she is delicate in a Third, in a Fourth she is gross, and there is not a Man in a Million, whom

whom Heaven made fit for all things, and will be offering at all things. Now such have been always, and will be always affected : and such are the People with whom I have lately conversed ; and I have more particularly remarked in some of their *Provincial* Gentlemen, that in their Endeavours to shew their Admiration mingled with a gentle Passion, they are guilty of Affectations so monstrous, that an *English Fop* is not capable of them.

Another necessary Effect of their Vanity is their Assurance, or in our Language, their Impudence ; for Modesty is nothing but the Fear of displeasing, when a Man believes, or at least suspects, that he is defective, which is the Reason that renders it lovely to all, whenever it is joined with good Qualities. For it flatters and soothes our Self-love, of which no Man can wholly divest himself, by assuring us that we are esteemed and preferred. Now how can any one have Fear of displeasing, who imagines himself all Perfection, and who, swell'd with the *Venom* of Pride, like the Toad in the Fable, believes himself greater than those, with whose Greatness he holds not the least Proportion.

The *French* then are affected and impudent, which are but the necessary Effects of that national Vice, their *Vanity*. But then they have one very good Quality, which proceeds from the same *Vanity*. And that is their extraordinary Civility to Strangers. For they are civil to us, not for our Satisfaction, but their own ; not as they imagine it a Duty, but an Accomplishment. 'Tis to please himself, that a *Frenchman* is officious to me, and tries to honour himself, that he bows to others.

I am pretty confident that I am not deceived here. For I have found by some Observation, and some Thinking, that there is little Good-nature amongst them; for they will deceive or betray you at the very same Time they oblige you.

Thus have I given you an imperfect Account of such of their Qualities as are most conspicuous in them: There are some which lie more hidden, but I have said enough to tire myself and you.

Lyons,
15, *Octob.*

I am Yours, &c.

LETTER CII.

A Journey over the Alps.

Sir,

I Here send you a Journal of my Journey from Lyons hither, in which you will find that Account of the *Alps*, which you so earnestly desired of me before I came out of *England*. I have taken no notice of the Towns in *Savoy*, nor so much as the Rock of *Montmelian*, but have confined myself to a Subject you seem to affect so much.

On the 19th of *October* we set out from *Lyons*, and came that Night to *Vespellier*, thro' a fair Plain, which was sometimes arable and sometimes Pasture, and bounded with Rows of Hills, at that just Distance as gave, tho' not a large, an agreeable Prospect.

October 20, we came by Noon thro' the same Plain, which grew to be sometimes a Marsh to a Bourg called *Tour du Pin*; from thence after
Dinner

Dinner we continued our way, thro' whole Groves of Walnut and Chesnut Trees, to *Pont Beau Voisin*, being the Bridge that separates *France* and *Savoy*.

October 21, we enter'd *Savoy* in the Morning and pass'd over *Mount Aiguebellete*. The Ascent was the more easy, because it wound about the Mountain; but as soon as we had conquer'd one Half of it, the unusual Height in which we found ourselves, the impending Rock that hung over us, the dreadful Depth of the *Precipice*, and the *Torrent* that roar'd at the Bottom, gave us such a View as was altogether new and amazing.

On the other side of that *Torrent*, was a Mountain that equal'd ours, about the Distance of thirty Yards from us: Its craggy Cliffs, which we half discern'd thro' the misty Gloom of Clouds that surrounded them, sometimes gave us a horrid Prospect, and sometimes its Face appear'd smooth and beautiful as the most even and fruitful Valley. So different from themselves were the different Parts of it; in the very same place Nature was seen severe and wanton. In the mean time we walked upon the very Brink (in a literal Sense) of Destruction; one Stumble, and both Life and Carcass had been at once destroy'd.

The Sense of all this produc'd different Motions in me, *viz.* A delightful Horror, a terrible Joy; and at the same time that I was infinitely pleased, I trembled.

From thence we went thro' a pleasant Valley bounded with high Mountains, whose high, but yet verdant Tops, seem'd at once to forbid and invite Men. After we had march'd for a League

thro' the Plain, we arrived at the Place which they call *La Cava*, where the late Duke of *Savoy*, in the Year 70, struck out a Passage thro' a rocky Mountain, that had always been before impassable; performing that by the Force of Gun-Powder, which *Thunderbolts* or *Earthquakes* could scarce have effected. This Passage is a Quarter of an *English* Mile, made with incredible Labour, and the Expence of four Millions of *Livres*. At the Entrance into it, is the following pompous Inscription.

Carolus Emanuel Secundus, Sabaudia Dux, Pedemontani Princeps, Cypri. Rex, publicâ felicitate partâ, singulorum commodis intentus, breviorē, securiorēque hanc viam regiam, a natura occulſam, Romanis intentatam, ceteris deſſaratam, everſis ſcopulorum repagulis, æquata Montium iniquitate, quæ cervicibus impendebant præcipitia pedibus ſubſternens, æternis populorum commercis patefecit.

At *Chamberry* we dined, the capital Town of *Savoy*. In our Way from thence to *Montmelian*, Nature ſeem'd quite to have chang'd her Face. There cragg'd Rocks look'd horrid to the Eye, and Hills appear'd on every Side of ſo ſtupendious an Height, that the Company was divided, at a Diſtance, whether they ſhould believe them to be ſunny Clouds, or the ſnowy Tops of Mountains. There appear'd a Hill with its Top quite hid in black Clouds; and beyond that Hill above theſe Clouds, ſome higher Mountain ſhew'd its hoary Head. With this ſtrange Entertainment by the Way, we came at Night to *Montmelian*.

On

On the 22d, we set forward in the Morning. The Mountains appear'd to grow still more lofty. We dined that Day at *Aiguebelle*. In the Afternoon we proceeded on our Way sometimes through the Plain, and sometimes on the Side of the *Alps*, with which we were hemmed in on all Sides. We then began that Day to have the additional Diverſion of a Torrent, that ran sometimes with Fury beneath us, and of the Noise of the Cascades, or the Downfal of Waters, which sometimes came tumbling amain from the Precipices. We lay that Night at *La Chambre*.

On the 23d, the Morning was very cold, which made us have dismal Apprehensions of Mount *Cenis*, since we felt its Influence so severely at so great a Distance. We arrived by Noon at *St. Michael*; in the Afternoon we continued our Journey mostly upon the Sides of the Mountains, which were sometimes all covered with Pines, and sometimes cultivated, even in Places where one would swear the thing were impossible, for they were only not *perpendicular*. We lay that Night at *Modane*.

October 24. *Modane* is within a dozen Miles of Mount *Cenis*, and therefore the next Morning we felt the Cold more severely. We went to Dinner at *Laneburg*, situated at the Foot of Mount *Cenis*.

As soon as we had dined, we sent our Horses about, and getting upon Mules, began to ascend the Mountain. I could not forbear looking back now and then to contemplate the Town and the Vale beneath me. When I was arrived within a hundred Yards of the Top, I could still discern *Laneburg* at the Bottom, distant three tedious Miles from me. What an amazing Distance!

Think

Think what an Impression a Place must make upon you, which you should see as far under you, as it is from your House to *Hampstead*. And here I wish I had Force to do Right to this renown'd Passage of the *Alps*. 'Tis an easy thing to describe *Rome* or *Naples* to you, because you have seen something yourself that holds, at least, some Resemblance with them; but impossible to set a Mountain before your Eyes that is inaccessible almost to the Sight, and wearies the very Eye to climb it: for when I tell you that we were arriv'd within a hundred Yards of the Top, I mean only the Plain, thro' which we afterwards passed, but there is another vast Mountain still upon that.

If these Hills were first made with the World (as has been a long time thought) and Nature design'd them only as a Mound, to inclose her Garden, *Italy*, then we may well say of her, what some affirm of great Wits, that her careless, irregular and boldest Strokes, are most admirable; for the *Alps* are Works which she seems to have design'd, and executed too, in Fury; yet she moves us less, where she studies to please us more. I am delighted, 'tis true, with the Prospect of Hills and Vallies, of flowry Meads and murmuring Streams; yet it is a Delight that is consistent with Reason, a Delight that creates and improves Meditation.

But transporting Pleasure follow'd the Sight of the *Alps*; and what unusual Transports, think you, were those, that were mingled with Horrors, and sometimes almost with Despair? But if these Mountains were not a Creation, but form'd by universal Destruction, when the Arch, with a mighty Flaw, dissolved, and fell into the
vast

vast Abyss (which surely is the best Opinion) then are these Ruins of the old World the greatest Wonders of the new; for they are not only vast, but horrid, hideous, ghastly Ruins.

After we had galloped a League over the Plain, and came at last to descend, through the very Bowels, as it were, of the Mountain; (for we seem'd to be inclosed on all Sides) what an astonishing Prospect was there! Ruins upon Ruins in monstrous Heaps, and Heaven and Earth confounded. The uncouth Rocks that were above us, Rocks that were void of all Form, but what they had received from Ruin, the frightful View of the Precipices, and the foaming Waters that threw themselves headlong down from them, made up such a Concert for the Eye, as that sort of Music does for the Ear, in which Horror can be join'd with Harmony.

I am afraid that you will think I have said too much; yet if you had but seen what I have done, you would surely think that I have said too little: however, Hyperboles might easily here be forgiven. The *Alps* appear to be Nature's Extravagances, and who should blush to be guilty of Extravagances in Words that make mention of hers? But 'tis time to proceed. We descended in Chairs. The Descent was four *English* Miles. We passed thro' *Novalesse*, situate at the Foot of Mount *Cenis* on the Side of *Italy*, and lay that Night at *Suse*. We dined the next Day at *Villane*, and thro' a pleasant Valley came that Night to this Place.

I am, &c.

Turin,
Oct. 25, 1688.

LET

LETTER CIII.

Mr. Locke to the Reverend Mr. King.

Sir,

YOURS of the 4th Instant I received; and though I am conscious I do not deserve those advantageous things which your Civility says of me in it, give me leave to assure you, that the Offer of my Service to you, which you are pleased to take notice of, is that Part which I shall not fail to make good on all Occasions.

You ask me, *What is the shortest and surest Way for a young Gentlemen to attain a true Knowledge of the Christian Religion, in the full and just Extent of it?* For so I understand your Question; if I have mistaken it, you must set me right. And to this I have a short and plain Answer. *Let him study the holy Scripture, especially the New Testament*, wherein are contained the Words of eternal Life; it has God for its Author, Salvation for its End, and Truth, without any Mixture of Error, for its Matter. So that it is a Wonder to me, how any one, professing Christianity, that would seriously set himself to know his Religion, should be in any Doubt where to employ his Search, and lay out his Pains for his Information, when he knows a Book, wherein all is contained pure and intire, and whither, at last, every one must have recourse, to verify that of it which he finds any where else.

The other Question, which I think I may call two or three, will require a larger Answer.

As to *Morality*, which, I take it, is the first in those things which you inquire after, that is best.

best to be found in the Book that I have already recommended to you ; but because you may perhaps think, that, the better to observe those Rules, a little Warning may not be inconvenient, and some Method of ranging them be useful for the Memory, I recommend to you the *Whole Duty of Man*, as a methodical System ; and if you desire a larger View of the *Parts of Morality*, I know not where you will find them so well and distinctly explained, and so strongly enforced, as in the practical Divines of the Church of England. The Sermons of Dr. Barrow, Archbishop Tillotson, and Dr. Whichcot are Masterpieces in this kind ; not to name abundance of others who excel on that Subject, if you have a mind to see how far human Reason advanced in the Discovery of *Morality*, you'll have a good Specimen in *Tully's Offices* ; unless you have a mind to look farther back, into the Source from whence he drew his Rules, and then you must consult *Aristotle*, and the other *Greek Philosophers*.

Though *Prudence* be reckoned among the Cardinal Virtues, yet I do not remember any professed Treatise of *Morality*, where it is treated in its full Extent, and with that Accuracy it ought ; for which, possibly, this may be a Reason, that every imprudent Action does not make a Man culpable in *Foro Conscientiæ*. The Business of *Morality* I look upon to be, the avoiding of Crimes of Prudence, Inconveniencies ; the Foundation whereof lies in knowing *Men and Manners*. History teaches this best, next to Experience ; which is the only effectual Way to get a Knowledge of the World. As to the Rules of Prudence, in the Conduct of common Life ;

Life ; tho' there be several that have employ'd their Pens therein, yet these Writers have their Eyes so fixt on Conveniency, that they sometimes lose the Sight of Virtue, and do not take care to keep themselves always clear from the Borders of Dishonesty ; while they are tracing out, what they take to be sometimes, the securest Way to Success : most of those that I have seen on this Subject, having, as it seem'd to me, something of this Defect. So that I know none that I can confidently recommend to your young Gentlemen, but the Son of *Syrac*.

To complete a Man in the Practice of human Offices (for to that tend your Inquiries) there is one thing more required ; which, tho' it be ordinarily consider'd as distinct from both Virtue and Prudence, yet I think it is so nearly ally'd to them, that he will scarce keep himself from Slips in both who is without : that which I mean is *Good-breeding*. The School for a young Gentleman to learn it in, is the Conversation of those who are *well-bred*.

As to the last Part of your Inquiry, which is, after *Books that will give an Insight into the Constitution of the Government, and real Interest of his Country* ; to proceed orderly in this, I think the Foundation should be laid in inquiring into the Ground and Nature of *Civil Society* ; and how it is form'd on different Models of Government ; and what are the several *Species* of it. *Aristotle* is allow'd a Master-piece in this Science ; and few enter upon the Consideration of Government, without reading his *Politics*. Hereunto should be added, true Notions of Laws in general ; and Property, the Subject-matter about which Laws are made. He that would acquaint himself with
the

the former of these, should thoroughly study the judicious *Hooker's* first Book of *Ecclesiastical Polity*. And *Property* I have no where found more clearly explain'd, than in a Book, intituled, *Two Treatises on Government*. But, not to load your young Gentlemen with too many Books on this Subject, which requires more Meditation than Reading, give me leave to recommend to him *Puffendorfs* little Treatise *De Officio Hominis & Civis*.

To get an Insight into the particular *Constitution* of the Government of his own Country, will require a little more Reading, unless he will content himself with such a superficial Knowledge of it, as is contain'd in *Chamberlayne's State of England*, or *Smith de Republica Anglicana*. Your Inquiry manifestly looks farther than that; and to attain such a Knowledge of it, as becomes a Gentleman of *England* to have, to the Purpose you mention, I think he should read our ancient Lawyers, such as *Bracton*, *Fleta*, the *Mirror of Justice*, &c. which your Cousin * *King* can better direct you to than I; joining with them the *History of England under the Romans*, and so continuing it down quite to our Times, reading it always in those Authors who lived nearest those Times; their Names you will find, and Characters often, in *Mr. Tyrrell's History of England*: to which if there be added a serious Consideration of the Laws made in each Reign, and how far any of them influenced the Constitution; all these together will give him a full Insight into what you desire.

* *Sir Peter King.*

As

As to the *Interest* of any Country : that, 'tis manifest, lies in its Prosperity and Security ; Plenty of well-employed People, and Riches within, and good Alliances abroad, make its Strength : but the Ways of attaining these comprehend all the Arts of *Peace* and *War*, the Management of Trade, the Employment of the Poor, and all those other things that belong to the Administration of the Public ; which are so many, so various, and so changeable, according to the mutable State of Men and Things in the World, that 'tis not strange if a very small Part of this consists in Book-learning : he that would know it, must have his Eyes open upon the present State of Affairs, and from thence take his Measures of what is good, or prejudicial, to the Interest of his Country.

You see how ready I am to obey your Commands, tho' in Matters wherein I am sensible of my own Ignorance. I am so little acquainted with Books, especially on these Subjects relating to *Politics*, that you must forgive me, if perhaps I have not named to you the best in every kind ; and you must take it as a Mark of Readiness to serve you, if I have ventur'd so far out of what lay in my Way of Reading, in the Days when I had Leisure to converse with Books. The Knowledge of the Bible, and the Business of his Calling, is enough for an ordinary Man : A Gentleman ought to go farther.

Those of this Place return their Service and Thanks, for the Honour of your Remembrance.

I am, &c.

L. E. T.

LETTER CIV.

To the SAME.

Dear Sir,

I AM sorry to find that the Question which was the most material, and my Mind was most upon, was answer'd so little to your Satisfaction, that you are fain to ask it again: since therefore you ask me a second time, *What is the best Method to study Religion?* I must ask you, *What Religion you mean?* For if it be, as I understood you before, the *Christian Religion, in its full Extent and Purity*, I can make no other Answer than what I did, viz. *That the only Way to attain a certain Knowledge of that, is to study the holy Scripture*; and my Reason is, because the *Christian Religion* is a Revelation from God Almighty, which is contain'd in the Bible; and so all the Knowledge we can have of it must be deriv'd from thence. But if you ask, which is the best Way to get the Knowledge of the *Romish, Lutheran, or Reformed Religion*; of this or that particular Church, &c. each whereof intitles itself to be the true Christian Religion, with some kind of Exclusion or Diminution to the rest, that will not be hard to tell you: but then it is plain, that the Books that best teach you any of these, do most remove you from all the rest: and, in this way of studying, you pitch upon one as the right, before you know it to be so: whereas that Choice should be the Result of your Study of the *Christian Religion* in the sacred Scriptures. And the Method I have propos'd would, I presume,

sume, bring you the surest Way to that Church, which I imagine you already think most conformable to the Word of God.

I find the Letter you last honour'd me with contains a new Question, and that a very material one, *viz.* What is the best Way of interpreting the sacred Scripture? Taking *interpreting* to mean *understanding*, I think the best Way for understanding the Scripture, or the New Testament (for of that, the Question will here be in the first place) is to read it assiduously and diligently; and, if it can be, in the Original. I do not mean, to read every day some certain Number of Chapters, as is usual; but to read it so, as to study and consider; and not leave, till you are satisfy'd that you have got the true Meaning.

To this Purpose, it will be necessary to take the Assistance of Interpreters and Commentators; such as are those called the *Critics*, and *Pool's Synopsis Criticorum*, Dr. *Hammond*, on the *New Testament*, and Dr. *Whitby*, &c.

I should not think it convenient to multiply Books of this kind, were there any one I could direct you to that was infallible. But you will not think it strange if I tell you, that, after all, you must make use of your own Judgment, when you consider, that it is, and always will be, impossible to find an Expositor whom you can blindfold rely upon, and cannot be mistaken in following. Such a Resignation as that is due to the Holy Scriptures alone, which are dictated by the Holy Spirit of God.

Such Writings as Mr. *Mede's*, and Dr. *Lightfoot's*, are very much conducive to lead us into a true Sense of the Sacred Scriptures.

As

As to the Method of reading them, Order requires, that the *Four Evangelists* should, in the first place, be well studied, and thoroughly understood: they all, treating of the same Subject, do give great Light to one another; and, I think, may with the greatest Advantage be read in Harmony. To this Purpose Monsieur *le Clerc's*, or Mr. *Whiston's, Harmony of the four Evangelists*, will be of use, and save a great deal of Time and Trouble in turning the Bible: they are now both in *English*; and Monsieur *le Clerc's* has a Paraphrase. But if you would read the *Evangelists* in the Original, Monsieur *le Clerc's* Edition of his Harmony in *Greek* and *Latin* will be the best.

If you find that by this Method you advance in the Knowledge of the Gospel, when you have laid a Foundation there to your Satisfaction, it will not be hard to add what may help you forwards in the Study of the other Parts of the *New Testament*.

But I have troubled you too much already; for which I beg your Pardon; and

Oats, Sept. 27,
1704.

Am, &c.

LETTER CV.

From Mr. ——— in London, to his Friend
at Exeter.

Sir,

AS it is common for all Persons when deprived of a certain Happiness, to use all Endeavours to make their Loss less grievous; so, Sir, though I am by the Distance between us, deprived of the

the Pleasure of your Company, give me leave to keep up the Friendship between us, by an Epistolary Correspondence, and having little else to write to you, shall only send you a short Account of what occurred the most remarkable in my Journey to *London*. Tho' Sir, you may think that we have all the News in Town, yet favour me with a Letter, and draw me from the Inquietude and Fears of being by Absence blotted from your Memory.

In our first Day's Journey nothing signal befell us, save that the Coachman stopt at least a dozen Times to drink and light his Pipe. Furthermore, a hard Shower of Rain fell upon us five Miles beyond *Dorchester*, but wet us not, we being in the Stage-Coach; we dined this Day upon a Leg of Mutton and Spinage, and had good *Southam* Cyder.

As soon as we came to our Inn, I took a View of *Dorchester*. It has a Market-House in the Middle of it, and there is a River running by it, in which it is credibly reported there are some Fish. We supped this Night upon a Neck of Mutton and Broth, and some rare *October* as pale as *Sack*, and as soft as *Sherry*, and as strong as *Brandy* — *Rare Beer, indeed!*

When we came to *Piddle* Town, they brought us some run Wine; it was small and sour, so that I. (being also fasting) could not drink above a Quart thereof. When we came to *Blandford* I also took a View thereof, it has also a Market-house in the Center, and a River running by it, near unto which, there is Store of Meadow-Ground: I saw there a very comely bay Gelding, lame of the *String-bait* — it was a thousand pities — We dined this Day, upon a good fat Gammon

Gammon and Greens, and had moreover excellent *October*.

We stopt in *Cranbourn Chase*, at a small Hut upon the high Way; where I gulped a thwacking Glas of rare *French Brandy*, and eat a Biscuit; the Ways here are very good, being all upon the Down, and you see on every Side Flocks of Sheep: we dined this Day upon Beef and Carrots, the *October* not strong enough.

When we came to *Salisbury*, I walked into the Market-Place and round it, for at least a quarter of an Hour, because I would be able to give a good Account of this City. It lies low, and has Water about it; it has a large Market-place, and they say, they have a brave large Church, but our Beer at the Inn, was very bad—We supped this Night, on Bacon and Fowls—the *October* stark enough.

Stockbridge is famous for store of Fish, upon which, I concluded before I saw it, that it had a good River near it, and it proved so. Here I drank some bottled Ale, and a Dram after it: excellent *French Brandy*! *Sutton* has nothing extraordinary, but that it is a poor, little, ordinary Town. We dined this Day, upon a Hog's Face and a couple of Rabbits. No good Beer!

Basingstoke stands upon the Side of a Hill, and near it there is a Common; there is also, hard by, a Deer Park, belonging to some great Duke, but I know not who it may be, it is like he has a Place at Court, for they say he seldom lives here: here we drank a Dram, and I jogged on.

We lay at *Hertford Bridge*. It stands close by a good Heath, twenty Miles over, for aught I know to the contrary; my Landlady was a Wi-

dow Woman, and a very good Woman she was — *I never supped better in my Life-time.*

We had Bacon and Eggs, and a roasted Turkey, and some good brown Beer. As we went through the aforesaid Heath, we saw a Gibbet where a Highwayman had been hanged — *May they all come to the same untimely Fate!*

Egham is a long Town, not worth the Pains to describe it so exactly as I have described the rest: there are two or three Inns in it, but never a Market-house: here I first saw the River *Thames* — *and a lovely sweet River it is* — We dined at *Tim Harris's*; we had a Leg of boiled Pork and Turnips, and some curious *Red Port*; the Maid of the House knew me, but I pretended not to know her, for I suppose she expected something from me; so I thought it became us Travellers, to carry our Wits about us.

Brentford is the longest Town I ever saw, it stands upon the aforesaid River *Thames*, and has a Market-house in it. Here I saw sitting upon a Bench in the Street, a grave, fat, old Gentleman, with Whiskers and a fur Cap; he had likewise on, a long, grave Coat; I bowed to him, taking him to be the Mayor of the Town, but they told me he was a Waterman past Business — Here I drank half a Pint of Lisbon. *Very good!*

Beyond *Hammer-smith*, I began to see a great many fine Houses on both Sides of the aforesaid River *Thames*; I was surpris'd to hear that many of them belonged to Tradesmen in the City; for I thought they all belonged to noble Dukes. Just as we came into *Hammer-smith*, a Wheel broke off from the Coach, and while it was mending,
I went

I went to an Alehouse, where I asked the Tapper several Questions about the Place, and the People ; as well knowing that we Travellers should improve ourselves. He proved in Conversation to be an understanding Lad, for I found he had been once at a Grammar School ; so when I paid for my Pint of Ale, I gave him a Penny over and above for himself. The Ale here was but poor Stuff. The Country hereabouts is well wooded, and very full of People.

At *Kensington* the King has a fine House, and large Garden. Here are also several other Gardens very fine ; but (more Shame is theirs) they sell whatever they produce. The Ale here is stark enough. We went through *Hide-park* to *London*, which is as pretty a Piece of Road as ever Crow flew over.

London, is certainly the greatest City upon Earth ; at least there is nothing like it in *Devonshire* ; but our Beer is infinitely better than theirs, which is as black as Bull's Blood, and as thick as Mustard. Every thing is shamefully dear here ; you pay half a Crown or three Shillings for a Chicken, which, with us, would not yield above a Groat or Fivepence ; but they have so many Customers, that they ask and have just what they please. You see a great many Coaches standing in the Street ready to be hired, and they will carry a Beggar for his Money, as soon as a Lord, and sooner ; for they say, that Persons of Quality instead of paying the Coachman do often run him through the Body, and it seems there is no Law against Lords, which is the Reason that Persons of Quality are greater than any sort of Men whatsoever. These Coaches are very convenient, if they were not

so confounded dear ; but if one of them carries you but three Doors, he will have a Shilling : whereas in our Country, you may have a Couple of Horses a dozen Miles for half a Crown.

The Houses are all built of Brick, and for the most Part one House holds several Families : so fond are People of living in *London*, notwithstanding the Badness of the Drink !

Here are also hireling Chairs ; they are covered with black Leather and brass Nails, they have fine sashed Windows, and a sashed Door, and fine silk Curtains, and a rare soft Cushion : one of them is carried by two short Fellows, with no Heels to their Shoes, they use two long Poles, and pace along with wonderful Expedition. *These Chairs too are devilish dear.*

There are here Houses called Chocolate-houses, covered all over with Sconces and Looking-glasses. Hither Gentlemen who have nothing to do, but to dress themselves, repair to shew their fine Clothes ; it is worth while to see a whole Row of those Beaus sit looking at one another, or at themselves ; or if they do any thing else, it is only to swear and take Snuff, or to play at Dice, and then all the while they play, they are constantly damning themselves. It is almost become a Proverb here, in *London*, that *all your fine Fellows, are prodigiously ignorant, and prodigiously wicked* ; insomuch, that they are the Jest of Men of Wit, and pitied by Men of Virtue, and shunned by both.

There is a fine River running by *London* full of Ships and Boats ; one of these Boats will carry you for Sixpence, and some of them for Three-pence a great Way ; and it would be very pleasant, if it were not for the Abuse and ugly Language

guage you meet with; for the People upon the Water will affront you to your Teeth, and call you a hundred Names, though you do not say a Word to them: it is to no Purpose to be angry, or to threaten them; they laugh at all that. I offered to get out of the Boat and to box with several of those saucy Fellows, but not one of them would accept of my Challenge; nay, the Women are as bad as the Men. *The more Shame is theirs!*

I went to see St. Paul's Church (which is almost as big as a Town, and much taller) to see my Lord-Mayor. He was an elderly Man in a red Gown, pretty fat, and slept all the time of divine Service; for which I thought he was to blame, seeing it would have better become a Magistrate like him, to have reproved the People for walking about the Church, as they did, and talking about their own worldly Affairs.

Westminster Hall is a vast great Room, where Law and Justice have been bought so dear, that one had oftener better go without them. The Lawyers stroll about here, and look devilish sharp and greedy for Fees. There are in the Hall other Toymen besides Lawyers, and they will sell you their Baubles at treble Prices, so there is nothing but biting on all Hands.

Not far from hence, is the House of Commons. I went to see it, and to see the Manner of their Proceedings, and came away very much dissatisfied; for a dozen Members talked at a time, and I could not understand a Word of the Debate. I also visited the House of Lords; there, indeed I perceived more Order, but neither heard, nor saw any thing remarkable, but some grave Folks in odd Habits.

There is a Street in *London* called *Drury-lane*, which is a very scandalous Place, being for the most Part inhabited by filthy lewd Women, and yet is frequented by great Men, and grave Citizens. It is therefore, no Wonder, these shameless Jades wear fine Clothes and gold Watches.

In this great City they are quite another thing, than what they are out of it; infomuch, that he who will be great with you in the Country, will scarce pull off his Hat to you in *London*. I once dined at *Exeter* with a Couple of Judges, and they talked to me there; and drank my Health, and we were very familiar together; so when I saw them again, passing through *Westminster Hall*, I was glad of it, with all my Heart, and ran to meet them with a broad Smile, and asked them how they did, and to shake Hands with them; but they looked at me so coldly, and so proudly, as you cannot imagine, and did not seem to know me; at which I was confounded angry and mad; but I kept my Mind to myself. At another time I was at the Play-house (which is a rare Place for Mirth, and Music, and Dancing) and being in the Pit, saw in one of the Boxes a Member of Parliament of our Country, with whom I have been as great as Hand and Glove; so being overjoy'd to see him, I called to him aloud by his Name, and asked him how he did; but instead of saluting me again, or making any Manner of Answer, he looked plaguy sour, and never opened his Mouth; though when he is in the Country, he is as merry a Grig as any in fifty Miles, and we have cracked many a Bottle together.

Thus, my good Friend, I have given to you so long an Account of my Journey, that I fear I
have

have tired you ; but never mind it, when I come down, I'll tell you as much more, when we sit over a Bottle and can find no other Subject to talk of. Till which Time I tell you plainly that I am

Your Friend and humble Servant.

LETTER CVI.

Mrs. Rowe to the Countess of Hertford.

Madam,

THIS is the last Letter you will ever receive from me ; the last Assurance I shall give you on Earth of a sincere and stedfast Friendship ; but when we meet again, I hope it will be in the Height of immortal Love and Extasy. Mine perhaps may be the first glad Spirit to congratulate your safe Arrival on the happy Shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my Concern for your Happiness is ; thither I have sent my ardent Wishes, that you may be secured from the flattering Delusions of this World, and after your pious Example has been long a Blessing to Mankind, you may calmly resign your Breath, and enter the Confines of unmolested Joy.

I am now taking my Farewel of you here, but 'tis a short Adieu ; for I die with full Persuasion that we shall soon meet again. But O ! in what Elevation of Happiness ! in what Enlargement of Mind, and Perfection of every Faculty ; what transporting Reflections shall we make of the Advantages of which we shall find ourselves eternally possessed ! To him who liveth and washed us in his Blood, we shall ascribe immortal Glory, Dominion and Praise for ever.

This is all my Salvation, and all my Hope : that Name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the Family on Earth is blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing Confidence : in his Merits alone I expect to stand justified before infinite Purity and Justice. How poor were my Hopes, if I depended on those Works which my own Vanity or the Partiality of Men call good, and which examined by divine Purity, would prove perhaps but specious Sins ! The best Actions of my Life would be found defective, if brought to the Test of that unblemished Holiness, in whose Sight the Heavens are not clean. Where were my Hopes but for a Redeemer's Merits and Atonement ? How desperate, how undone my Condition ! With the utmost Advantages I can boast, I should start back and tremble at the Thoughts of appearing before the unblemished Majesty — O Jesus, what Harmony dwells in thy Name ! O, celestial Joy and immortal Life is in the Sound ! Let Angels set thee to their golden Harps ! let the ransomed Nations for ever magnify thee !

What a Dream is mortal Life ! what Shadows are the Objects of Sense ! all the Glories of Mortality, my much loved Friend, will be nothing in your View at the awful Hour of Death, when you must be separated from the whole Creation, and enter on the Borders of the immaterial World.

Something persuades me this will be my last Farewel in this World : Heaven forbid that it should be an everlasting Parting ! May that divine Protection, whose Care I implore, keep you stedfast in the Faith of Christianity, and guide your Steps in the strictest Paths of Virtue.

Adieu,

Adieu, my most dear Friend, till we meet in the Paradise of God.

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER CVII.

Mrs. Rowe to the Earl of Orrery.

My Lord,

THERE seems to be something presaging in the Message you ordered me to deliver to your charming *Henrietta*, when I meet her charming Spirit in the blissful Regions, which I believe will be very soon. I am now acting the last Part of Life, and composing myself to meet the universal Terror, with a Fortitude becoming the Principles of Christianity: 'tis only through the great Redeemer's Merits and Atonement, that I hope to pass undaunted through the fatal Darkness.

*Before him, Death the grisly Tyrant flies,
He wipes the Tears for ever from our Eye*

All human Greatness makes no Figure to my present Apprehension, every Distinction vanishes, but those of Virtue and real Merit. 'Tis this which gives a peculiar Regard for such a Character as yours; and gives me Hopes your Example will not fall short of those of your illustrious Ancestors. The Approaches of Death set the World in a true Light; its brightest Advantages appear no more than a Dream in that solemn Period. The immortal Mind perhaps will quit a Cottage with less Regret than it would leave the Splendor of a Palace; and the breath-

less Dust, sleep as quietly beneath the grassy Turf, as under the Parade of a costly Monument: these are insignificant Circumstances to a Spirit doomed to an endless Duration of Misery or Bliss. 'Tis this important Concern, my Lord, that has induced me to spend my Time in a peaceful Retirement, rather than to waste it in a Train of thoughtless Amusements. My Thoughts are grown familiar with the Solemnity of dying, and Death seems to advance, not as an inflexible Tyrant, but as the peaceful Messenger of Liberty and Happiness. May I make my Exit in that elate Manner those charming Lines of Mr. Pope describe:

*The World recedes, it disappears,
Heav'n opens in my Eyes; my Ears,
With Sounds Seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your Wings, I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?*

The nearer I approach to Immortality, the more extensive and enlarged I find the Principles of Amity and Good-will in my Soul; from hence arise the most sincere Wishes for your Happiness, and of the charming Pledges your lovely *Henrietta* left. Oh! my Lord, if you would discharge your sacred Trust, keep them under your own Inspection.

This will not reach you, my Lord, till I am past the Ceremony of subscribing

Your humble Servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

L E T-

LETTER CVIII.

Mrs. Rowe to Mr. James Theobald.*

Sir,

THE Converse I have had with you has been very short, but the Friendship begun by it, will be transmitted to the Regions of perfect Amity and Bliss. It would not be worth the while to cherish the Impressions of a virtuous Friendship, if the generous Engagement was to be dissolved with mortal Life: such a Thought would give the Grave a deeper Gloom, and add new Horrors to the fatal Darkness.

But I confess I have brighter Expectations, and am fully persuaded those noble Attachments that are founded on real Merit, are of an immortal Date. That Benignity, that divine Charity, which just warm the Soul in these cold Regions, will shine with new Lustre, and burn with an immortal Ardour in the happy Seats of Peace and Love.

My present Experience confirms me in this Truth; the Powers of Nature are drooping, the vital Spark grows languid and faint, while my Affection for my surviving Friends was never more warm, my Concern for their Happiness was never more ardent and sincere.

This makes me employ some of the last Part of my Time in writing to three or four Persons, whose Merit requires my Esteem, in Hopes

* He is at present one of the Directors of the Bank, Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries.

this solemn Farewel will leave a serious Impression on their Minds.

I am going to act the last and most important Part of human Life; in a little Time I shall land on the immortal Coasts, where all is new, amazing and unknown: but however gloomy the Passage appears,

*Sweet Fields, beyond the swelling Flood,
Stand dress'd in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.*

Dr. WATTS.

Nature cannot but shiver on the fatal Brink, unwilling to try the grand Experiment, whilst the Hopes of Christianity can alone support the Soul in this solemn Crisis. In this Exigence the eternal Spirit whispers Peace and Pardon to the dying Saint thro' the Atonement, and brightens the Shadow of Death with some Glimmerings of immortal Light.

Tell Mrs. Theobald I hope to meet her in the shining Realms of Love and unmingled Bliss.

*Where crown'd with Joy and ever blooming Youth,
The jocund Hours dance on their endless Round.*

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER CIX.

Mrs. Rowe to Mrs. Sarah Rowe.

My dear Mother,

I AM now taking my final Adieu of this World, in certain Hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to the Grave my Affection and Gratitude,

to your Family, and leave you with the sincerest Concern for your own Happiness and Welfare of your Family. May my Prayers be answered, when I am sleeping in the Dust. O! may the Angels of God conduct you in the Paths of immortal Glory and Pleasure! I would collect the Powers of my Soul; and ask Blessings for you with all the holy Violence of Prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious Ancestors, who has been your dwelling Place for many Generations, bless you!

'Tis but a short Space I have to measure. The Shadows are lengthening, and my Sun declining. That Goodness which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the last concluding Act of Life. That Name which I have made my Glory and my Boast, shall then be my Strength and my Salvation.

To meet Death with a becoming Fortitude, is a Part above the Powers of Nature, and which I can perform by no Power or Holiness of my own; for O! in my best Estate I am altogether Vanity, a wretched helpless Sinner! but in the Merits and perfect Righteousness of God my Saviour, I hope to appear justified at the supreme Tribunal, where I must shortly stand to be judged.

ELIZ. ROWE.

L E T T E R CX.

Lord Orford on his Retirement, to General Churchill.

Dear Charles,

I Have now wrote to Captain *J—k—n* to give Lord *Ty—ley* a Ticket, as you desired, and am very glad to oblige him with it. This Place
affords

affords no News, no Subject of Amusement and Entertainment to you fine Gentlemen. Persons of Wit and Pleasure about Town understand not the Language, nor taste the Charms of the inanimate World. My Flatterers here are all Mutes. The Oaks, the Beeches, and Chesnuts seem to contend which shall best please the Lord of the Manor. They cannot deceive, they will not lie. I, in return, with Sincerity admire them, and have about me as many Beauties as take up all my Hours of Dangling; and no Disgrace attends me since Sixty-seven*. Within Doors we come a little to real Life, and admire the almost speaking Canvass; all the Airs and Graces which the proudest of the Ladies can boast. With these I am satisfied, as they gratify me with all I wish, and all I want, and expect nothing in return which I cannot give. If these, dear *Charles*, are any Temptations, I heartily invite you to come and partake of them. Shifting the Scene has sometimes its Recommendations; and from Country Fare, you may possibly return, with a better Appetite, to the more delicate Entertainments of a Court Life. Since I wrote what is above, we have been surprized with the good News † from abroad. Too much cannot be said upon it; for it is truly Matter of infinite Joy, because of infinite Consequence. I am,

Dear Charles,

Yours affectionately,

OR——D.

* The Year of his Age when he resigned.

† The Battle of *Dettingen*.

LETTER CXI.

Mrs. Jones to the Hon. Miss Lovelace.

THE whole Species of Thinkers may be divided into two sorts, the slow ones, and the quick ones. Your slow Thinkers are seldom very sudden, but very sure; the quick ones see thro' an Idea in an Instant, and have you at every Turning. You must therefore be very sure of your Words, if you would not be misunderstood, or rally'd. Of this latter Class is the Hon. Miss L. I can't let fall a Sentence that may be misapply'd, but, whip! you have me; and when I've drawn a Character the most unlike you in the World, presently you cry out, "that's I." But this is not fair: and therefore I take this Opportunity, once for all, to declare, that when I speak in praise of No-meaning, I never mean any body about St. James's; and whenever I pour out myself upon the Subject of Dulness, I always exclude her Majesty's Maids of Honour.

I am rejoic'd to hear that the Roads are passable between *Covent-Garden* and St. James's; or rather, that the Way thither is so well paved for me. The Pilgrim's Progress, if you have not read, I would exhort you to read. 'Tis a very good Book, and full of useful Instructions; setting forth the Difficulties we Travellers are forced to encounter, and the many Lets and Hindrances we daily meet with upon the Road, especially by you better sort of Christians, who ride in Coaches. And I would the rather exhort you to
read

read this good Book at this Time, because I am myself, or shall be soon, a Traveller or Pilgrim, wandering about from House to House, in order to partake of the Benevolencies of such good People as you are. For I shall sometimes be tempted to knock at your hospitable Gate, which, I hear, is always open to Strangers; and therefore trust it will be so to one who is so much a Stranger to every thing but your merits, that she scarce knows your Person, notwithstanding she is so remarkably of the number of

Jan. 17, 1734.

Your most obedient, &c.

I am sorry to find my much honour'd invisible Correspondent is vanish'd so soon. But why do I say vanish'd? for, as *Swift* observes,

One may see by the Hand, she has no cloven Foot.

LETTER CXII.

To the SAME.

Nothing is so common as to hear People talking of their great Alliances, and boasting themselves upon the Merits of their Ancestors. This Vanity is generally most conspicuous in those who have few Merits of their own, and who are oblig'd to their Forefathers for all the Credit and Esteem they meet with in the World. A few Days ago I was invited to attend the Hearse of a good old Aunt of my Mother's to *South-Newington*, the burying place of the Family, about four Miles from *Banbury*. The Pomp of Death, and the humiliating Scene of a Charnel-house, are Objects I am not very fond of; but the

the Vanity of viewing the Sepulchres of my Fathers, and the good old Hall where my Grandfather and the Vicar so often settled the Affairs of the Nation, inclin'd me to attend the Solemnity as a Relation, I cannot as a Mourner. As we came near the Town we were met by some of the most venerable Personages of the Place; but the Corps was no sooner put down in the Hall, than the whole Village came in upon us. When we had satisfy'd the Curiosity of the whole Parish, and fitted the Hands of some of them, we convey'd the poor old Woman to Church; where the first thing that struck my Eyes were the Portraits of Time and Death; two Figures dressed out in all the Pomp of Red and Blue, extremely picturesque, and the most formidable Monsters I ever beheld. They seemed to be fighting a Duel; and indeed we left them at Daggers drawing, for we had not Time to see the End of the Combat: tho' 'tis generally believ'd in the Parish, that Time will get the better of it; for they have it upon very good Authority, that "Time conquers all Things."

After the old Lady was decently deposited, and the Crowd pretty well dispers'd (finding, to my great satisfaction, that the Remains of our Family occupy half the Chancel) I desired the Clerk to sweep away the rubbish a little, that I might look over the Tomb-stones, in hopes to find some pompous Inscription, recording the heroic Deeds of my Forefathers. But alas! my Vanity was sufficiently mortify'd, when I discover'd that the Family of the *Penns* have only been born, and died, for some hundred Years past: However I comforted myself that this Neglect might have been owing to the great Modesty

of my Ancestors (who I was willing to presume) were wise enough to content themselves with a Consciousness of their own Virtue, without depending upon *Hic jacet* — and a thousand Lies, for their Fame.

I won't pretend to trace out the History of our ancient and numerous Family (for I have had as many Forefathers as *Bourbon* or *Nassau*) but if I may guess any thing from the Arms we bear, I have a Notion the Founder of it was by trade a Comb-maker; for, among other Devices, I find part of the Field, or Lozenge upon my Seal, charged with two Small-tooth Combs. However, let the Founders of it have been what they will, 'tis no matter, since the Family is ancient; and 'tis so long ago since the Comb-maker lived, that no body can trace us up to our Original. What became of him, or his Posterity, we know nothing of, nor indeed do we much care; (only the famous Sir *William Penn* the Quaker, and his Father the Vice Admiral, we still mention with Honour) but to comfort me under my Disappointment, I learnt part of the private history of some of his Successors, from an old Woman who stood next me, and whose Grandmother had occupy'd the Place of a Dairy-Maid in the Family, about sixscore Years ago. 'Twas with great Satisfaction I heard that my great Grandfather was remarkable for nothing (except having his Hen-roost robbed by the Parliament's Party in *Charles* the first's Time) but for smocking three Pipes a day, and minding his own Business; but was a little disconcerted again, when I found that his Help-mate had some discordant Notes in her Composition, and was a little given to Passion, on account of the Fortune she brought. However,

However, I recover'd myself again; when I found that their Children all took good Courses; but that Joy was soon allay'd, when I recollected the Mischance that one of my Uncles had with his Mother's Maid. But my Grandfather being a prudent Man, the Affair was soon hushed up; and as the Child was supposed to have had many Fathers, we don't look upon this Sprout to be properly a Branch of the Family, or Blot in our Escutcheon.—In the next Compartment lay my Grandfather; the first of his particular Branch that ever set up for a Gentleman. He was quite the reverse of his Father's Temper; for he minded every body's Business but his own, and smoaked no Tobacco. However, he was looked upon as a very knowing Man in the Parish, and they all apply'd to him to adjust their Accounts, and their Controversies. He died much lamented by all that knew him, after having settled the Tranquility of his Neighbours, and run out part of his Estate, which was but small; for he was too much of a Gentleman to live within Bounds.—In the same Repository slept my Grandmother; that good old Woman, who made such excellent Cheeses, and reared so many Turkies every Year. She was counted the best Housewife in the Village; and no body would set a Hen, or wean a Child, without consulting her. She resign'd her Spirit in a good old Age; and we reckon it among her funeral Honours, that that last Act of her Life was attended with the Tears of the whole Parish.

I came home not perfectly satisfy'd with the History of my Progenitors; for, according to the Description of an ancient Aunt I have (who piques herself much upon her Family) they ought

ought to have been all Heroes; or, at least very illustrious Personages. I can't say they, any of them, answer'd my Expectations; except my Grandmother, whose Memory I honour very much. — This put me upon considering the Vanity of those of gentle Race, who boast themselves upon the Merits of their Birth and Family, presuming that more than ordinary Respect is due to them upon that Score; without considering, that to be worthless themselves, is to be doubly so with these Advantages. I need not make Miss *L.* a Compliment here, who considers herself only an Executrix in Trust of her Father's Merits. The World has already been beforehand with me in doing Justice to her's, as she has done to theirs, by reflecting back the Lustre she has receiv'd. But is it not ridiculous to hear a Coward boast of his Descent from *Alexander the Great*, or a common Strumpet trace up her Family as high as *Lucretia*? Our real Worth must depend upon from ourselves; and if we borrow any Honours from our Ancestors, we must take care to pay them back again; lest, while we are priding ourselves upon them, they should be asham'd of us. For, after all our blustering and strutting, Mr *Pope* will still be in the right,

*Nought can ennoble Sots, and Slaves, and Cowards,
Alas! not all the Blood of all the Howards.*

L E T T E R CXIII.

To the S A M E.

WANT of Time is, I think, the general Complaint of all Letter-writers; and yours in haste, concludes Wit, Business, every thing,

thing. For my own Part, my whole Life is little more than a perpetual Hurry of doing Nothing; and I think I never had more Business of that sort upon my Hands than now. But as I can generally find Time to do any thing I have a mind to do; so can always contrive to be at Leisure to pay my Respects to Miss L.

Want of Spirits is another heavy Complaint I frequently meet with; and I have a Correspondent who never writes to me without grievous Invectives against the Spleen. I will not add how often I have myself borrow'd the Shape of the Spleen to be dull in; and it would be of singular Service to me at this time, if you would only be so good as to believe me far gone in that, hopeful Distemper.

But the most universal Complaint among Scribblers of my Rank is, want of Sense. These generally begin with an Apology for their long Silence; and end with that moving Petition, Excuse this Nonsense. This is modest, indeed; but tho' I am excessive good-natur'd, I am resolv'd for the future not to pardon it intirely, in any one but myself.

I have often thought there never was a Letter wrote well, but what was wrote easily; and if I had not some private Reasons for being of a contrary Opinion at this time, should conclude this to be a Master-piece of the kind; both as to Easiness of Thought, and Facility of Expression. And in this Easiness of Writing (which Mr. Wycherly says, is easily wrote) methinks I excel even Mr. Pope himself; who is often too elaborate and ornamental, even in some of his best Letters; tho it must be confess'd he outdoes me in some few Trifles of another sort, such as
Spirit,

Spirit, Taste, and Sense. But let me tell Mr. *Pope*, that Letters, like Beauties, may be overdrest. There is a becoming Negligence in both; and if Mr. *Pope* could only contrive to write *without* a Genius, I don't know any one so likely to hit off *my* Manner as himself. But he insists upon it, that a Genius is as necessary towards Writing, as Straw towards making Bricks; whereas, 'tis notorious, that the *Israelites* made Bricks without that Material, as well as with.

The Conclusion of the whole Matter is this; I never had more Inclination to write to you, and never fewer Materials at hand to write with. Therefore have fled for Refuge to my old Companion, Dullness, who is ever at hand to assist me; and have made use of all those genuine Expressions of herself which are included under the Notion of *want of Time, want of Spirits*, and in short *want of every thing* but the most unfeign'd Regard for that Lady whose most devoted

December 21,
1736.

I remain, &c.

L E T T E R CXIV.

To the S A M E.

YOU begin by asking me about fifty Questions in a Breath; and if you are not vastly impatient, I will answer 'em all as fast as my Sedateness of Temper will let me, for I love not to be put in a hurry.

rst, Then

1st, Then, I am overjoy'd to find you again, for I began to be inconsolable for your Loss.

2dly, I have thought of you upon my Bed, in Company, in my Closet; which I assure you is more than I do of any body, or any thing, except my Poetry and my Sins.

3dly, I've had various Pains and Fears for your Welfare; and had just advertis'd you at *Fern-hill* when yours arriv'd.

4thly, I neither can recant, nor do repent of any one thing I ever said of you in my Life.

5thly and lastly, Whenever I do, you shall certainly hear of it.

Having thus reduced your Questions to Form and Method, 'twill now be necessary to inform you wherefore I've so long kept Silence. As to that part of the Time, during your Travels into foreign Parts (of which I hop'd to have had some useful Memoirs) I profess I was not prophetic enough to foresee that a Letter would come to your Hands, which could possibly have no Direction. And since your auspicious Return, I've had no Time. My Mother is gone to *London*, and has left the Government of her Kingdom upon my Shoulders. What Time have I then to write, who am the sole Arbiters of the Differences between *John* and *Mary*? And how can I recollect my dissipated Thoughts, while the Silver Spoons lie scatter'd about the Kitchen? Alas! the day is half spent, before I can determine whether our Mutton shall be roast or boyl'd.

Another grand Revolution has happen'd in my Affairs, and that is, I've been pulling down part of my Closet, in order to enlarge the Window thereof, and admit more of *Apollo's* Rays
into

into my Rhymes. While these grand Affairs were in Agitation, could I sit idly trifling with my Pen? And while my learned Shelves underwent various Mutations, could I trust my valuable Manuscripts to the profane Hands of the Vulgar? These, and numberless other Avocations, have chang'd the Current of my Thoughts from you, and taken up all the vacant spaces of my Time.

My Raptures upon the Princess of *Orange* were occasion'd by Miss C—'s telling me, that her Royal Highness had a languishing Desire to see some of my Letters, and that you had shewn her some. Now as I take it for granted that the Princess was charm'd with my Writings, so of consequence I was equally charm'd with her Judgment; and this gave occasion to my Raptures. But if you should inform me, that her Royal Highness was not quite so much enchanted as I would chuse to have her be; yet still I must admire her Judgment, because, among Friends, 'tis the best Proof of it of the two. So that you see I am really the Princess of *Orange's* Admirer, whether She's mine or no.

I've about fifty Reasons for not going to *London* this Winter, and scarce one for going, unless 'tis to see you. I've no Business there, or Pleasure, except in the foremention'd Article; and 'tis going so much out of my Road of Life, which at *Oxford* is one certain invariable Path, that whenever I do go there, I am not able to recover the Thread of my Affairs again in a twelvemonth. However, I wish you Operas and Fiddles in abundance; and if I can contrive to take St. *James's* into my Plan of Operations after *Christmas*; shall have a particular Satis-

Satisfaction in rendering my Curt'sies at your
Levee, and remain, for the rest of my Travels,

October,
9, 1737.

Yours, &c.

LETTER CXV.

To the SAME.

THE Face of Things is so much alter'd since
I wrote last, that I know not how to be-
gin a Letter to you, or how to express myself
upon an Affair so interesting and striking as the
Death of the Queen. There's no one so far
remov'd from the Throne, but what must feel
such a Loss; as, I think Queen *Caroline's* is
universally felt and lamented, even by the mean-
est of her Subjects. But for my own Part, I've
more than a Subject's Share in the common Ca-
lamity, tho' at the same time have an affectionate
Subject's Concern. I wish 'twere of any Use
to you to know, that you have never been out
of my Thoughts since this important Event; and
if I've been really more affected than my Neigh-
bours, it has been upon your Account. We have
lost only a good Queen; but you a Mistress, a
Friend, and (I may say) a Parent; in short,
every thing you could lose under all these Re-
lations.

I would not add to your Concern, by trou-
bling you with unnecessary Reflections; but
surely, I think, you were born to be the Sport of
Fortune. One Day she seems to smile upon you,
only to insult you more effectually the next.

But

But she has taught you an useful Lesson ; for I think you had Indifference enough to distrust her Smiles, and must therefore be equal to her Frowns.

I know how disagreeable it must be, but cannot conclude without begging the Favour of a Line from you, at this time in particular. I can hear from no one so well as yourself, how you bear your Loss ; and it would be the most agreeable News I could hear, to find you bear it with your usual Temper, and that it will in some measure be render'd supportable to you. Forgive me, if I'm impertinent ; for I had rather be thought so, than indifferent.

LETTER CXVI.

To the SAME.

WHAT strange Reformations a little Change of Air makes ! and how fast do People improve in Virtue on this side of the Park, to what they do on the other ! 'Tis not long since, when I never heard you so much as mention the word *Conscience* ; and now, you say, it even flies in your Face. When you were a Courtier, your Conscience was too well bred to give you any Disturbance ; but since your Reformation to a private Gentlewoman, blefs me ! how it makes you startle ! Then, you made no Conscience of insisting upon two Letters for one ; but now, you see the full Force of the Law of Retaliation, and graciously afford me Letter for Letter. Then you had not the least Remorse at being silent for a Month or two together ; but now in a
much

much less Time, your Conscience, you say, sounds *Molly F.* in your Ears every time you take Pen in hand. What a wonderful Change is this! And how much do I rejoice to find that I've been, in some measure, the Occasion of awakening that faithful Monitor in your Breast, who never durst peep into the Bosom of a Maid of Honour.

Another Virtue I've also observ'd in you, which requires some Touches of my applauding Pen, equally marvellous! equally unknown to the six immortal Maids! and that is *Sincerity*. This Virtue, 'tis said, was first brought over by *Wilhelmina Carolina*, Daughter of *Frederick*, Marquis of *Brandenburgh Ansbach*: but as it was a Plant perfectly exotic, and could never be brought to flourish in this Soil; that illustrious Princess did not much attempt to cultivate it, except in a few warm Bosoms like her own. Some few Seeds of it she left behind her among her Maids of Honour, to be dispersed among their Country Friends; (the only thing, we hear, for certain, she did leave them) but among many other excellent Maxims, she charg'd them never to hazard any of it among their Courtly Acquaintance, if they propos'd making their Fortunes when she was gone.

But what I chiefly admire you for in your Retreat is, your thorough Contempt of all the Interludes, Farces, and Entertainments of this World, except that most excellent one, *The Dragon of Wantley*. I have a Brother now in Town, a sober Man, and in holy Orders, to whom I shall frequently recommend the Sight of this exemplary Performance. But lest he should think going to Plays a sort of Profanation; for

his farther Encouragement, I shall exhort him, that when he is tired with the notable Exploits of *St. George* and the *Dragon*, to cast his Eyes on a Side-box on his Right-hand, where he may possibly see a Lady (tho' no Saint) who is now combating all those wild Beasts within, the Passions; a Set of Monsters, which the Ladies of the present Generation seem particularly fond of. Nay, 'tis generally believ'd, that most of them, preserve one, the ruling Monster, to run loose about their Breasts. But as I have a much higher Idea of you than I have of the Generality of my own Sex, or even of *St. George* himself, the Champion of the other, I shall expect to hear you get the better of this also. For 'tis the ruling Passion, whatever it be, that is the very *Dragon of Wantley*, and which it particularly behoves all sober Virgins to conquer.

L E T T E R CXVII.

To the SAME.

I AM so very nice in my Pleasures at present, that out of ten Books upon my Table, I can't pick out one that pleases me; and out of as many Correspondents that I ought to write to, can't fix upon one that I choose to write to, except yourself. Which I think is the best Reason I can give for troubling you at present; except that *Miss Clayton* will be no more for this half Hour. In the mean time *Je suis tout à vous*; as indeed you have been the Subject of all our *Tête à Têtes* hitherto.

Your

Your Letter, before you left *Windsor*, gave me a wonderful Complacency (a Quaintness which, I hope, is expressive of something we take delight in) as indeed every new Discovery you make of yourself has that Effect. You are like those Prospects which improve upon the Eye, the more we view them; and I, like those Travellers, who at first setting out, only wished to get to the Top of such a Hill, or such a Mountain; but, having reached that, see so many fresh Pictures, and beautiful Landscapes before them, that, at last, nothing but the whole Horizon will satisfy them. I set out first with a View only to your Correspondence and Acquaintance; but those Eminencies gained, my Ambition (the only raving Fit upon me of late) was, at length, to be satisfy'd with nothing less than your Esteem and Friendship: an Altitude, which terminates my Prospects, and finishes my Travels.

What a marvellous Change do we find in this Part of the Globe, since you left it! I went with our Friends here to *Windsor* t'other day, in a broad Laugh from *Forest-gate*; but when we approach'd the Castle, and I beheld its Turrets, and your Tower!—there was no longer any Spirit left in me. And I said in mine Heart (what the Queen of *Sheba* said to King *Solomon*) It was a true Report which I heard in mine own Land, of thine Acts, and of thy Wisdom. Howbeit, I believed not their Words, until I came, and mine Eyes had seen it. And behold the one half of the Greatness of thy Wisdom was not told unto me.

These were the Cogitations of my Heart at that time; but since this, I hear you have had a Consultation of Tire-women, those Foes to fine

Ideas, who not only curl, but turn young Ladies Heads aside from sound Philosophy. In short, I hear you have been at Court again, and danced! at which I shiver! When I go to Town, I expect to find you quite a new Creature; all be-drest, and all be-powder'd, and much too fine to be good for any thing. — Alas! trust a Friend (or if you curt'sie above an Inch lower, a Foe) that you can put on no courtly Ornaments, either of Body or Mind, that will become you half so well as your open Heart, and your old grey Gown: that Token of Respect you still wear (I am sorry 'tis so near worn out) for your royal Mistress. As well as I love Mrs. Gordon, I hope she will inherit all your Virtues, and all your Graces (transplanting them one by one into her Mind, and into her Wardrobe) but that grey Gown. 'Tis a little whimsical, but Mr. Locke, I think, accounts for it, in his Chapter of the Association of Ideas; 'tis a little whimsical I say, but one is apt to take a particular liking to such a Walk, or such a Room, where one has been very happy, tho' never so long ago. But Fashions will alter, and Pink and Silver be the Mode again: it may chance that Ruffs and Farthingals may succeed to Hoops and Tippetts; but for my part, I shall never have any other Idea of you fifty Years hence, at least, not a higher, than I have now, in your grey Gown, at *Windfor-Castle*; with Queen *Elizabeth's* Walk in the Connection, and your Elbows upon the Table.

You gave me free Liberty of Speech, and thus you have my present Sentiments, freely as they flow. Whenever I know any thing worse of you, you shall certainly hear of it — if you please :

please: if not, I shall conclude you are too proud; and that will save you the Trouble.— And now I have indulg'd myself in the Liberty you defy'd me to, I should be glad if you would use a little kind Severity with me, and shew me the greatest Stranger imaginable, myself. This will still be adding to those Favours, which a large Portion of my future Conduct must be accountable to you for. In short, never spare me, never forgive me a single Fault, till you are convinc'd I mean you ill. After that perhaps you will find me too proud—I was going to say—however, too well satisfied with our mutual Proceedings, to be any longer ambitious of the Honour of being,

Fern-Hill, Nov. 28,
1738.

Yours, &c.

P. S. I will allow you to be a little astonish'd at my present Vivacities; but I never treat any body with this kind of Respect, but those I have a real Regard for; as mad Folks have a Spite to none, but their best Friends.

L E T T E R CXVIII.

To Mrs. —

'TIS paying you but an ill Compliment, to let one of the most entertaining Letters, I have met with for some years, remain so long unacknowledg'd. But when I inform you I have had a House full of Strangers almost ever since, who have taken up all my Time, I am sure you will excuse, if not pity me. "Who steals my
M 3 " Purse,

“ Purse, steals Trash; ’twas mine, ’tis his, and
 “ has been Slave to Thousands : but he who
 “ filches from me my precious Moments, robs
 “ me of that which not enriches him, and makes
 “ me poor indeed.” ’Tis owing to this want,
 I should not say loss of Time (for the Hours have
 not passed by unimprov’d or unentertaining) that
 I have not been able to tell you sooner, how
 much I envy you that Leisure and Retirement of
 which you make such admirable Use. There ’tis
 the Mind unbends and enlarges itself; drops off
 the Forms and Incumbrances of this World (which,
 like Garments trailed about for State, as some
 Author has it, only hinders our Motions) and
 seizes and enjoys the Liberty it was born to. O
 when shall I see my little Farm? that calm Re-
 cefs, low in the Vale of Obscurity, which my
 Imagination so often paints to me! You know I
 am always in Raptures about the Country; but
 your Description of *Richmond* is enough to intoxicate
 the soundest Head.

You say, I must not flatter you. But when
 the Sun shines, may I not say he shines without
 Flattery? By no means, you tell me. For the
 Sun, tho’ he is so eminently bright himself, and
 warms and irradiates numberless other Orbs,
 yet is so excessively humble, that he is not even
 conscious of his own Perfections; and if you
 should mention them to him, perhaps he may
 grow proud, and warm and light us no
 more — Indeed if that were to be the Case, I
 should be extremely cautious, how I mention’d
 the Word shining; but if he should take it into
 his Head to say this was flattering him, what
 must he say to the poor *Persians* who adore him?
 — In short, you must either suppose me incapable
 of

of being warm'd or pleas'd; or so obsequiously civil as to flatter Sun, Moon, and Stars promiscuously; for neither of which Characters I reckon myself much indebted to you.

The Truth is, you will read St. *Austin* 'till you fancy you have not a single Excellency left in you. A most comfortable Reflection surely! and must administer high Satisfaction to the human Mind, to see itself divested of all its Powers, Faculties, and Endowments; for fear the bare Consciousness of them should elate it too much. But you carry Matters still farther; for we must strip to pure Spirit, and naked Soul, before we can make any tolerable Figure in your Scale of Perfection. — How the Mind will act when disembod'y'd, I can't say; but in its present State, I find my five Senses extremely necessary to its Operations, and have no Notion of parting with any of my natural Powers, 'till I find it can exert its Faculties without them. I never met with any but *Teresa* that could 'shoot away from the Body, and leave it uninform'd in some melancholy Cell, while her better Part went and enjoy'd itself in Vision. But she was a Saint. I wish you have not some sort of Ambition that way. For if I flatter you now, who knows but then I may turn Catholic, and adore you!

LETTER CXIX.

To the SAME.

I Rejoice in your safe Return from *Scarborough*, and the short History you afford me of yourself. A light Heart is no bad Thing to travel flows out into good Offices towards you or not,

with ; but a Purse, or a Portmanteau in those Circumstances, is a very melancholy Object. I have been contemplating mine with a philosophic Eye, ever since I came home ; and find nothing so productive of moral Reflections as Poverty. Ever since I have had no Money, I have been enlarging upon the Virtues of Frugality, and Self-denial ; and have had prodigious Flights of Eloquence upon the Vanity of all worldly Possessions. If ever you design to make a Convert of me, take me now ; for if you stay till I am reimburs'd, I am lost.

Your Observations upon human Friendships are very just and speculative ; but, I fear, rather too refined for Practice. We cannot divest ourselves of our Affection whenever we would ; nor disengage ourselves of these Ties, which are twisted in with our Natures, upon every Disappointment. However those Friends I meant, were chiefly those whom the Ties of Blood had united to me, and of whose Affection I have not the Shadow of a Doubt. These I may certainly depend upon, and rejoice in. But in regard to those Friendships, which are matter of Choice, or voluntary Inclination, I cannot think so cheaply of them as you seem to do ; nor yet so highly as to place any extraordinary Degrees of Confidence in them. Human Nature, in general, gives us very few Instances of their principal Ingredients, Generosity, Disinterestedness, and Steadiness ; but very many of Narrowness of Spirit, Selfishness, and Levity. So that any one that knows thus much of it, must strangely over-rate its Merits, to depend much upon Favours, that one does not pay down the Price for. And in regard to the Affection itself, whether it ever
flows

nothing in Nature, I grant you, is so capricious. But in the mean time, what shall I do with this Tendency I feel within myself towards social Affection? Shall I withdraw it from the public Stock, and settle it all upon myself? That is but poor Doings. Or shall I even take People's good Dispositions as I find them, and indulge the mutual Satisfaction while it lasts? I know the Wind will change; but it is so common a Case, that I am not disappointed.

That a great deal of my Happiness is in the Hands of my Friends, I have a Pleasure in acknowledging. I see nothing absurd in loving those who love me, without any Hopes of Advantage from them; and if their Affection contributes to my present Satisfaction, why should I disturb myself with inquiring how long it will last? I am, however, very sensible that strange Misunderstandings, and unaccountable Coolnesses will frequently happen. At this time I feel very sensibly the *Dénouement* of a Friendship, which had been many Years a forming. But I cannot help it; the Wind changed, my Friend put on a new Character, and I thought myself under no Obligation to conform to a Character I had never profess'd any thing to. To this Moment I can't account for the Vicissitude, and she is too much my Superior to give me a Reason for her Actions: but shall I conclude, from a single Instance, that there is neither Truth nor Fidelity left in the World? 'Twould be unreasonable to distrust the Community, and draw out my Stock, for the Sake of one Disappointment. I will even venture it in another Bottom; and if I can't succeed with *Vernon*, I will go round the Globe with *Anson*.

Every one, the least conversant in the World, must have met with these Caprices, as well as myself; and consequently be extremely confident, or extremely credulous, to depend upon Peoples Affections, or to be disappointed if they fail them. But your Arguments, drawn from this acknowledg'd Instability, would prove at the same time, that we must take Delight in nothing; have no Satisfaction, reasonable or unreasonable, because they are not permanent. But, my dear Madam, because it will rain To-morrow, may we not enjoy the Sunshine To-day?—Every thing we are conversant about here, was made to endure only for a certain Period. A clean Apron will last us but for a Day, and the warmest Friend may grow cold before Night—I am but a Passenger, and neither these Groves, or these Fields, or that Fellow-traveller, I know, were design'd for my ultimate Good. However, as we are both going the same Road, let us make the best of the Amusements we meet with by the Way. The Rose unfolds its Buds, and my Fellow-traveller his Heart—But, you say, my Rose-Buds will fade before Night, and my Friend depart by To-morrow—Why then, let us even make the best of To-day.

After all, there is a Seriousness in Friendship, that ought not to be trifled with; and a Sacredness in its Communications and Confidences, that nothing can excuse the Breach of. 'Tis the highest Relation we can stand in to each other; and is of the Nature of those Ties which ought never to be dissolved.—But the Subject is too fruitful to trust my Pen any farther, than just to assure you how sincerely,

I am, &c.

L E T.

LETTER CXX.

To the SAME.

I Don't know any one whose Letters give me greater Pleasure, notwithstanding the different Sentiments we seem to be of, in most of the *important* Matters that have fallen under our Consideration. But as we set out in the Spirit of Liberty, and are, I trust, agreed upon the Act of Toleration in regard to *Opinions*, we have only this farther Virtue to aim at — that of being mutually patient of Contradiction. If you are prepar'd, I proceed in my Dissentions, as usual.

To begin with your Description of Friendship, "That it must consist in an Agreement of Humours, &c." This has been the Opinion of many great Writers, as well as yourself; and if you are as much at leisure as I am, if you please, we'll examine it. — For my own Part, I think nothing more need be meant by it than an obliging Behaviour, and a kind of general Complaisance, or Deference to the Opinions of our Friends, which is neither so obstinate as to be always in the Right, nor so servile as to have no Opinions of our own. As for the rest, a Likeness of Humours or Inclinations, is so little necessary to form a perfect Friendship, that I can't see the least Occasion for their Similarity; besides that it supposes a mighty narrow way of thinking. To be charm'd only with sweet Self, or its beautiful Resemblance in the Composition of another, supposes indeed

a most perfect Benevolence for the Party concern'd, but for nothing else in Nature; this sweet Resemblance being only Self at second hand. 'Tis however agreed, that if one loves one's Friend as one's Self, one does pretty well; and consequently the nearer the Resemblance, the more perfect will be the Union, since there's nothing that has not a most sincere Affection for itself. — All this I grant, but then must add, that this Self-Affection, I fear, will go but a very little way, even in one Remove only from the Individual. The infinite Partiality we have for our real Selves, won't always extend itself to our second Selves; and we often commit Follies, and indulge Humours in our own Persons, which are not half so amiable in those of others, nor will admit of half the Excuses. Neither do I think a Sameness of Humours will mix and associate so well as their Contraries: like perfect Chords in Musick, they rather tire than enliven. For instance, two People are of a melancholy, or a choleric Disposition. How shall we enliven the Deficiency of Bile in the one, or correct its super-abundance in the other? Won't they both drop asleep, or fall together by the Ears? — Suppose they are equally endu'd with the Powers of Eloquence. May not they have an equal Inclination to *speak* at the same time? And how painful must it be to either Orator to *hear*? — Or suppose (if you'll suffer me to suppose once more) they are a little given to Contradiction, like you and I; won't they often stand in need of a Moderator, and be forc'd to call in a third Person to adjust their Disputes? In short, a Parity of Humours, or Sentiments,

timents, must often render Conversation *fade* and insipid ; and when we meet with nothing new, nothing but what we have at home, such a Friendship must soon grow tedious and languishing. 'Tis scarce worth going even so far out of ourselves for. Besides, as our own Humours are so uncertain and multifarious, it must, as you say, be extremely liable to change ; be indeed the most variable thing in Nature.

Let us see then what sort of Friendship different Dispositions will produce. And that we may not run away from our Argument, as You and I generally do, let us define our Terms. Friendship then, in my Definition of it, is a sweet Attraction of the Heart towards the Merit we esteem, or the Perfections we admire ; and produces a mutual Inclination between two Persons, to promote each other's Interest or Happiness. — Now we none of us, I believe, will choose to assert that we possess all sorts of Merit, and every Degree of Perfection ourselves ; but most of us are so humble as to own that we esteem it in others, and can be pleas'd with Perfections we do not possess. To a generous Mind, Merit, in whatever Shape it appears, is not only *estimable*, but *attractive*. By its Operations on the sympathetic Powers of our Nature, it calls forth the Affections of the Heart to meet it, and even byasses the Judgment in favour of the whole Character. Thus when we see a Patriot bleed in defence of his Country, we are not so anxious about his speaking in the House ; we can for once allow, that 'tis not necessary for a Patriot to be an Orator. I am myself an extreme Coward, (save just in Speculation) and have not the least Thirst for any one's

one's Blood; but yet I turn away my Eyes from the Man who trembles at a Sword, and find myself attracted by the Hero. In short; the Mind, I should think, must receive an additional Pleasure in contemplating those Perfections in a Friend, which it has not within itself; and may, in effect, fancy itself the Proprietor or Possessor of those Advantages which adorn its other half.

But by this Difference or Diversity of Humours or Characters, I would not be understood to mean their Incompatibility. Friendship could not long subsist under this Disadvantage; the Union must dissolve, and Aversion succeed. But this Incompatibility (I wish I could think of a shorter Word) does not always arise from the *Difference*, but the too great *Uniformity* of Humours. Thus two People equally haughty, peremptory, or positive, must soon finish their Affairs; and yet these Dispositions would mix extremely well with their Contraries.

Neither do I think Equality of Rank or Fortune necessary to form a perfect Friendship. For perfect Friendship is founded on Virtue, on the Perfections of the Mind, or the Goodness of the Heart; and consults neither Title nor Fortune. It does not tie itself to the Genealogy, or the Rent-Roll, but to the Person. Our Superiours, as such, have a Right only to our Complaisance, and 'tis a Tribute that Decency allows 'em; but the Esteem which comes from the Heart, is due only to true Merit. The Great have a thousand ways of obliging or plaguing us; but they have but one of making themselves belov'd, and that is, by a Superiority of Merit. When they condescend to rank this among their Advantages, they are truly amiable; they attract

tract, and are attracted. Their own Hearts are enlarg'd; the Object finds an easy Admittance; they please, and are pleas'd, they have so many ways of obliging. An Inferiour, however, sets out with many Disadvantages, which are not so much his Demerits, as the necessary Consequences of his Situation; has Requests to be gratify'd, or perhaps Humours to be indulg'd, as well as his Betters; and these may by degrees dissolve the Charm. But a Superiour may be oblig'd, and perhaps oftner insists upon being pleas'd. If the former can wave his Pretensions, resign his Interest, or Humour, to his Friendship, he is no longer the Inferiour; his Generosity of Sentiment gives him his Rank, and entitles him to equal Indulgencies. But an Equality is often as fatal. Jealousies, Emulations, and Oppositions of Interests, are Rocks upon which the firmest Friendships have split. An Inequality, however, steers clear of these; and if it has any other Wrecks to fear, they are no more than are common to both.

In short, true Friendship, found it upon what you will, can never subsist long, but upon Sense and Virtue. And whether we are of different or the same Dispositions, Equals or Unequals, have a narrow way of Thinking or no way at all, (for every thing will unite itself to somewhat) when once the Mind has pass'd its Judgment upon the Object, and the Heart has found its Attraction, it examines no farther, but takes the most effectual and speedy Methods of uniting itself to it.

I believe that last Thought was none of my own; but, if 'tis not, I don't know who it belongs to; so cannot pay the right Owner my Acknowledgments.

L E T T E R CXXI.

To the S A M E.

I Have had great Remorse ever since I wrote last, in that I made a thousand Apologies for my Silence, as if it was a thing of vast Consequence to you; and never once begged the Favour of a Reply, tho' it was the only End and Purpose I had in view when, I sat down to write. Did you ever set out for a Place, and forget where you were going? or talk upon a Subject your Mind knows nothing of, but is all the while in deep Contemplation of something else? If you have, you have an Idea of your humble Servant in both these Situations; and even in this Instant of Scribbling. For while I am collecting my scattered Ideas to fix on you, Lady *Lovelace* requires a Letter to be compos'd, concerning Tea, Drops, and other important Matters to our well-being; while my hard-to-be-gotten Frank requires a third to be inclos'd, of no less Importance to social Happiness. In this Situation permit me to write to you, and not think of you; or rather to have my Thoughts too much interrupted, or terrified, to write to you with Pleasure. For at the same time the Cloth is laying for Supper, on the very Table that supports my Elbows and my Paper (which Mr. *John* every Moment officiously displaces) while the brandish'd Knives and Forks put me in bodily Fear. — In one Word, I have been here a Week, and have the utmost Impatience to hear from you, which is all I mean by this, except that

*Windsor-Castle,**Sept. 30, 1744.**I am, &c.*

L E T.

LETTER CXXII.

To the SAME.

Finding myself arriv'd safe at my Seat at Oxford, I can't help casting my Eye back, my Eye of Affection and Pity, on those I have left behind me in Town: particularly those, who are running to and fro after Happiness; while I am so humble, as to sit down contented with Peace. You, my dear Madam, are one of the first in my Mind's Eye, from whom I never return without something better about my Heart. You bring Truths home to it, which however lightly I may sometimes treat them, while I am with you, I never fail to apply seriously in my Hours of Recess and Recollection. Particularly your Maxim, "Be humble, and be happy;" which I now feel the Force of, and am enjoying most sensibly. A little Raillery; I know you excuse the ————— I am sure you have forgiven me; and as to what you have given me, I profess it startles me every time I look at it. I have lived a matter of ————— Years in this wicked World, on and off, and (except yourself) never had a Present from any of those good Folks, my Betters, save a Ring from Lady A. B. for singing Praises of her Lord, and a ————— from ————— for singing Ballads to —————. But what I had done to you, that you should decoy me away into a Mercer's Shop, divest yourself of all Passion and Affection for Guineas and Three-Pound-Twelves, and clothe me in Purple and Yellow; sedately too, and in your right Mind, astonishes me

me beyond any thing I have met with. You charged me not to tell it to the World, and indeed I obeyed you; for I was unwilling to give the least Ground of Suspicion about your Intellects; tho' I saw nothing wrong in your Behaviour myself. You made up your Accounts with Mr. Hoare, with as much Circumspection as if you really knew the Value of Money; and except your flinging it away again on Mr. B's Counter, I could perceive nothing in your Conduct that was at all delirious. However, I would not trust the World with the Secret upon any account; because, to give, you know, is so diametrically opposite to those established Maxims of to save, and to get, that I was afraid People would lift up their Eyes still more at you. A few saving Maxims in relation to a Part that is not at all material, they know you are not to be beat out of; but should they be told how lavish you are of the foremention'd precious Moveable, and how little Value you set upon a Groat, it would be in vain to insist upon either the Goodness of your Heart, or the Soundness of your Head. — “Not save her Money!” “Nay then, the Inference is plain.”

In hopes I shall hear of you soon, and that you are trusted by yourself, and suffered to walk about as usual,

I remain,

In admiration of your Virtues, &c.

LETTER CXXIII.

To the SAME.

I Have been long abridg'd in one of the most elegant Pleasures I have, my Correspondence; but have felt no Silence so properly as
yours.

yours. A Succession of teasing, as well as painful Affairs, has kept the Spirits of Philosophy up to so exalted a pitch, that I've been absent to most other Things, but the Fear of being forgot by you. Indeed I had told you such dismal Stories of myself of late; that I could not but acknowledge you had Reason to be comforted in my Silence. But I revere your Patience, I honour your Sentiments, I love your Letters; and tho' I cannot reduce them to Practice, I contemplate them as a Rule of Faith; and put more Trust in you, tho' a Woman, than ever I did in Man. — Lady *H.* never tells me a Word about you; only in one Letter said, she had seen you but once since you came from *Bath*. But not a Word did she tell me of *your Arm*; nor I dare say ever dreamt of any Blood, but what was to flow from her Lord's Wounds. I'm rejoic'd you've recover'd the Use of it, both for your own Sake and mine. Your Sentiments are so delicate, and your Heart (as far as I know of it) so honest, that 'tis Pity you should ever want a Hand to express either.

I've always so much to say to you, when I write, that I ought to apostrophize your Patience, did I not know that you love to exercise yourself in *all* Virtue. But this I design to be a short Letter, (O may it prove so!) having hopes of seeing you next Month. I'm going to Town to have a Conference with no less a Person than Dr. *Kings*, upon an Affair that is to endure for ever. But hope you'll let me have the Pleasure of hearing from you, before I grow immortal; because I know not what Changes and Transmigrations may happen to me, when I come to tread
on

on Stars, and talk with Poets. I'll only add, the Sight of your Hand gave me so much Pleasure in this mortal State, that I hope you'll never lose the Use of your Arm, 'till I'm rais'd above it.

Lady *F. W.* does me higher Honours than perhaps she means me; as great Souls diffuse Pleasure whether they will or no. Lady *H. B.* is quite silent, and I have not Time to interrupt her Repose. All the Notion I have of her Ladyship at present, is, that she's very fat, and short breath'd.

L E T T E R CXXIV.

To the S A M E.

I Have been trying to sequester an Hour to my dear Friend upon *Richmond-green*, ever since I came home; but find it difficult to rise to a State of Contemplation, where so many Things about me are in Action. 'Tis you only, that can abstract yourself from the several Vortices, and shoot away from Orb to Orb, with as much Agility as if you were no Part of the System. One Moment immerst in Books of Accounts; and the next with *Fontenelle*, and all his Worlds: this Instant on Earth, among Drums and Routs; the next, silent and soft, and soar'd to Heaven. I've often took Notice how small a Portion of Time you allow yourself at your Toilet; and how precipitately Caps, Handkerchiefs, and Gloves are hurry'd on. But when you dress your Mind, how curious of your Ornaments! and what a Croud of goodly Tire-men for your
Atten-

Attendants! *Clarke* sets all right about your Head; and the good Bishop of *Cambray* holds the Glass, and shews you your Heart. While Mr. *Locke* ascertains the Fashion of your Ideas, settles your Modes of Thinking, and gives to every Part of Speech its proper Force and Figure.

Thus much *came*, before I look'd over yours, to see whereabouts to begin an Answer. And now I've read it, dare not trust myself. Every Sentence whets my Edge, and I could go on for this half Hour, without thinking; but that I hate to be at Ease and Laughing, when any thing I love is in such Distress as poor Lady *H. B.* must be, while there are no Accounts from my Lord. The Solitude, she treated me with while she went to Town, was beyond any thing I have felt this Twelvemonth. O that you had been but a Mile off (for I would not have had an Angel in the House with me, if I must have found Conversation for it) that I might have communicated my Contentments once a day, and then retired into myself again!—Tears—how could you have such a Thought? What, for the World! The *London* I left behind me—Tears were far from me. 'Twas all mild, complacent, and heavenly. The Lodge itself a Paradise, and then in its highest (which is next to immortal) Bloom. “Sweet was the Breath of Morn, and sweet
“the dewy Eve.” I passed the Day among Jessamins and Roses, in Grots or Arbours, to the Melody of Nature's Songsters; and at Night read, or wrote to my Sovereign, from whom I derived these Blessings of Quiet and Liberty. Prayed little, but often felt the silent and sweet Emotions of Praise and Thanksgiving. I am glad you forgot that Sentence about “weeping
“the

“ the Follies of the World, and deploring
 “ its Loss ;” Sensations so far from my Breast,
 that if it had not been for about as many
 chosen Spirits as *Noah* took into the Ark
 with him, I should have forgot there was
 such a World in being. Even my Friend could
 not tempt me back again, tho’ it was to a Pa-
 lace. The only Pain I felt (for every other I
 left behind me at *Hyde-park* Corner) was, when
 I cast my Eyes back upon the gentle Pair, once
 happy Tenants of these Shades ; but now driven
 from their Paradise by some evil Angel, — per-
 haps never to return ! This Thought I could not
 bear. But when I heard my Lord was ordered
 into the Field (a Secret reserv’d from her Lady-
 ship) it roused all the noble Ardour within me ;
 and ashamed of my inglorious Ease, I took the
 Field too, a Voluntier among his Hay-makers.
 I was under Arms, and in the Trenches (very
 properly so, for every Furrow was full of Wa-
 ter) several Days ; and acquitted myself with
 such Spirit and Resolution, that the Commander
 in chief, our Field Marechal *Richard*, soon hon-
 our’d me with the Command of a Company.

I begged her Ladyship would communicate
 the poetical Accounts of the Deluge to you,
 when she saw you, but did not imagine she would
 think them worth a Transcript. Am glad how-
 ever that you approve of the Author’s Vein,
 which at that time flow’d pretty spontaneously ;
 and when any thing else comes, you will certainly
 hear of it. — I will allow you to rally my Wit as
 much as you please, if you will only write to me
 all you know, and think. I like my Epitaph
 extremely, and will ask nobody’s Opinion about
 it ; for I won’t have a Word alter’d. Love your

Prose

Prose of all things, but 'tis a Shame to live at *Richmond*, and not be poetical. My Rhymes would not succeed with the World, if I was to try them. However, am highly sensible of the Partiality you shew to my Plants of both Kinds, and the Sunshine you afford them.

L E T T E R CXXV

Pope to Swift.

Sir,

NOT to trouble you at present with a Recital of all my Obligations to you, I shall only mention two Things, which I take particularly kind of you: your Desire that I should write to you, and your Proposal of giving me twenty Guineas to change my Religion, which last you must give me leave to make the Subject of this Letter.

Sure no Clergyman ever offered so much out of his own Purse for the sake of any Religion. 'Tis almost as many Pieces of Gold, as an Apostle could get of Silver from the Priests of old, on a much more valuable Consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a Change of my Faith by Subscription, than a Translation of *Homer*. And to convince you, how well disposed I am to the Reformation, I shall be content, if you can prevail with my Lord Treasurer and the Ministry to rise to the same Sum, each of them, on this pious Account, as my Lord *Hallifax* has done on the profane one. I
am

am afraid there is no being at once a Poet and a good Christian ; and I am very much straitened between two, while the Whigs seem willing to contribute as much, to continue me the one, as you would, to make me the other. But if you can move every Man in the Government, who has above ten thousand Pounds a Year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a Convert, as most Men do, when the Lord turns it to my Interest. I know they have the Truth of Religion so much at heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good Subject translated from Popery to the Church of *England*, than twenty heathenish Authors out of any unknown Tongue in ours. I therefore commission you, Mr. *Dean*, with full Authority, to transact this Affair in my Name, and to propose as follows. First, that as to the Head of our Church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his Power, whensoever I shall receive any particular Indulgences from the Head of your Church, the Queen.

As to Communion in one Kind, I shall also promise to change it for Communion in both, as soon as the Ministry will allow me.

For Invocations to Saints, mine shall be turned to Dedications to Sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this World as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main Points ; but there is one Article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, Prayer for the Dead. There are People to whose Souls I wish as well as to my own ; and I must crave leave humbly to lay before them, that though the Subscriptions abovementioned will

suffice for myself, there are necessary Perquisites and Additions, which I must demand on the Score of this charitable Article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those, whose Souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately Heretics, Schismatics, Poets, Painters, or Persons of such Lives and Manners, as few or no Churches are willing to save. The Expence will therefore be the greater to make an effectual Provision for the Souls.

Old *Dryden*, though a Roman Catholic, was a Poet; and 'tis revealed in the Visions of some ancient Saints, that no Poet was ever saved under some hundred of Masses. I cannot set his Delivery from Purgatory at less than fifty Pounds Sterling.

Walsh was not only a Socinian, but (what you will own is harder to be saved) a Whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than an hundred.

L'Estrange, being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty Pounds, which I hope no Friend of the Party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next Life, considering they never gave him Sixpence to keep him from starving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy Pounds.

In the next Place, I must desire you to represent, that there are several of my Friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in consideration of Legacies; out of which it is a Doctrine in the reformed Church, that not a Farthing shall be allowed to save their Souls who gave them.

There is one **** who will die within these few Months, with ***** one Mr. *Jervas*,

who hath grievously offended in making the Likeness of almost all things in Heaven above and Earth below; and one Mr. Gay, an unhappy Youth, who writes Pastorals during the Time of divine Service, whose Case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that Silver he should have reserved for his Soul's Health, in Buttons and Loops for his Coat.

I can't pretend to have these People honestly saved under some hundred Pounds, whether you consider the Difficulty of such a Work, or the extreme Love and Tenderness I bear them, which will infallibly make me push this Charity as far as I am able. There is but one more whose Salvation I insist upon, and then I have done: but indeed it may prove of so much greater Charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the Case before you and the Ministry, and leave to their Prudence and Generosity, what Sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The Person I mean, is Dr. *Swift*, a dignified Clergyman; but one, who, by his own Confession, has composed more Libels than Sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent People, that too much Wit is dangerous to Salvation, this unfortunate Gentleman must certainly be damned to all Eternity. But I hope his long Experience in the World, and frequent Conversation with great Men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less Wit every Day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own Soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the Obligations in Nature to him. He has brought me into better Company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be,

be, and put me upon making Poems, on purpose that he might alter them, &c.

I once thought I could never have discharged my Debt to his Kindness, but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable Comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monsieur de Montagne has assured me, "that the Person who receives a Benefit obliges the Giver:" for since the chief Endeavour of one Friend is to do good to the other, he, who administers both the Matter and Occasion, is the Man who is liberal. At this Rate it is impossible Dr. Swift should be ever out of my Debt, as Matters stand already: and, for the future, he may expect daily more Obligations from

*his most faithful, affectionate,
humble Servant,*

*Binfield,
Dec. 8, 1713.*

A. POPE.

LETTER CXXVI.

Mrs. Whiteway to Lord Orrery.

My Lord,

THE easy Manner, in which you reproach me for not acquainting you with the poor Dean's Situation, lays a fresh Obligation upon me; yet mean as an Excuse is for a Fault, I shall attempt one to your Lordship, and only for this Reason, that you may not think me capable of neglecting any thing you could command me. I told you in my last Letter, the Dean's Understanding was quite gone, and I feared the farther

his Chair, upon the Housekeeper's moving a Knife from him as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged his Shoulders, and, rocking himself, and said, *I am what I am, I am what I am*: and about six Minutes afterwards, repeated the same Words two or three times over.

His Servant shaves his Cheeks, and all his Face as low as the Tip of his Chin, once a Week: but under the Chin, and about the Throat, when the Hair grows long, it is cut with Scissars.

Sometimes he will not utter a Syllable: at other times he will speak incoherent Words: but he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing.

About four Months ago he gave me great Trouble: he seemed to have a mind to talk to me. In order to try what he would say, I told him, I came to dine with him, and immediately his Housekeeper, Mrs. Ridgeway, said, *Won't you give Mr. Swift a Glass of Wine, Sir?* He shrugged his Shoulders, just as he used to do when he had a mind that a Friend should spend the Evening with him. Shrugging his Shoulders, your Lordship may remember, was as much as to say, "You will ruin me in Wine." I own, I was scarce able to bear the Sight. Soon after, he again endeavoured, with a good deal of Pain, to find Words to speak to me: at last, not being able, after many Efforts, he gave a heavy Sigh, and, I think, was afterwards silent. This puts me in mind of what he said about five Days ago. He endeavoured several times to speak to his Servant (now and then he calls him by his Name) at last, not finding Words to express what he would be at, after some Uneasiness, he said,

said, " I am a Fool." Not long ago, the Servant took up his Watch that lay upon the Table to see what o' Clock it was, he said, " Bring it here : " and when it was brought, he looked very attentively at it: some time ago, the Servant was breaking a large stubborn Coal, he said, " That is a stone, you Blockhead."

In a few Days, or some very short Time, after Guardians had been appointed for him, I went into his dining Room, where he was walking; I said something to him very insignificant, I know not what; but instead of making any kind of answer to it, he said, " Go, go," pointing with his Hand to the Door; and immediately afterwards, raising his Hand to his Head, he said, " My best Understanding," and so broke off abruptly, and walked away, I am, my Lord,

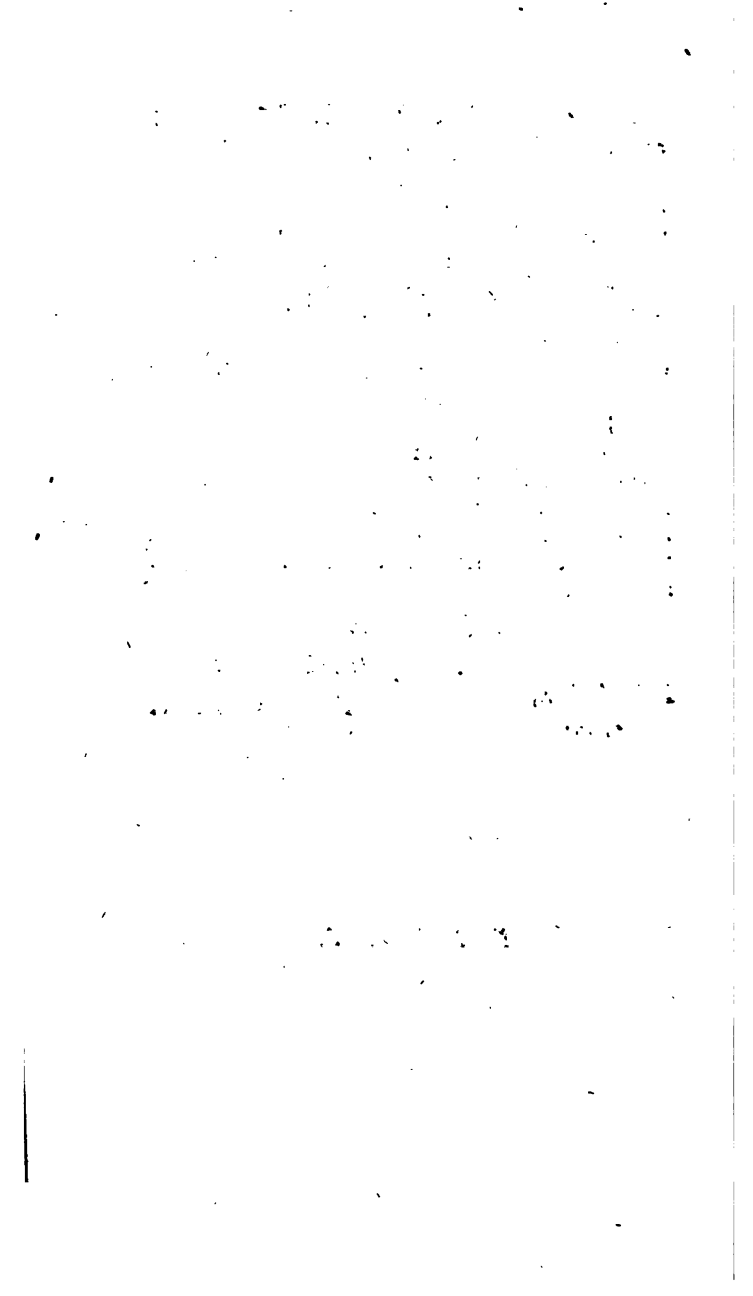
Your Lordship's most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

Dub. April 4,
1744.

DEANE SWIFT.

F I N I S.



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